

DECEMBER
10¢
MAGAZINE

JANUARY

LOONEY TUNES

comics

MERRIE MELODIES



Santa Clams herself



The election of the school Santa Claus was exciting and turbulent. It all began very quietly with the nomination of Porky Pig. Everyone had agreed that Porky would make a perfect Santa when, suddenly, little Ruthie Rabbit nominated Petunia Pig.

"Santa has always been a boy, so I think it's only fair to have a girl this year," Ruthie cried, shaking her long ears vehemently. "And Petunia looks as much like Santa as Porky does!"

"Imagine a girl bein' Santy Claus," Bugs Bunny scoffed.

The boys hooted and jeered at the idea of a girl Santa Claus. One and all, they voted for Porky. The girls rallied around Ruthie and voted for Petunia.

There were three more boys than girls in the class, so Porky was elected. Loyal Petunia swallowed her disappointment and congratulated him.

At last the afternoon of the school Christmas party arrived. The room buzzed and hummed with excitement. Holly wreaths hung in the windows. Evergreen was twined along the blackboards. And, in the place of honor beside the teacher's desk, stood a huge and glittering Christmas tree.

Suddenly the door opened. In the hushed quiet a plump, little Santa Claus wobbled into the room, carrying a sack full of packages.

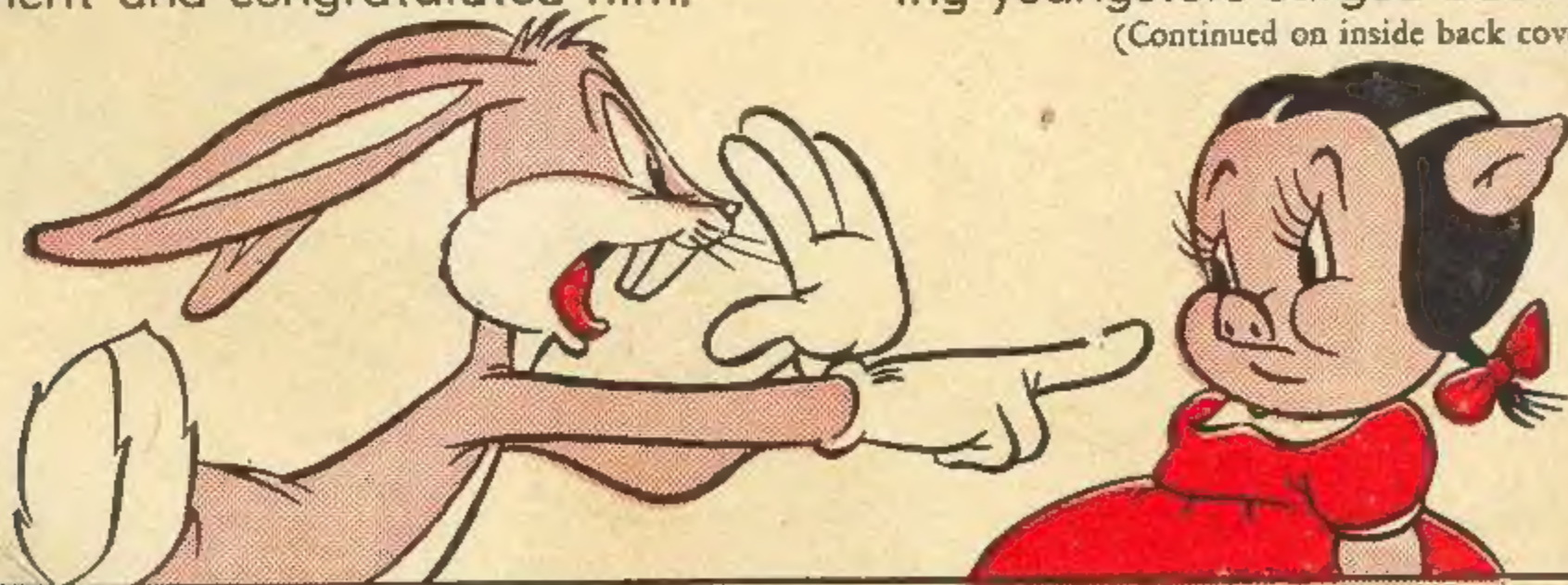
"M-Merry Ch-Christmas, f-folks!" he stuttered gaily through his beard.

"Merry Christmas, Porky . . . er . . . Santy Claus!" a dozen voices replied.

Then Santa Claus began the task of handing out the presents in his pack, keeping the gifts moving smoothly.

"You're doing splendidly, Porky," the teacher praised him as the laughing youngsters surged back and forth.

(Continued on inside back cover)



present

HOME OF
BUGS BUNNY,
ESQ.

THE GUY WHAT INVENTED THE
HOUSES US BUNNIES LIVE IN,
DIDN'T HAVE ALL HIS
MARBLES!

OF
VINE

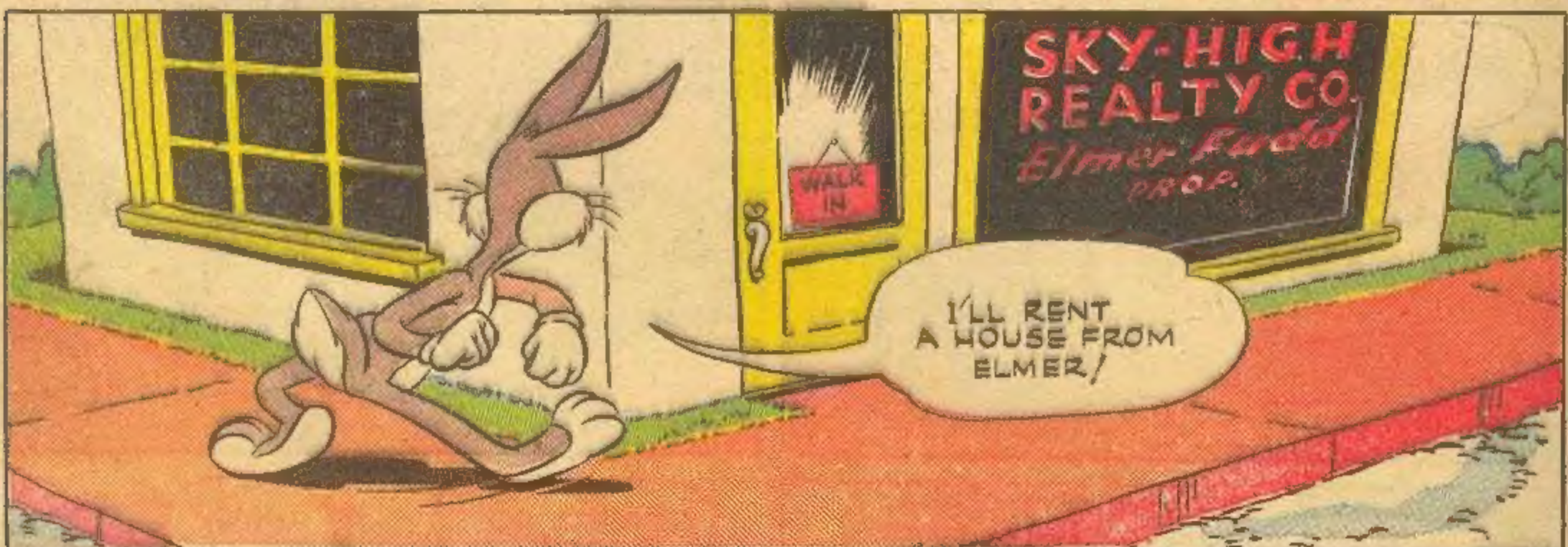
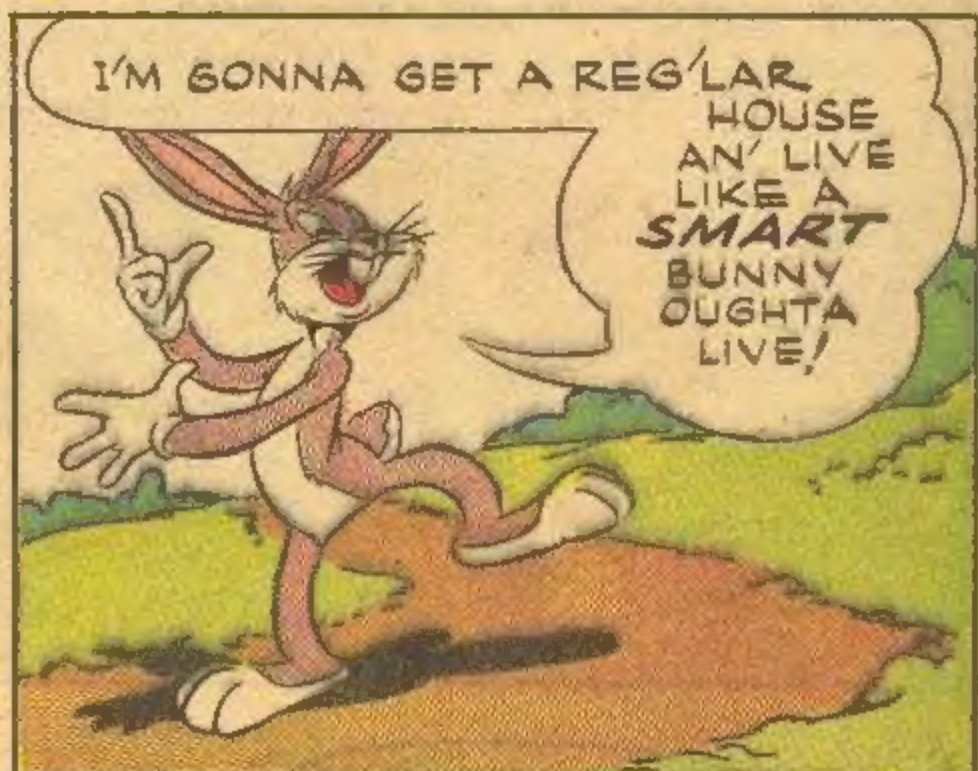
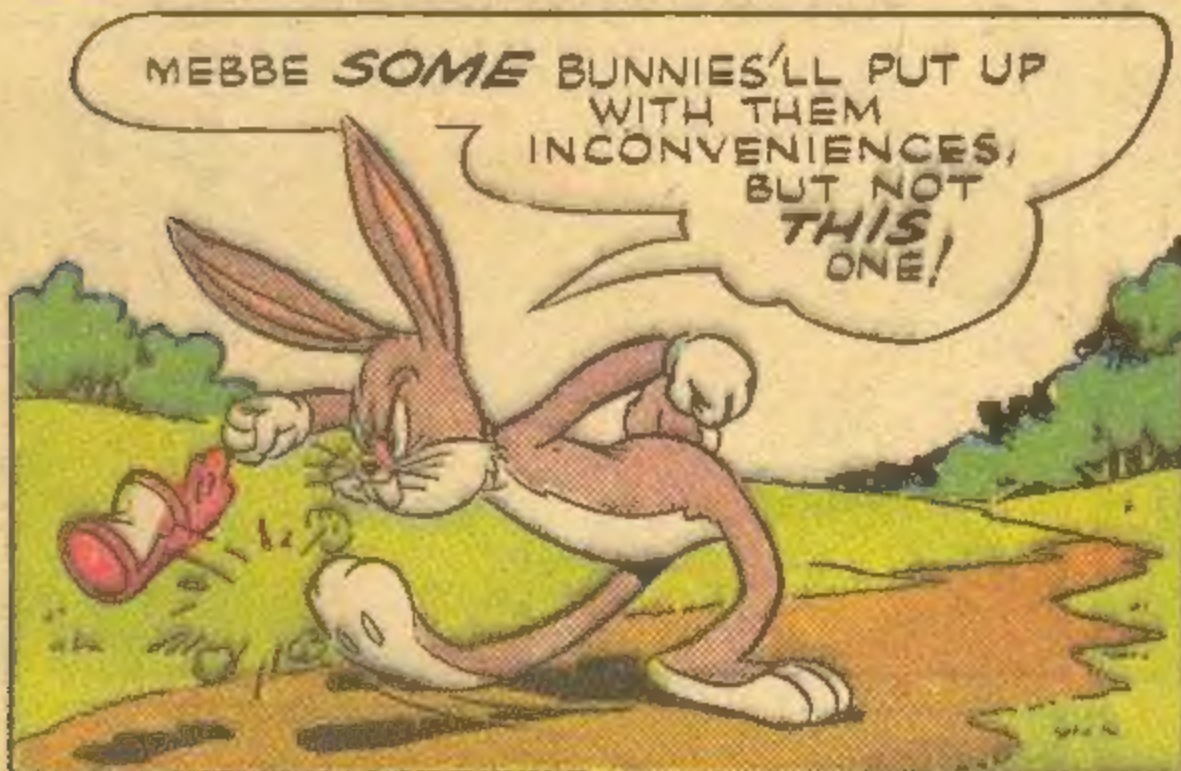
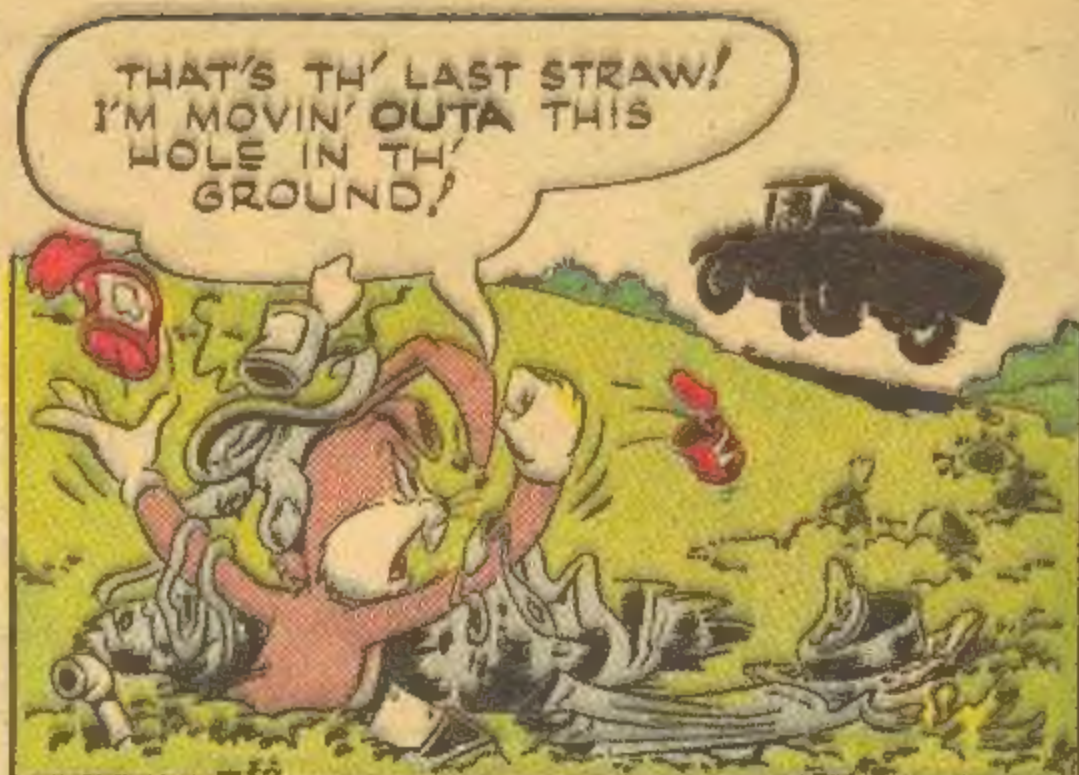
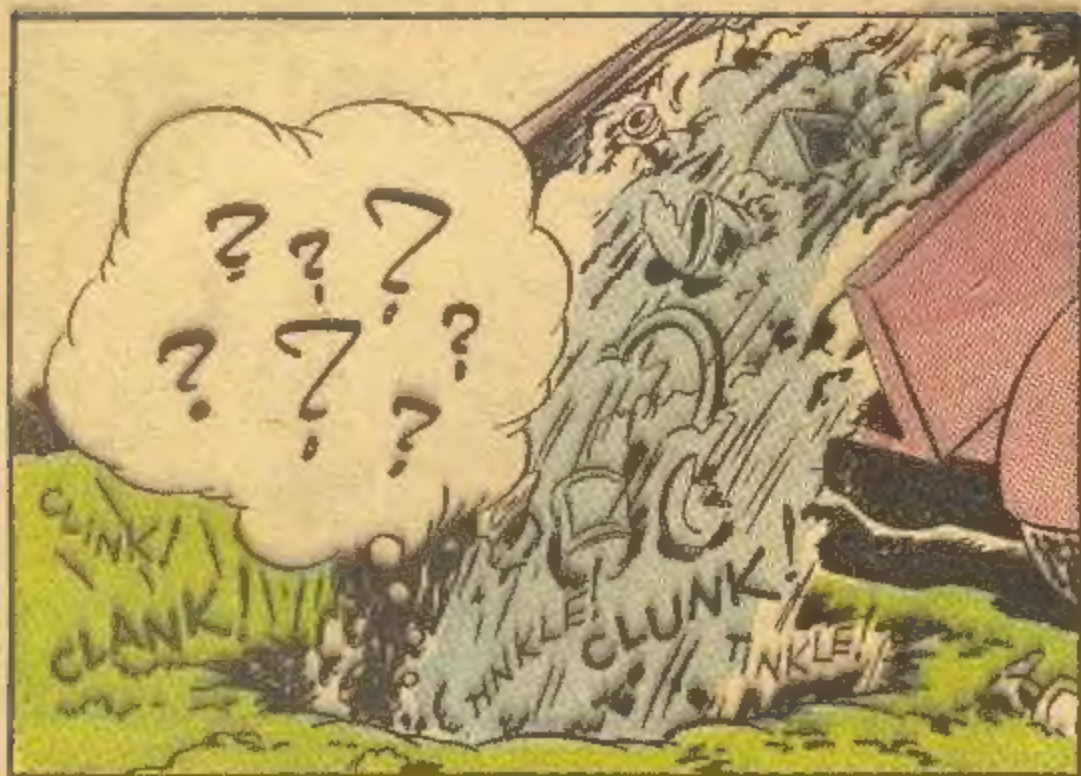
WELL, IT'S NEAT
AN' TIDY AGAIN!
WHEW!!

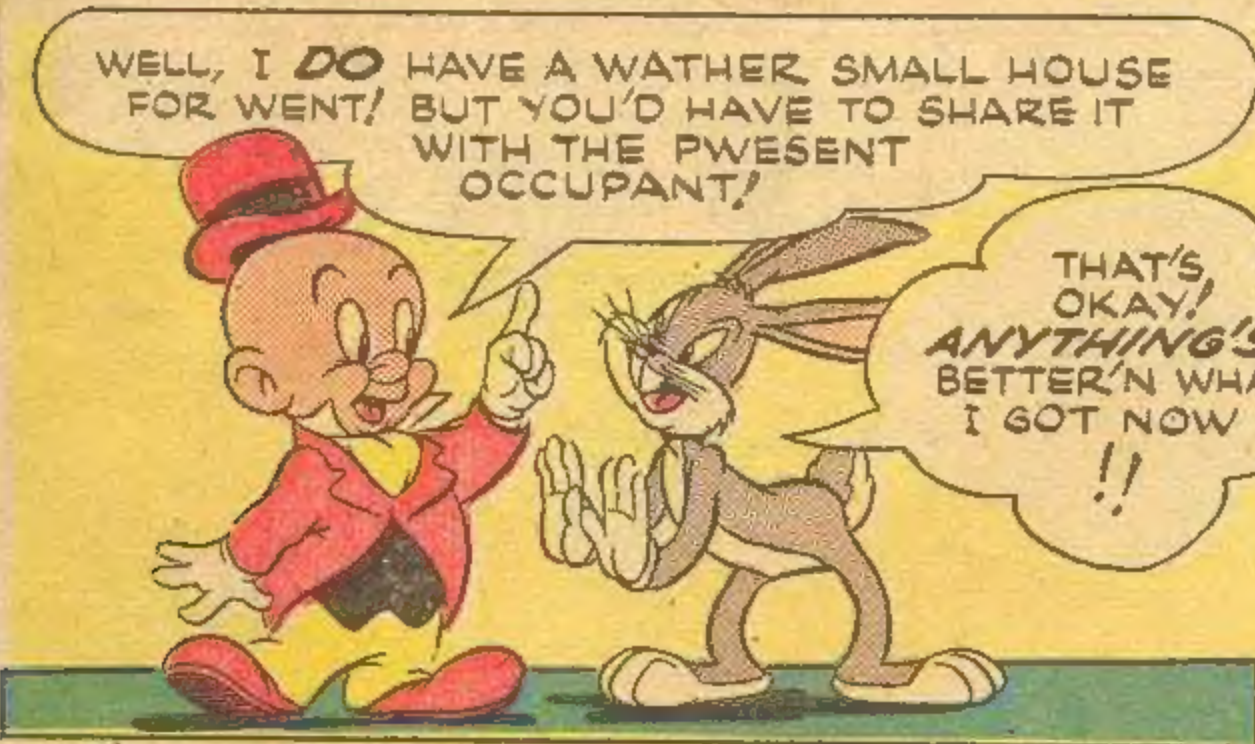
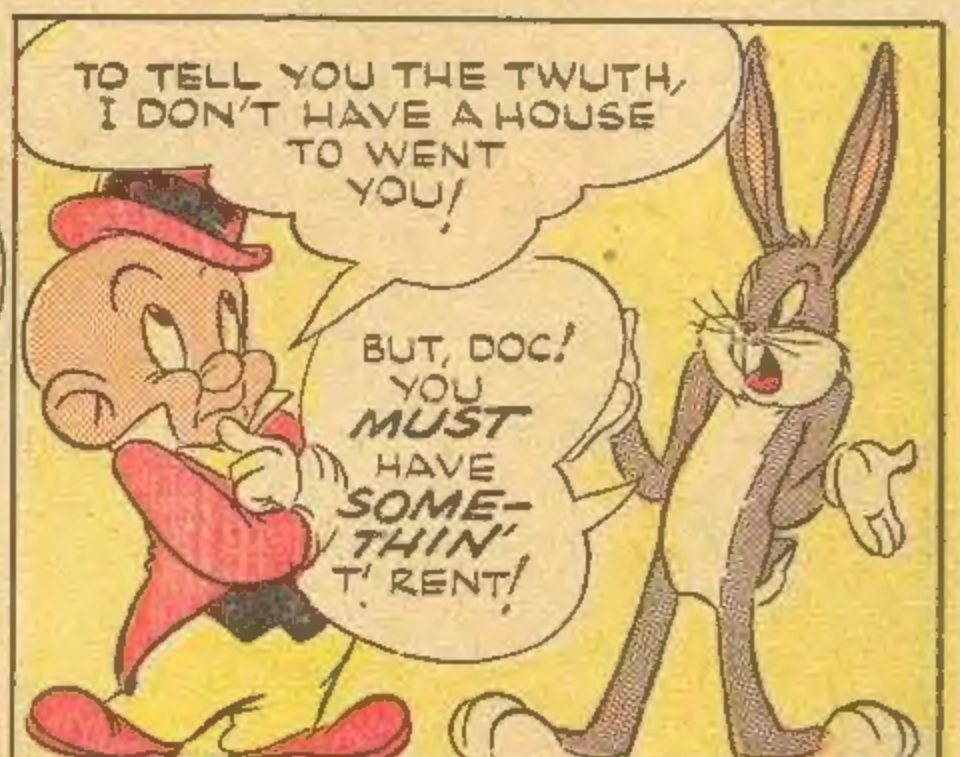
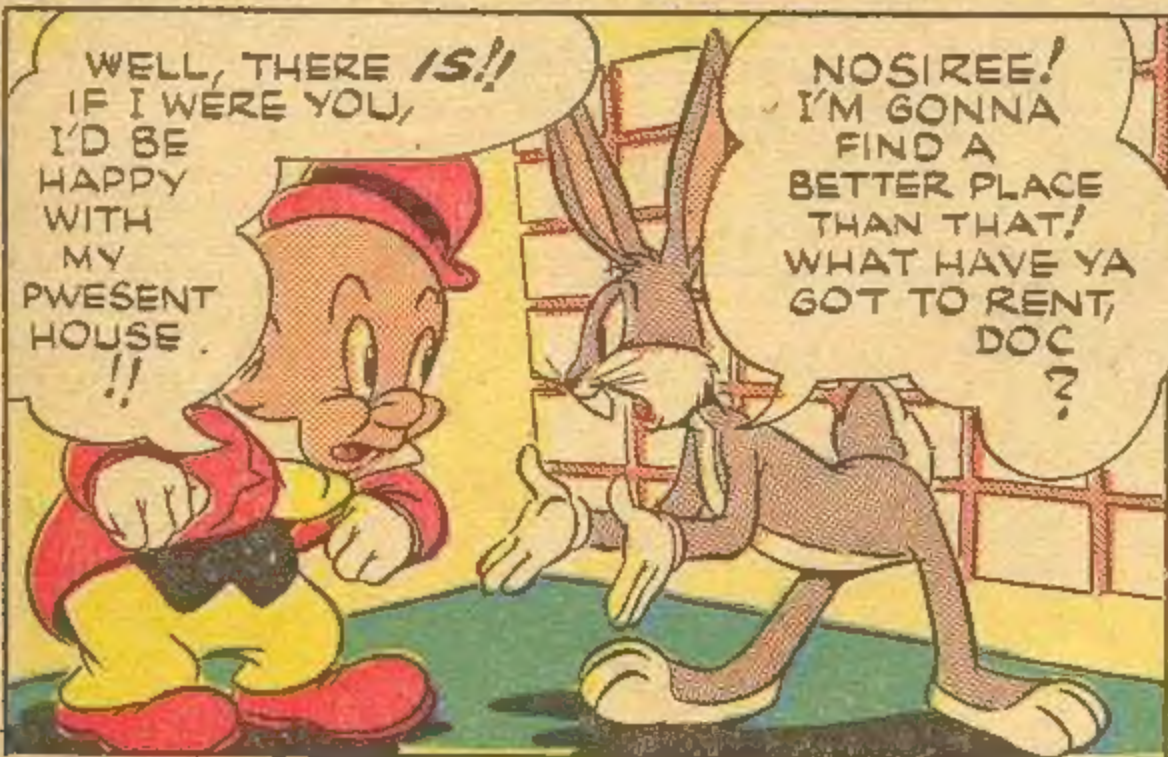
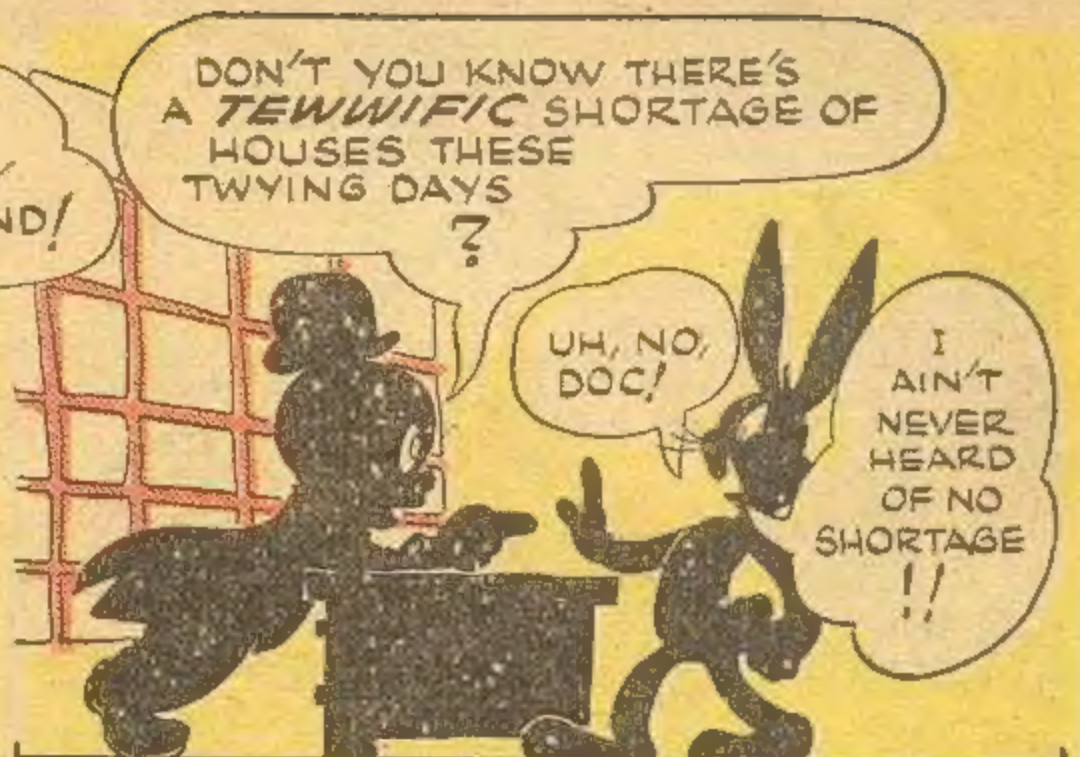
AFTER ALL THAT
WORK, I'M GONNA
TAKE A NICE,
LONG SNOOZE!

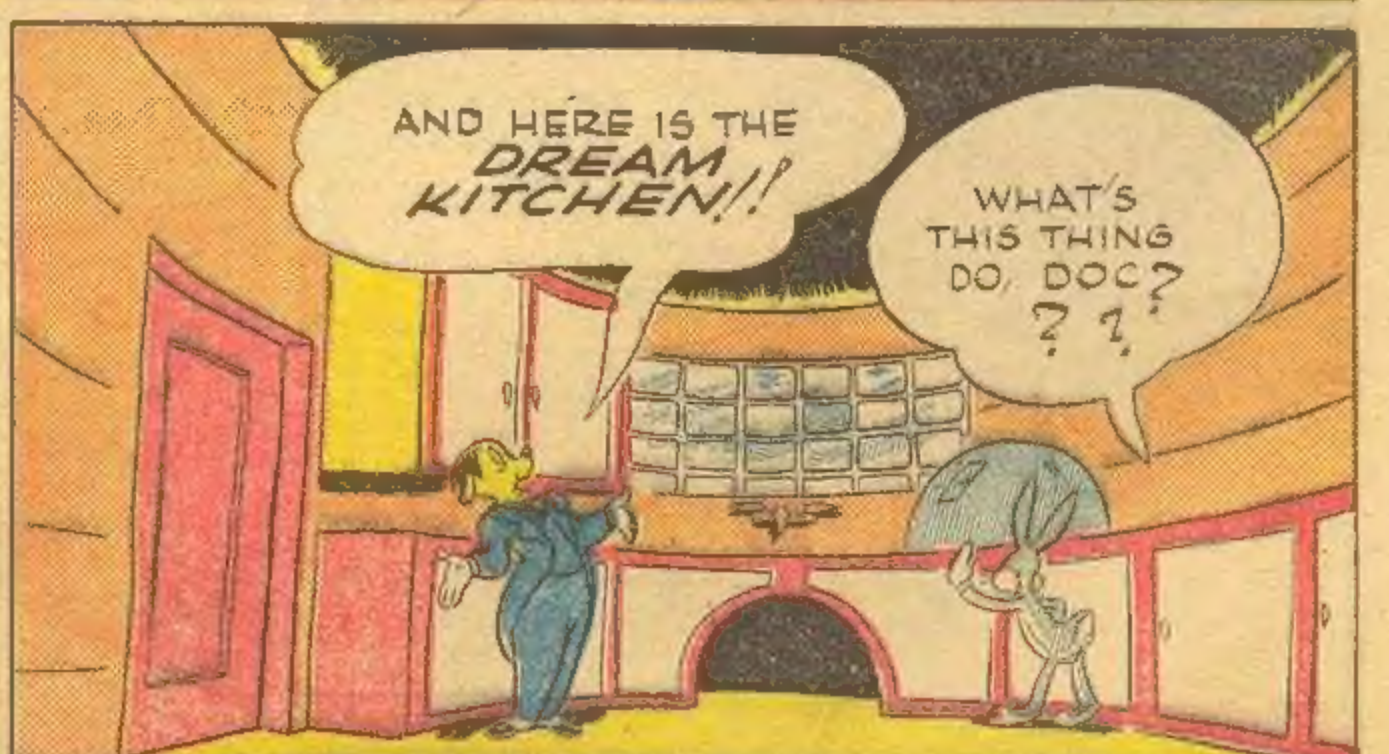
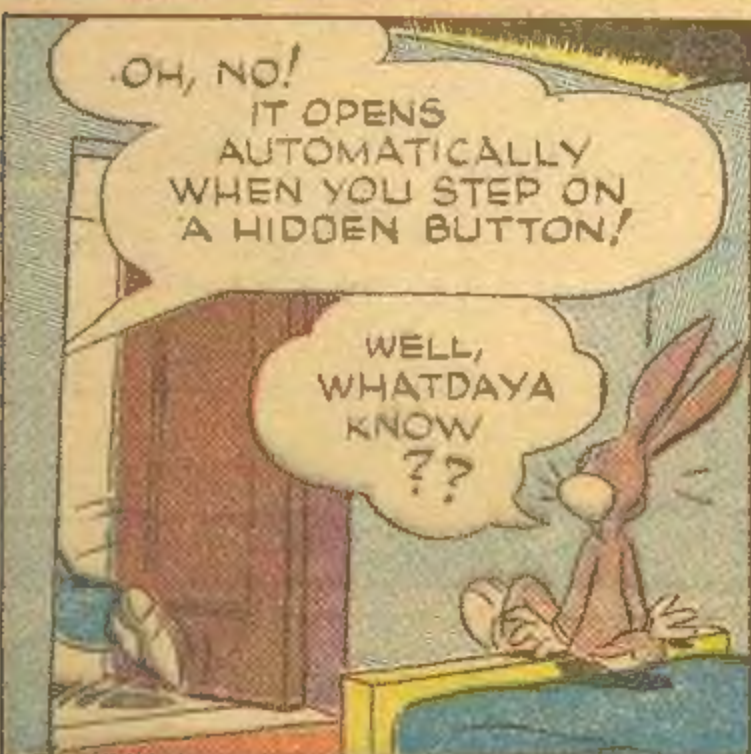
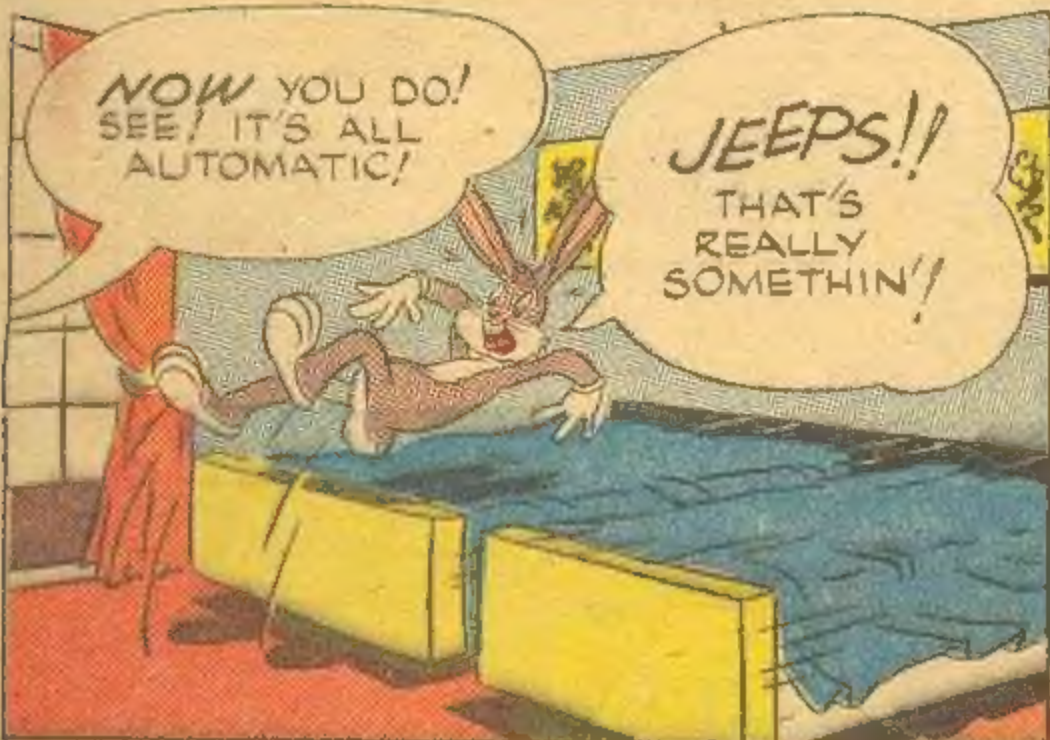
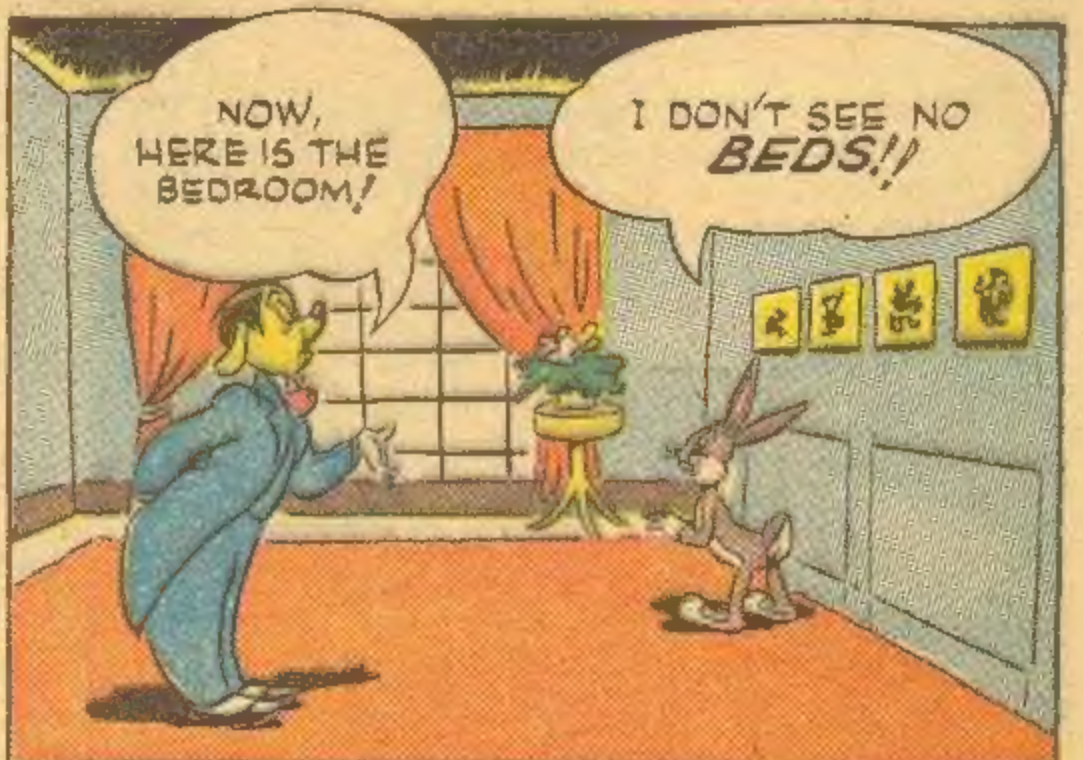
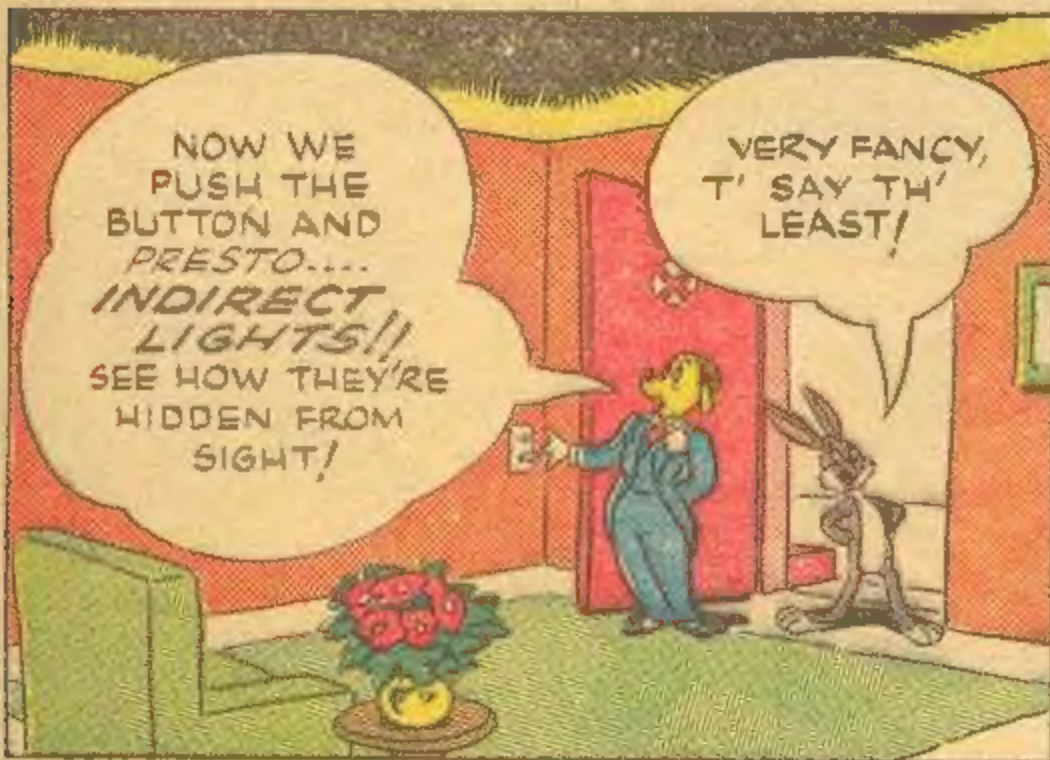
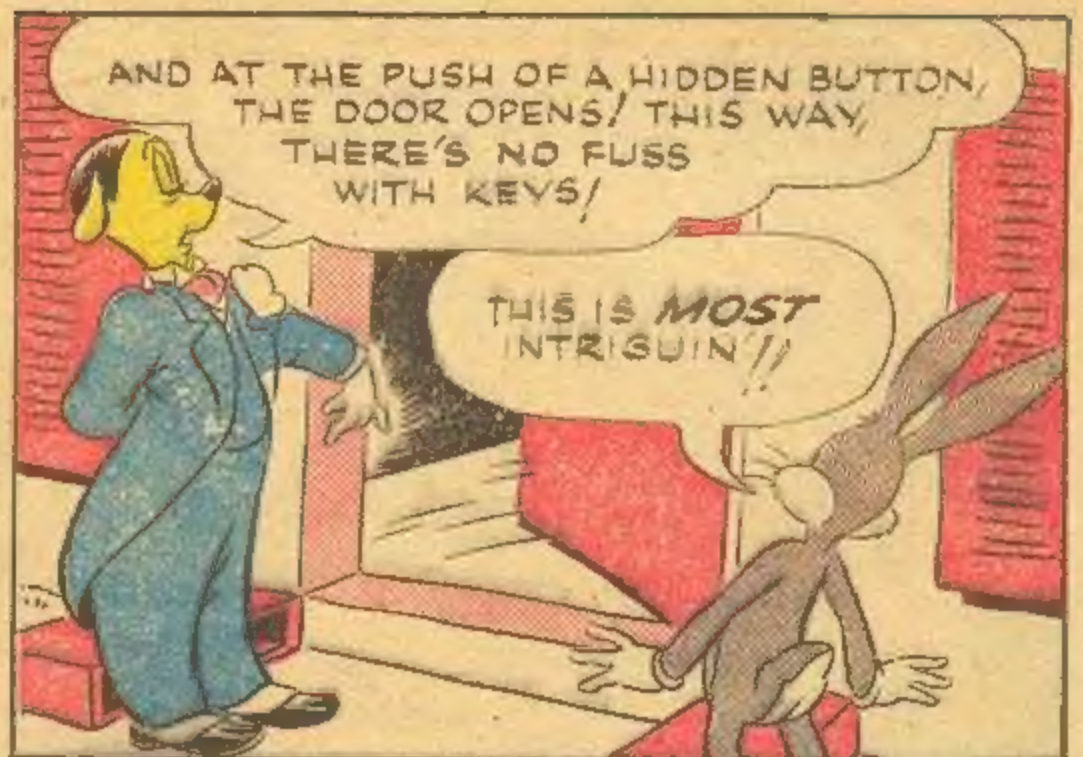
F-FAZ-A-
ZZZZZ-

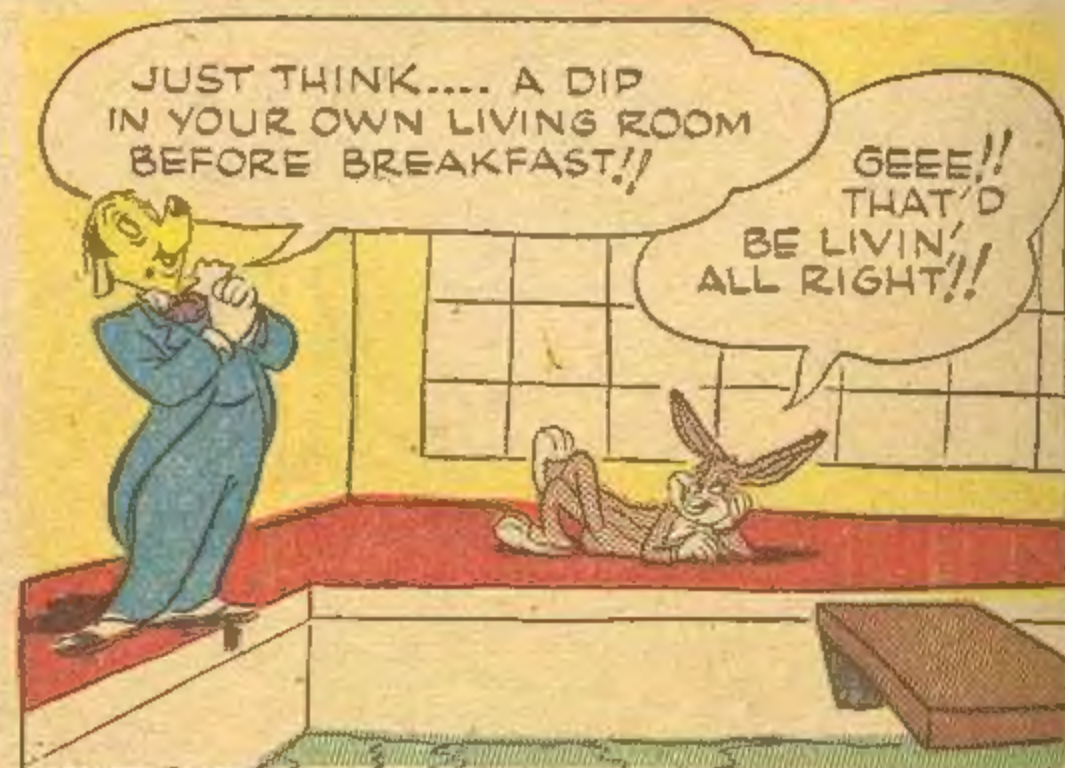
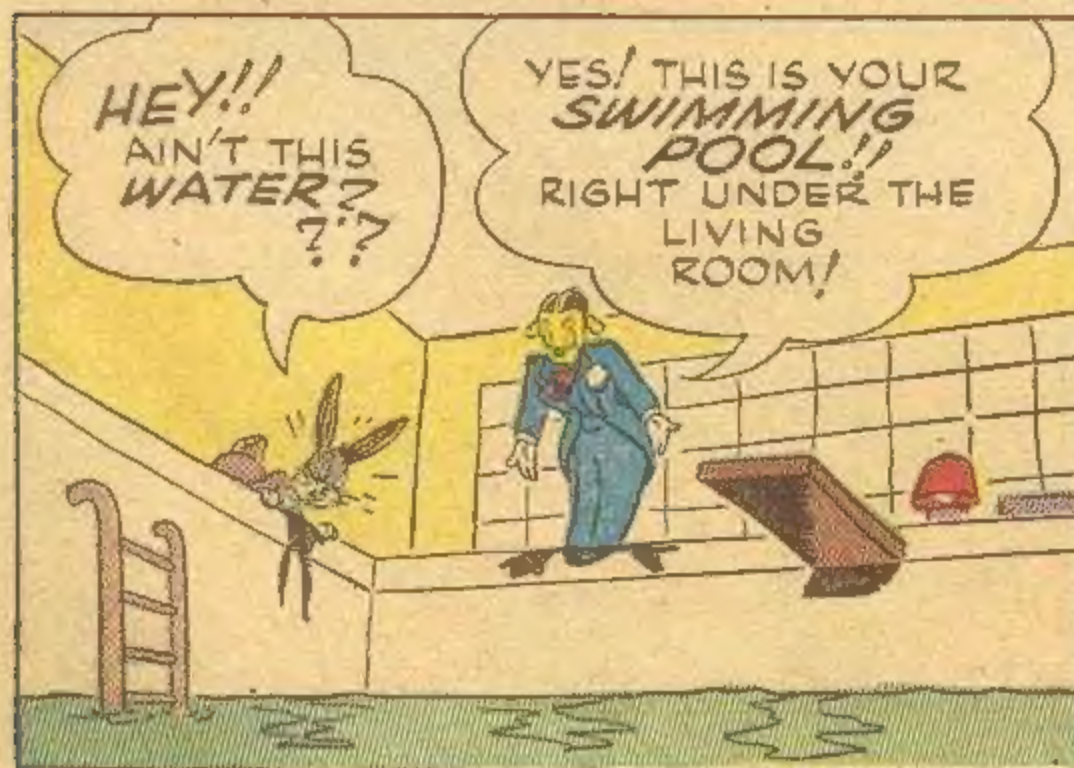
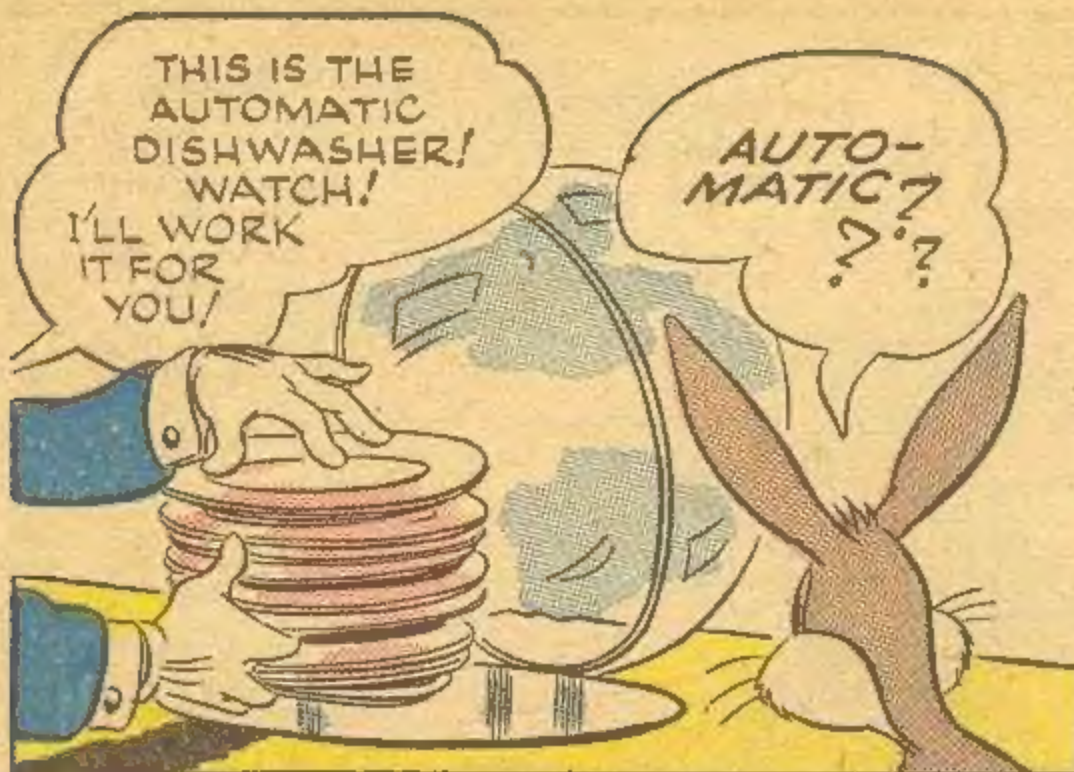
LET 'ER GO,
JOE!

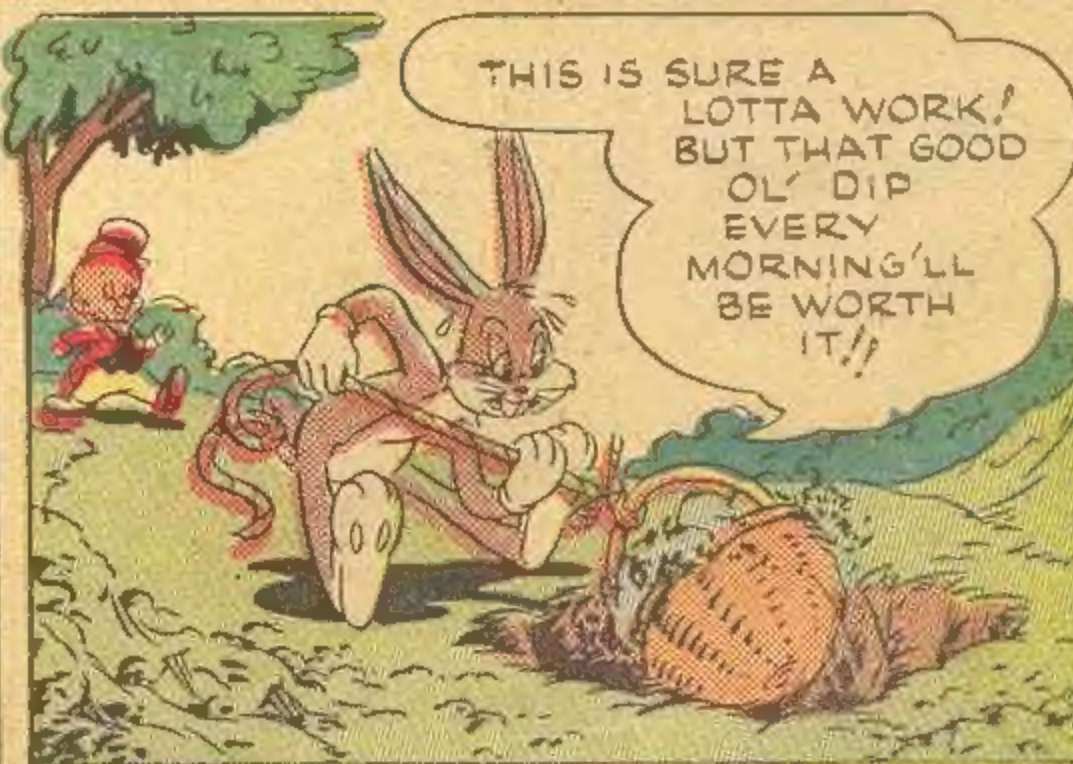
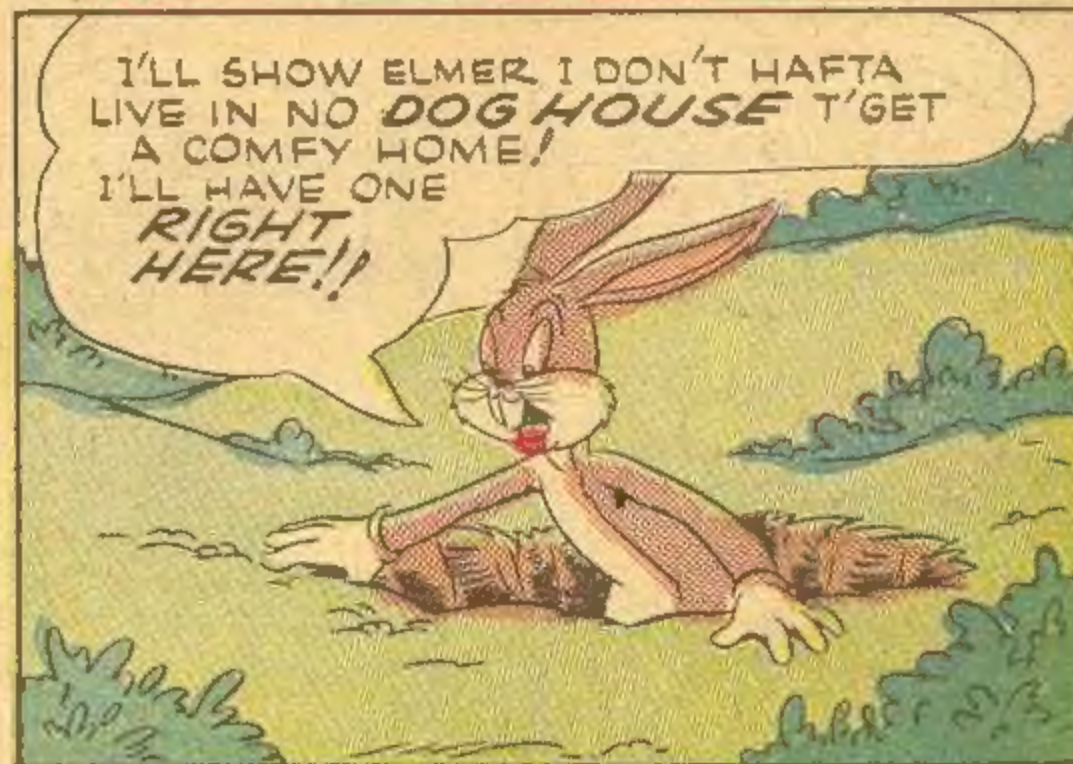
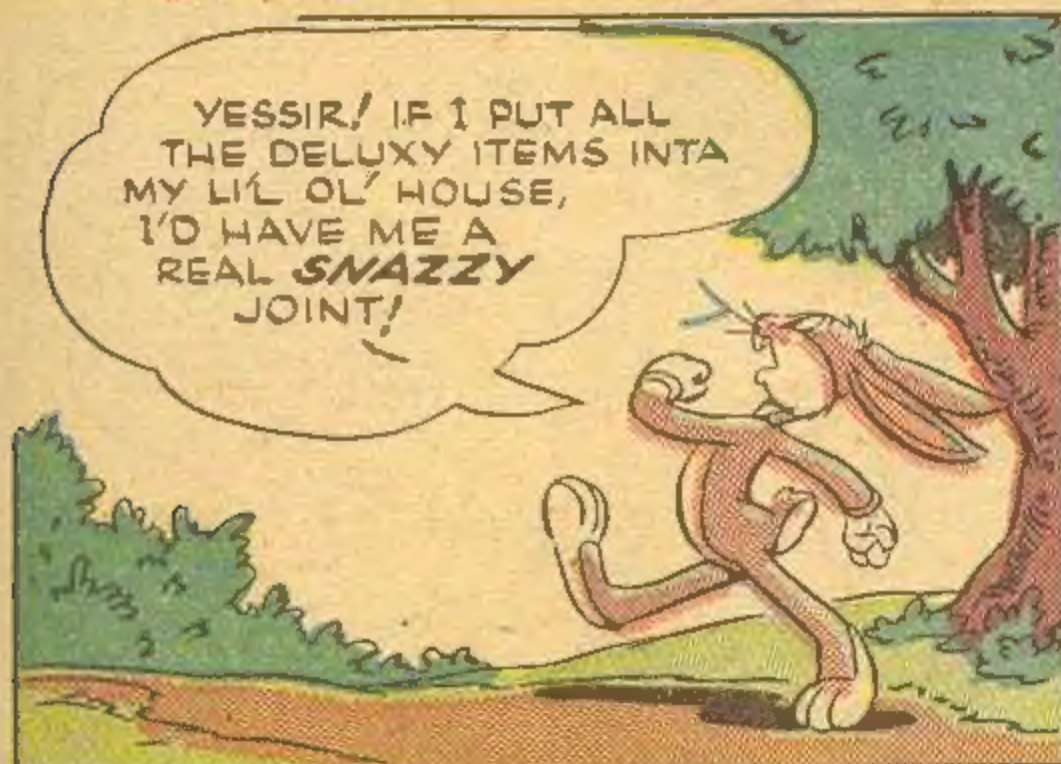
OKAY!

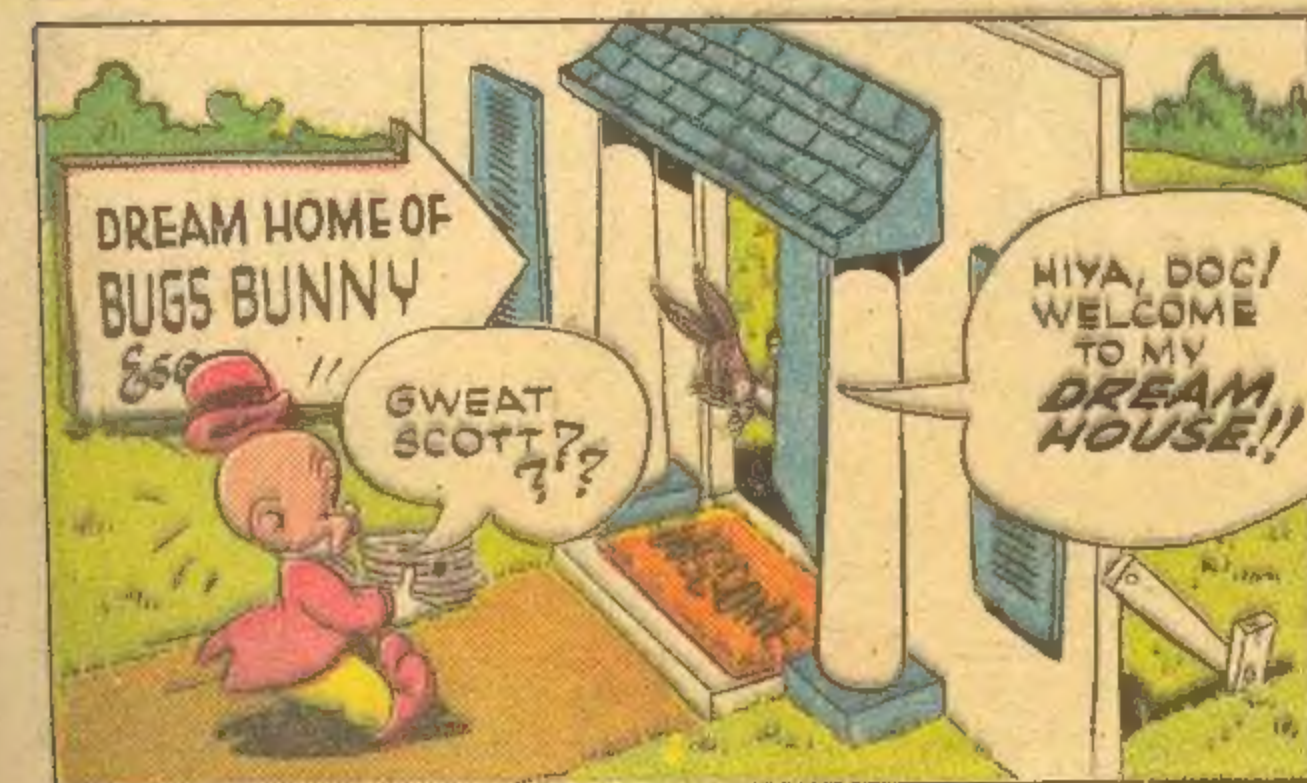
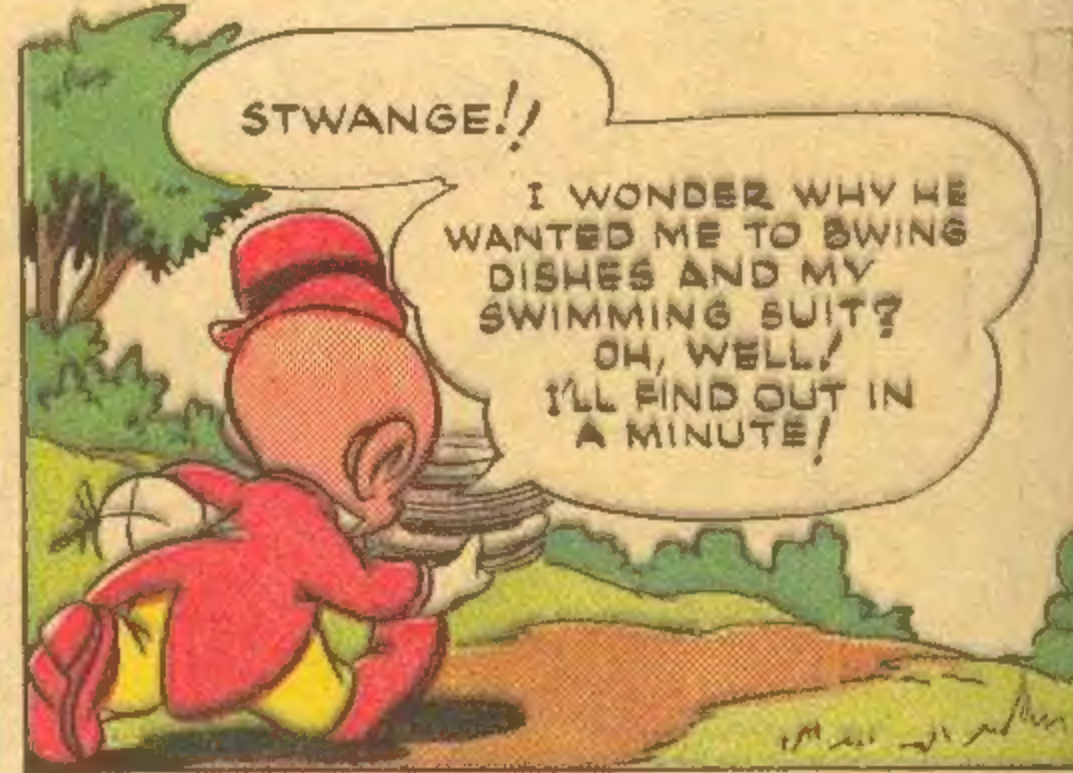
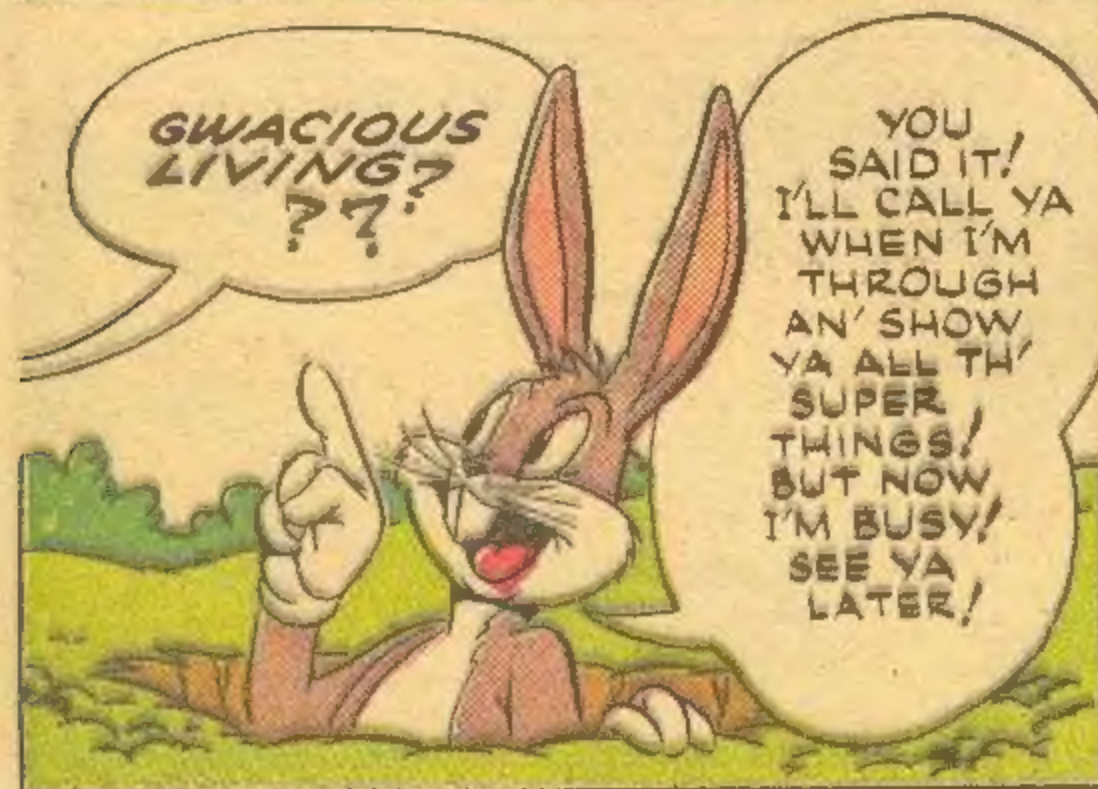
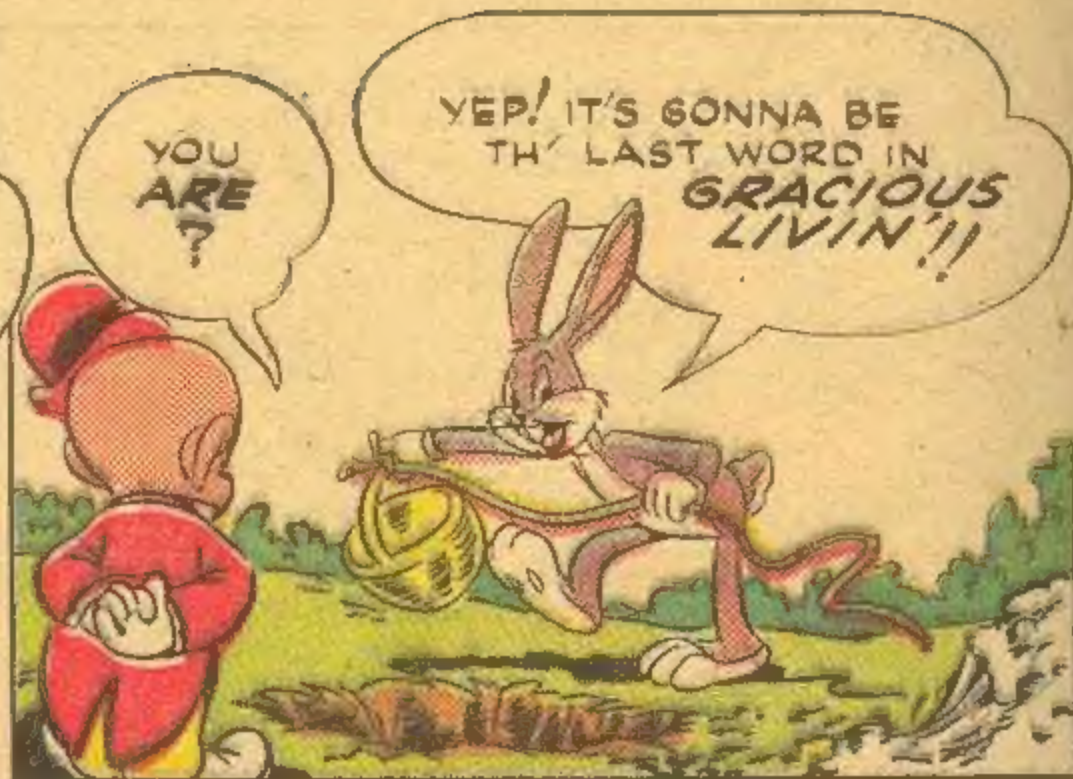
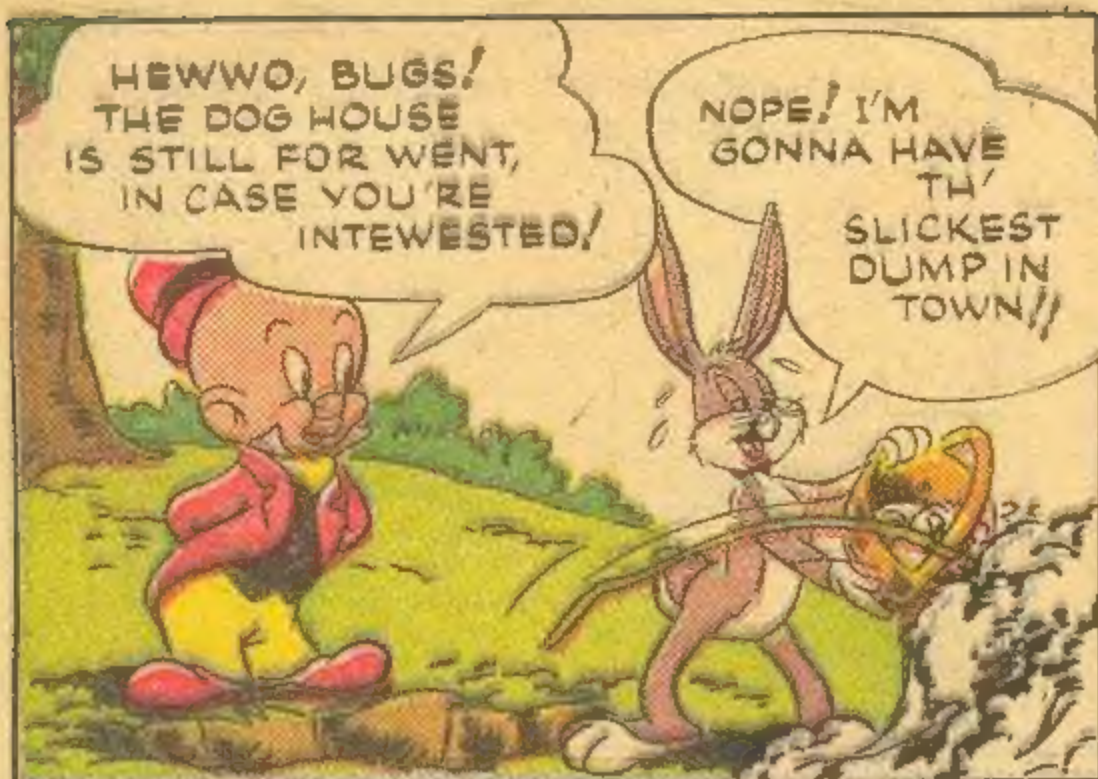


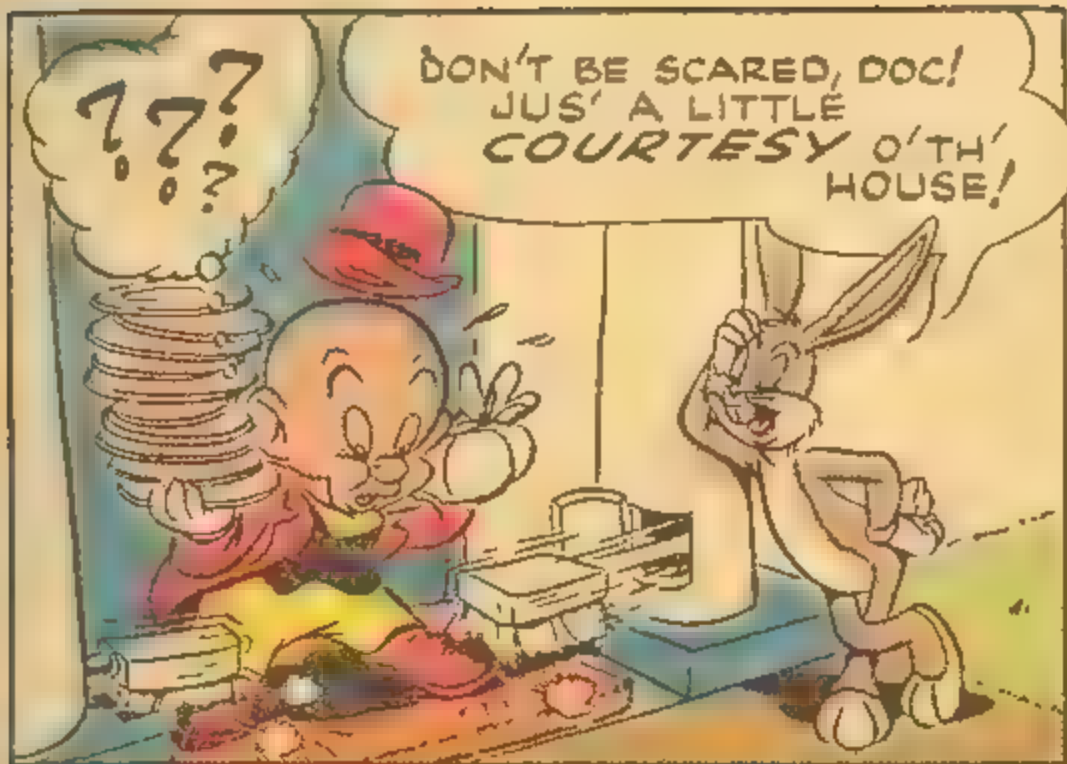




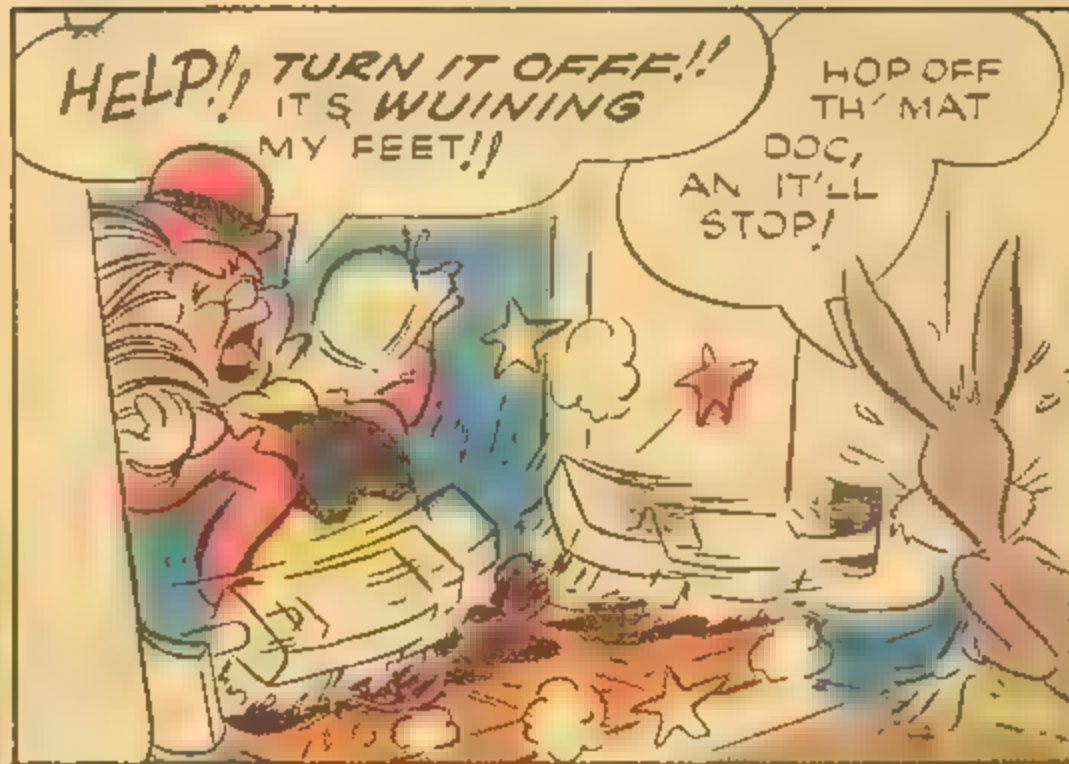






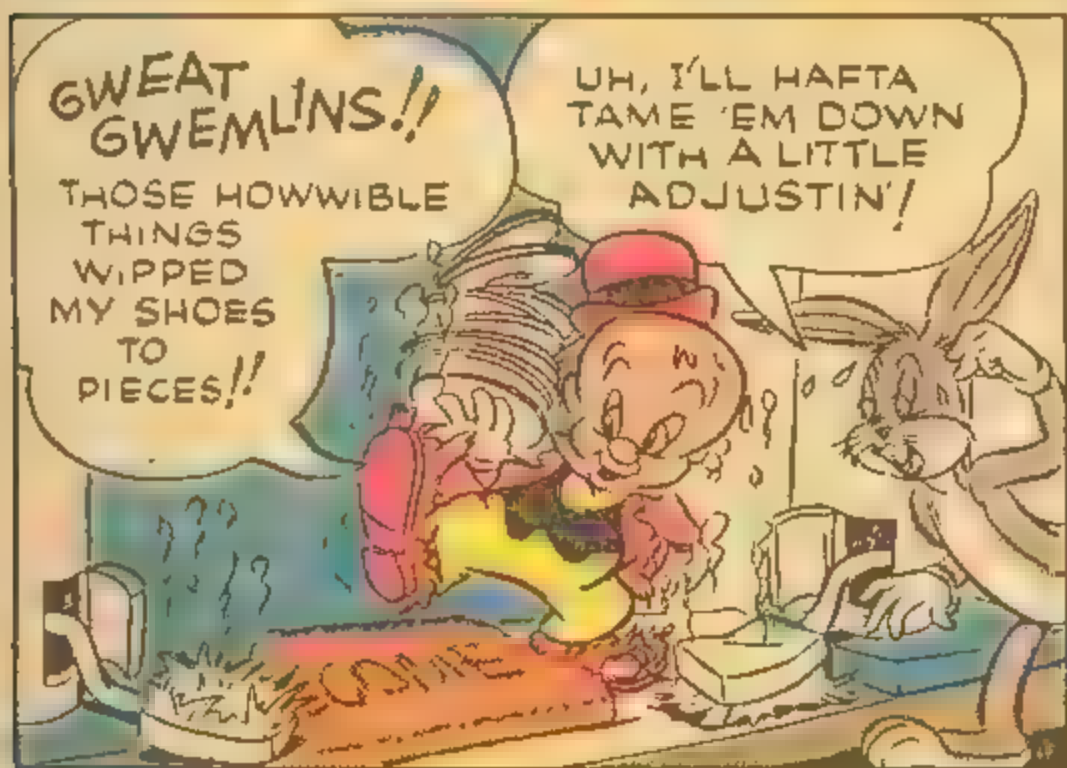


DON'T BE SCARED, DOC!
JUS' A LITTLE
COURTESY O' TH'
HOUSE!



HELP!! *TURN IT OFF!!*
IT'S *WUINING*
MY FEET!!

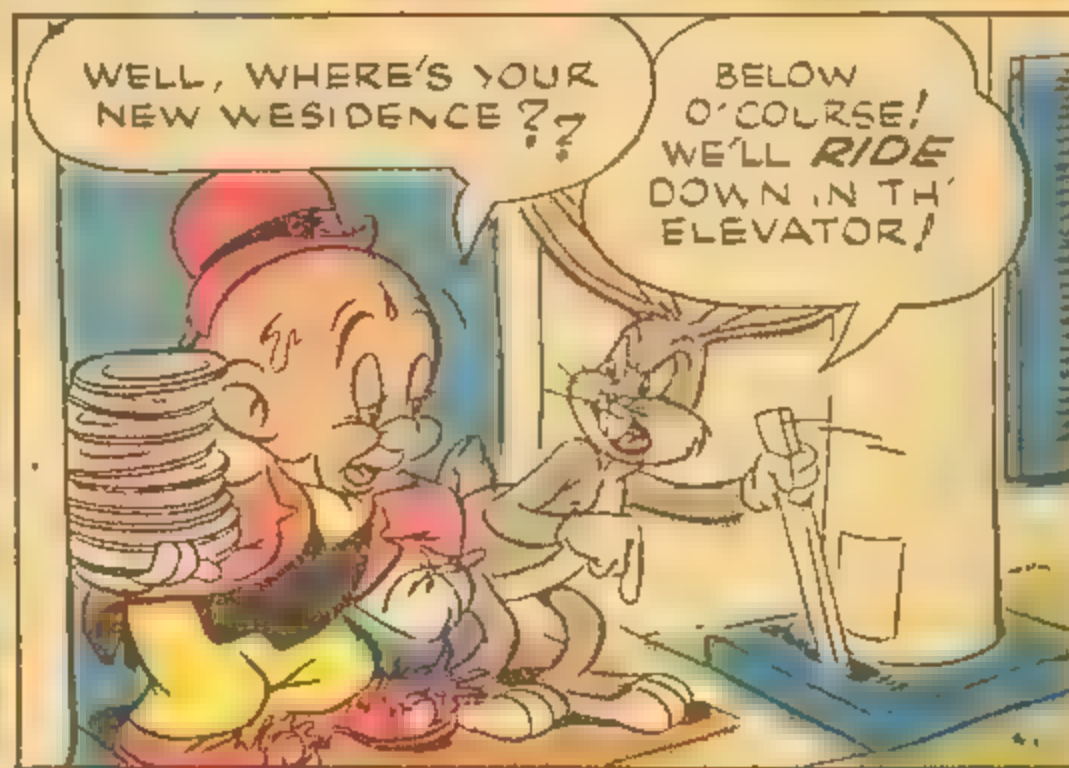
HOP OFF
TH' MAT
DOC,
AN IT'LL
STOP!



GWEAT
GWEMLINS!!

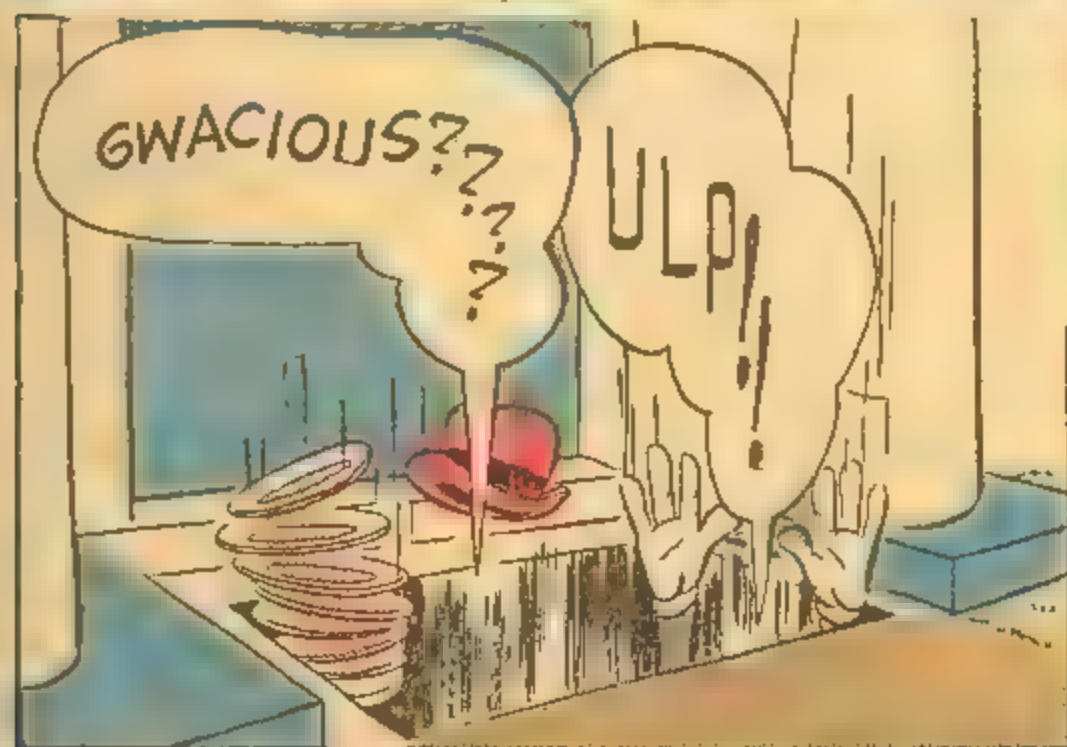
THOSE HOWWIBLE
THINGS
WIPPED
MY SHOES
TO
PIECES!!

UH, I'LL HAFTA
TAME 'EM DOWN
WITH A LITTLE
ADJUSTIN'!



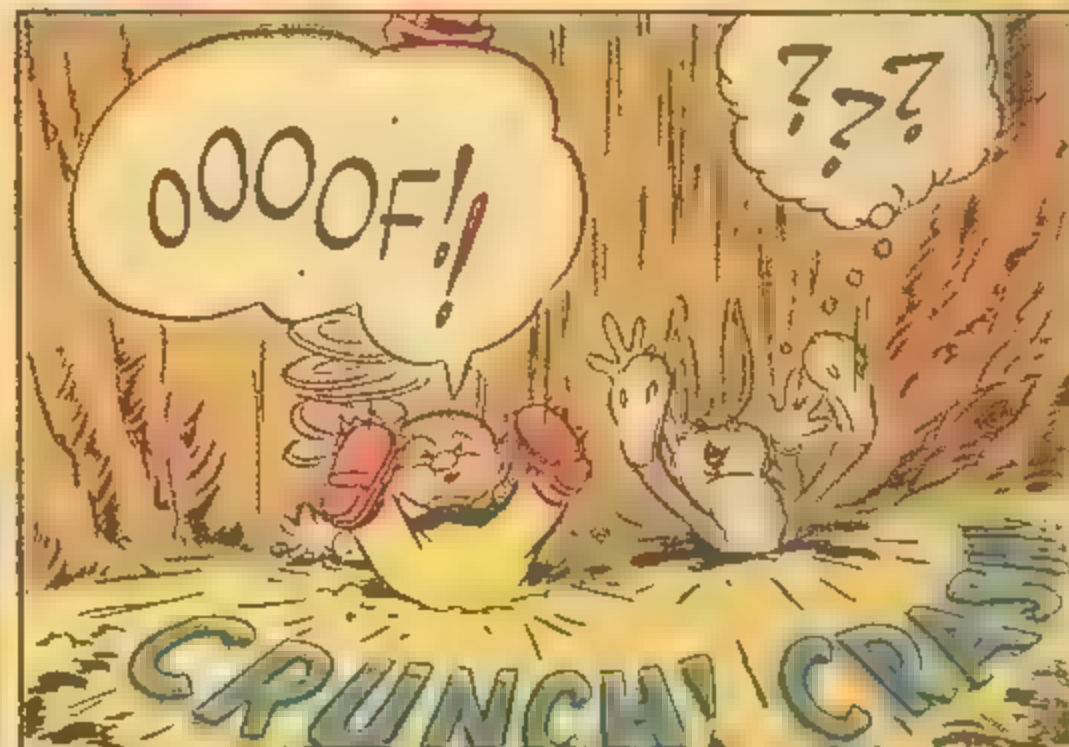
WELL, WHERE'S YOUR
NEW WESIDENCE ??

BELOW
O' COURSE!
WE'LL *RIDE*
DOWN IN TH'
ELEVATOR!



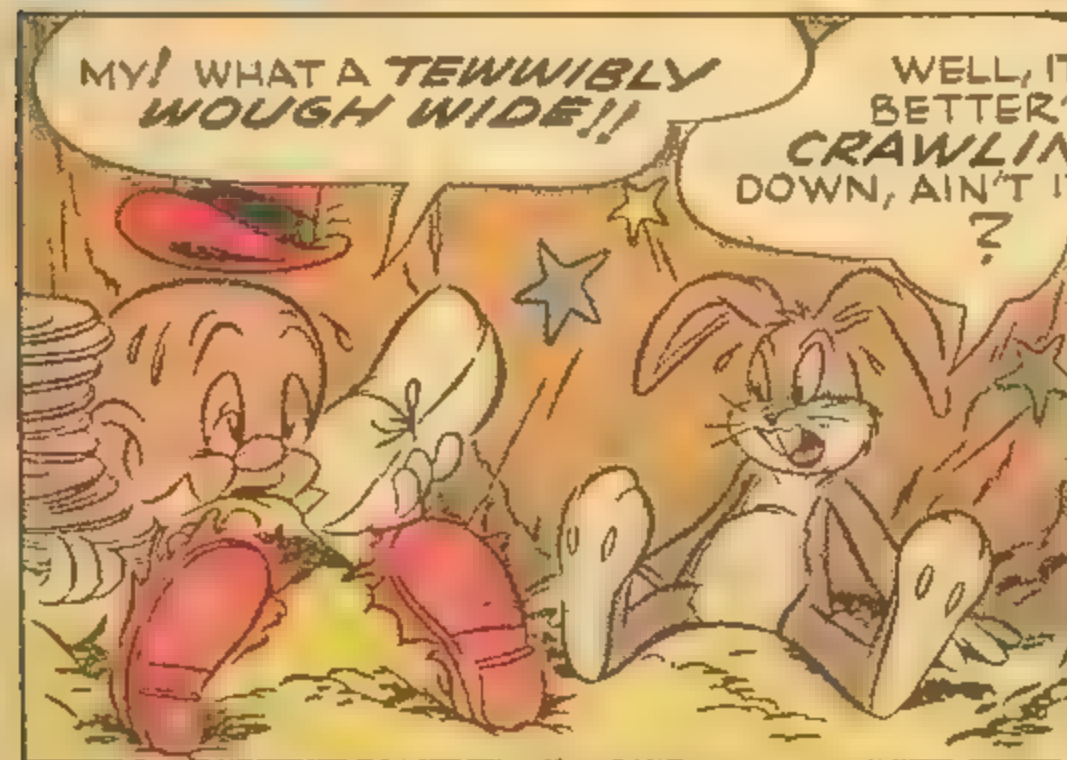
GWACIOUS??

ULP!



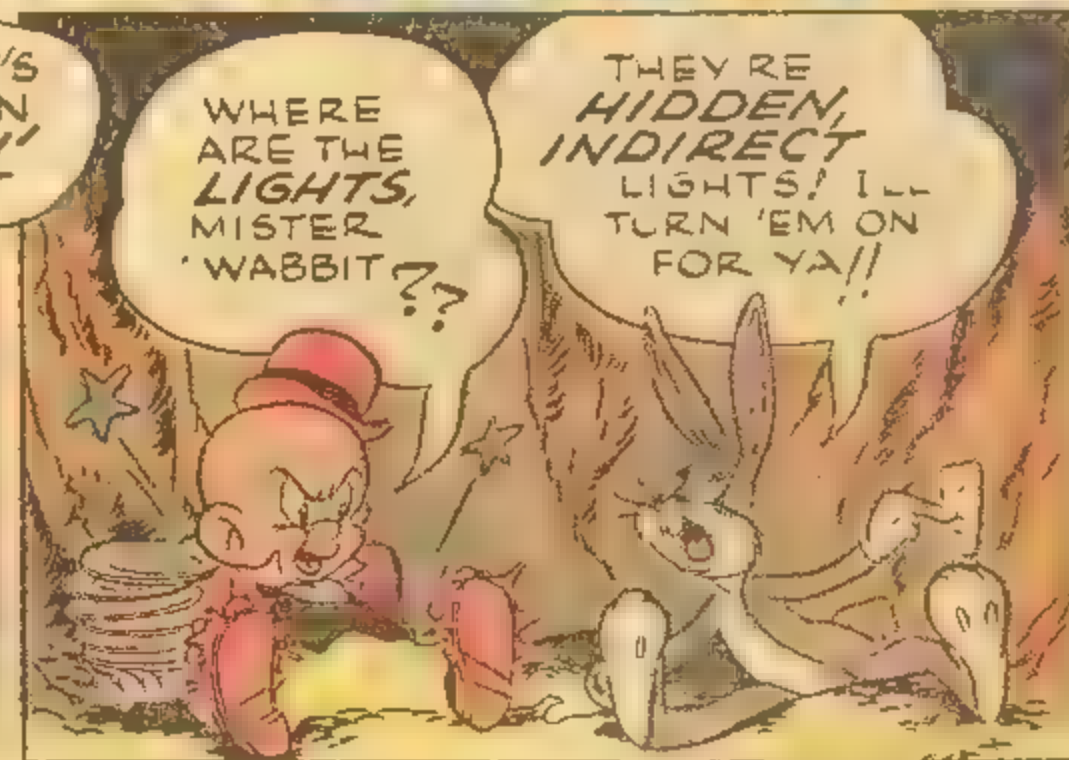
OOOOF!!

???



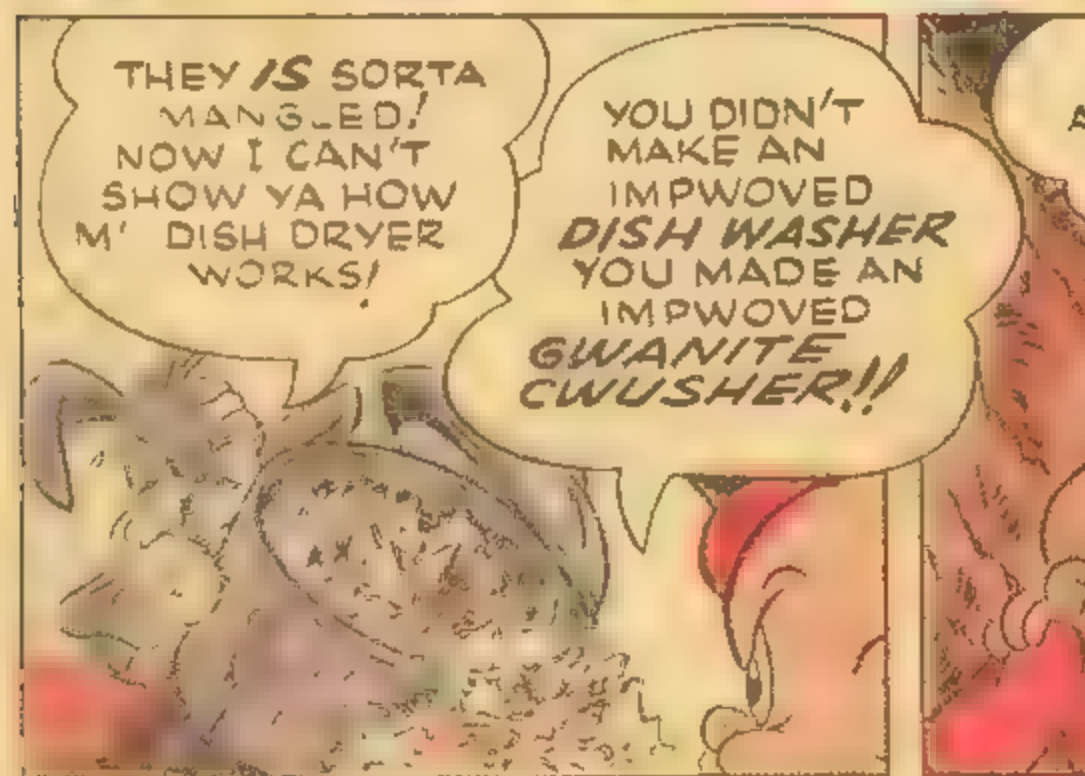
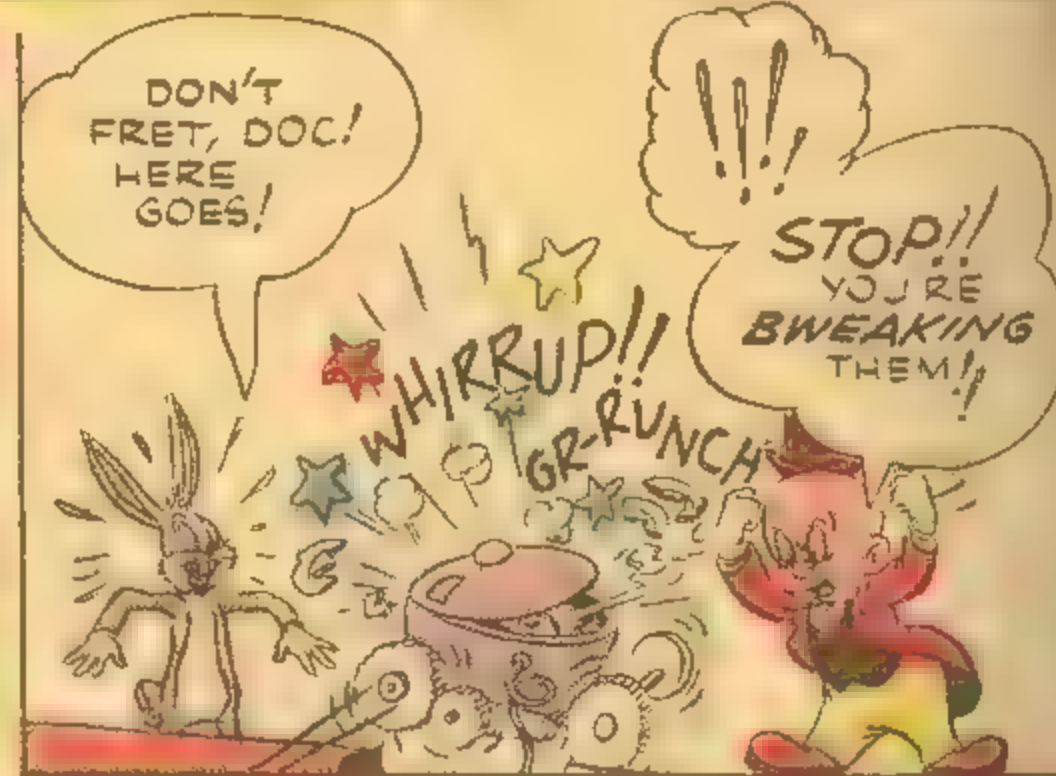
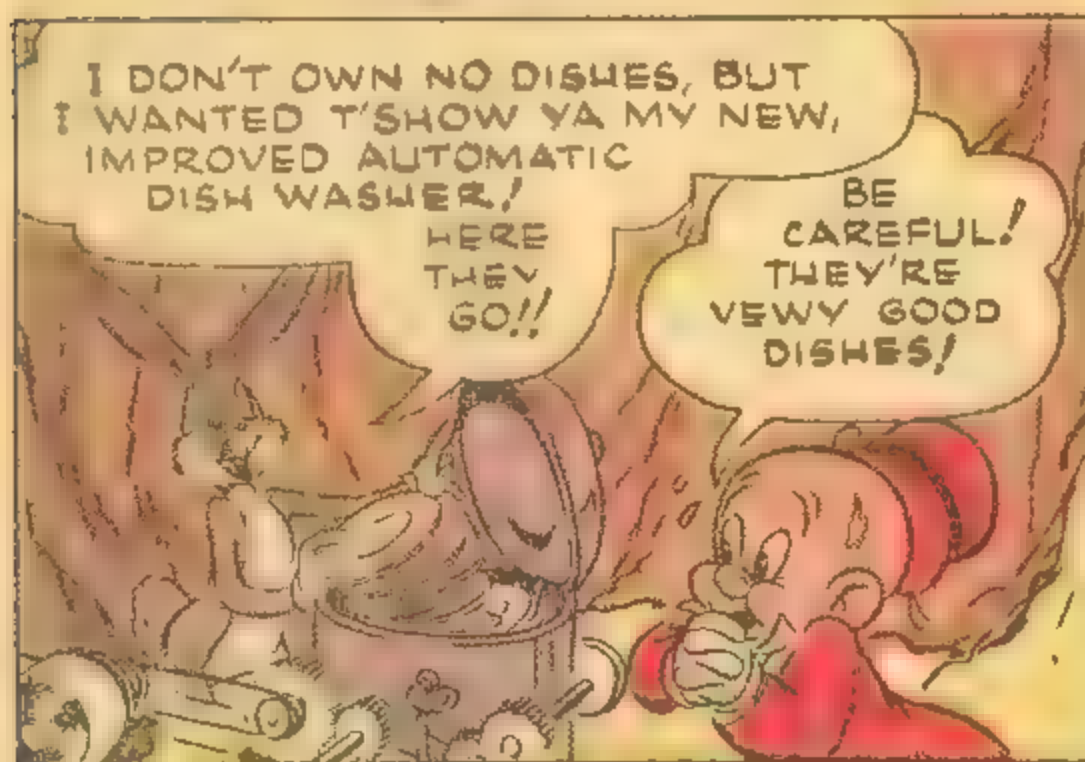
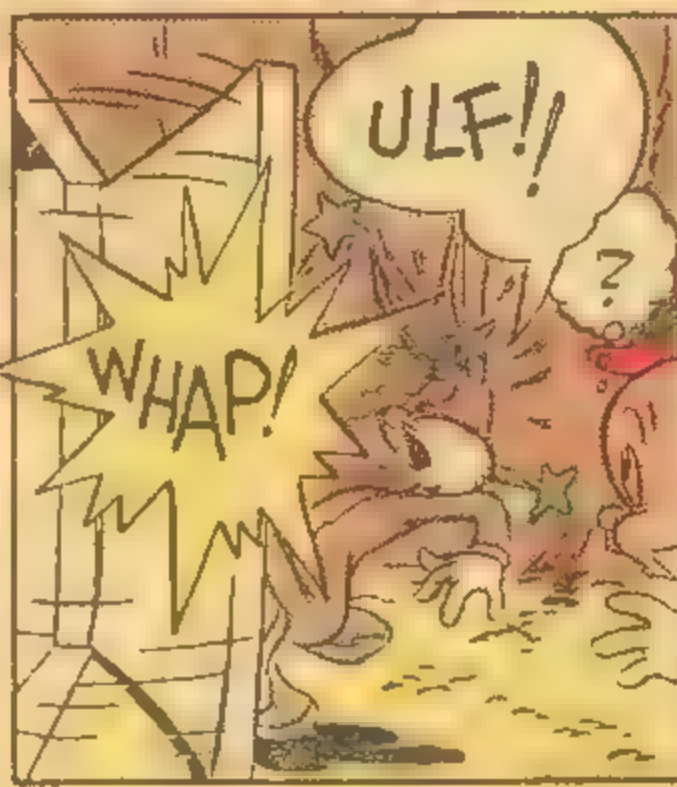
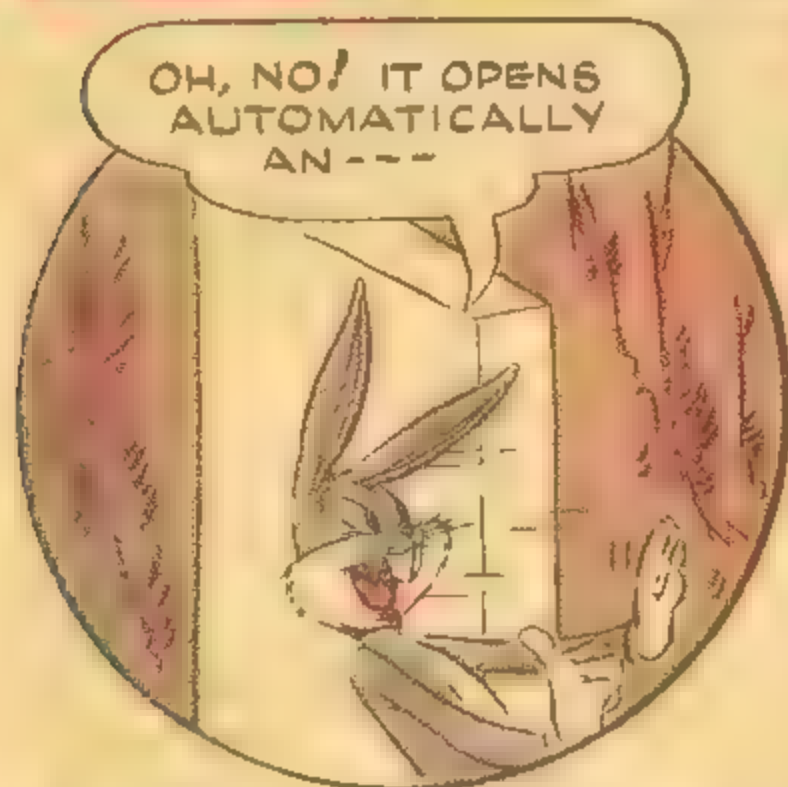
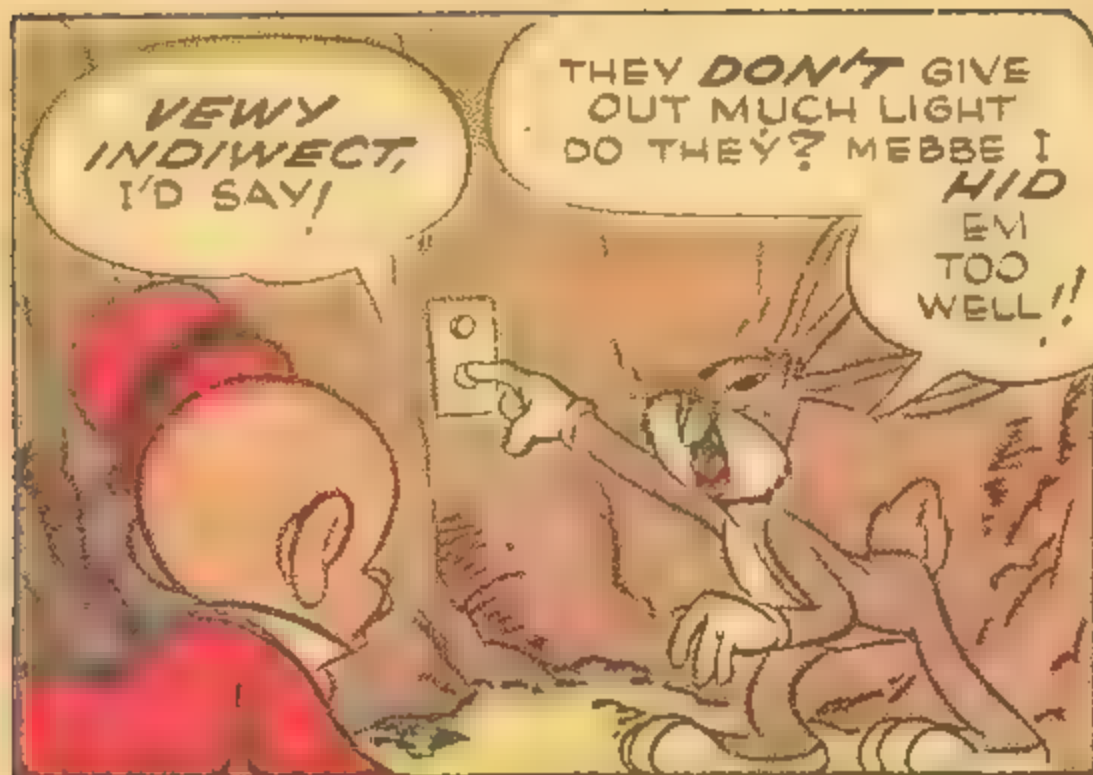
MY! WHAT A *TEWWIBLY*
WOUGH WIDE!!

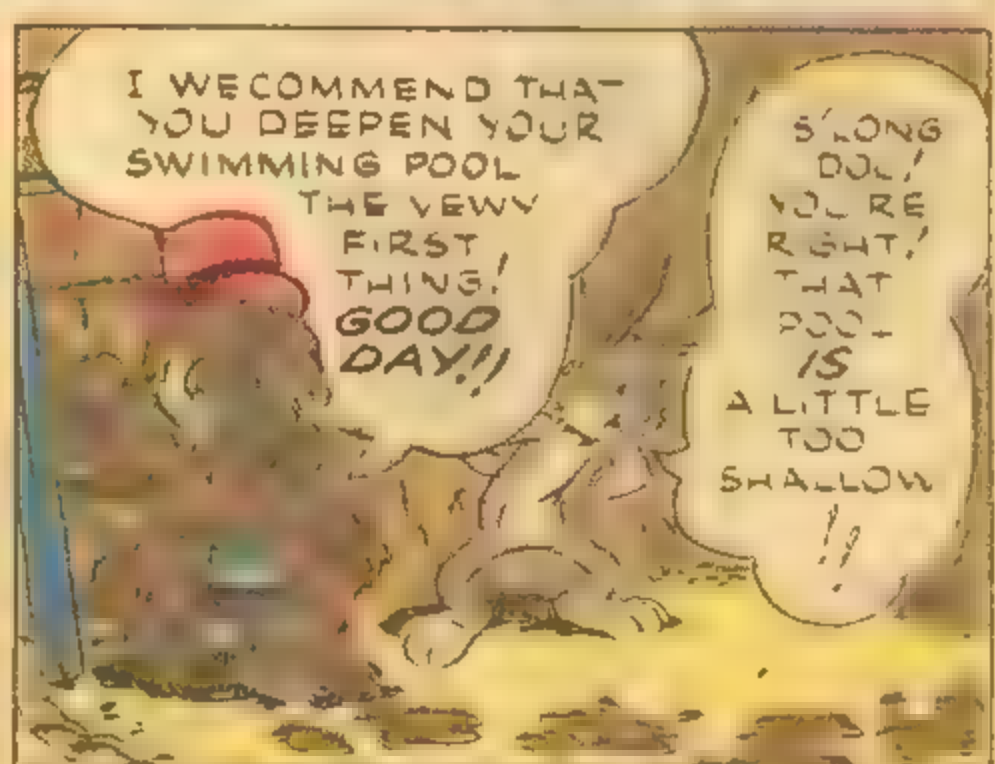
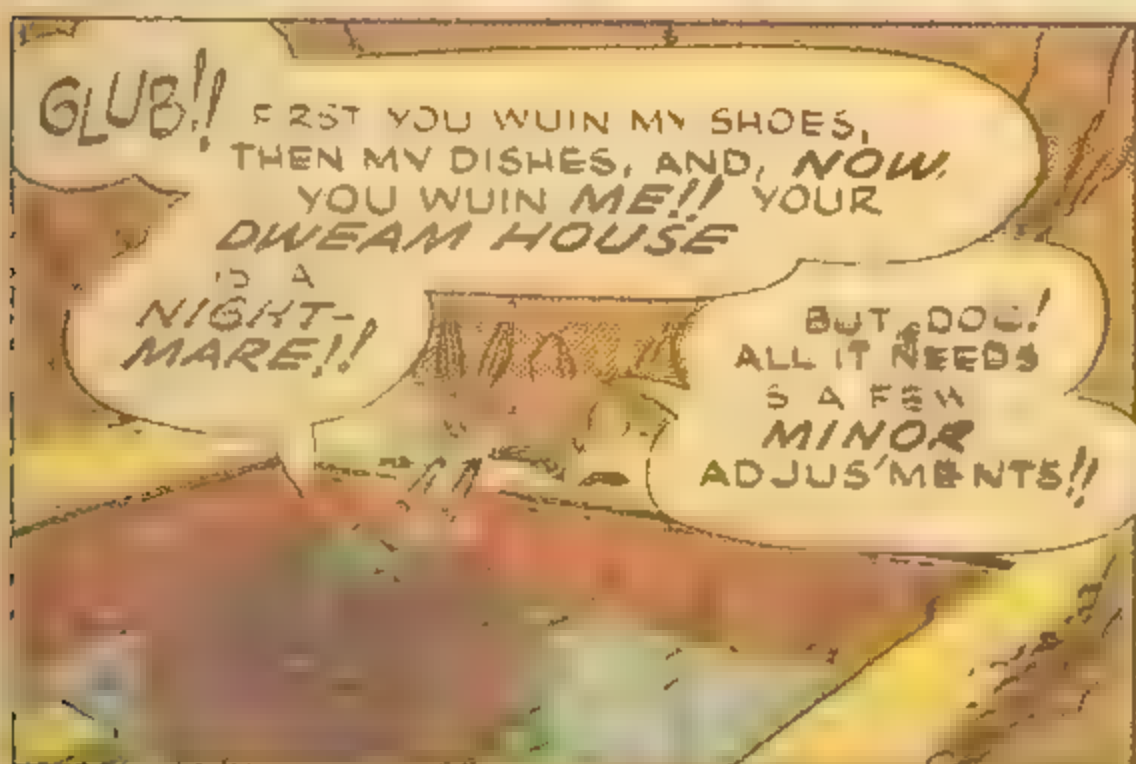
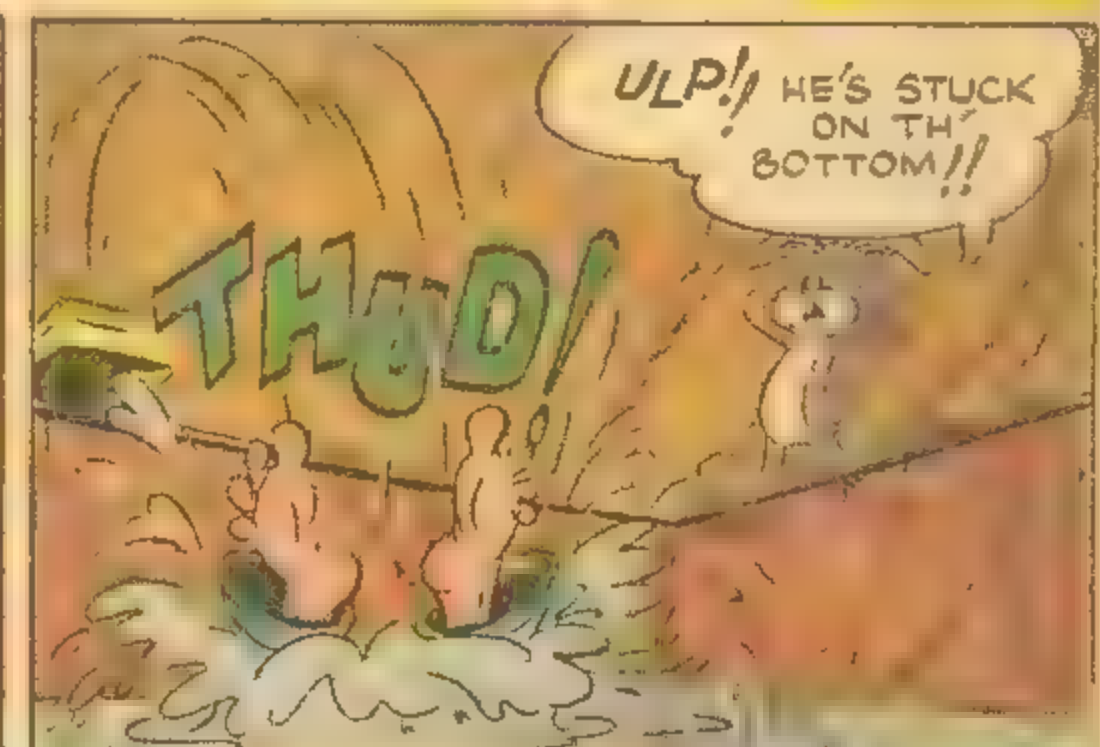
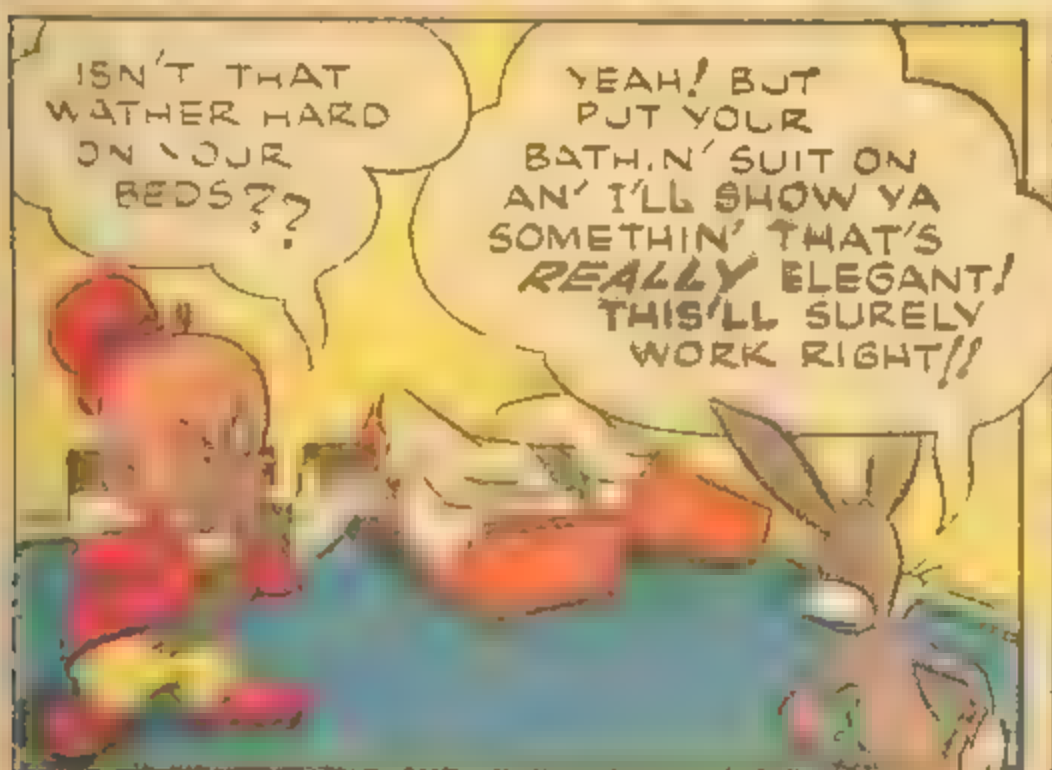
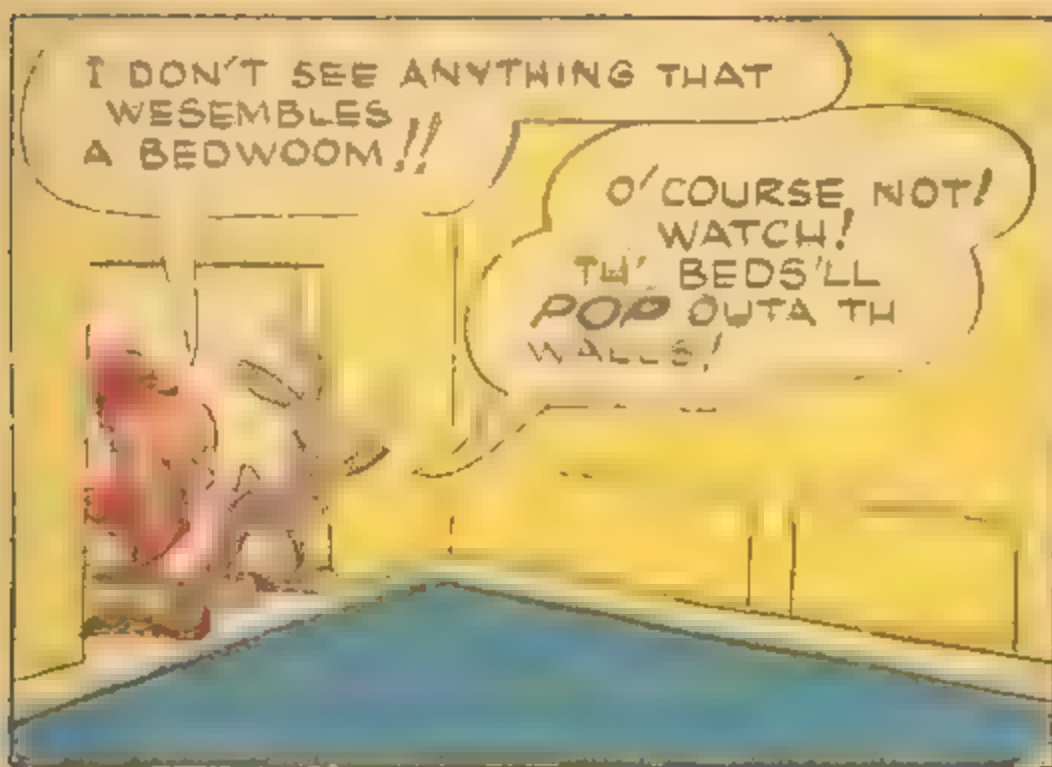
WELL, IT'S
BETTER'N
CRAWLIN'
DOWN, AIN'T IT
?



WHERE
ARE THE
LIGHTS,
MISTER
'WABBIT ??

THEY'RE
HIDDEN,
INDIRECT
LIGHTS! I'LL
TURN 'EM ON
FOR YA!!





WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

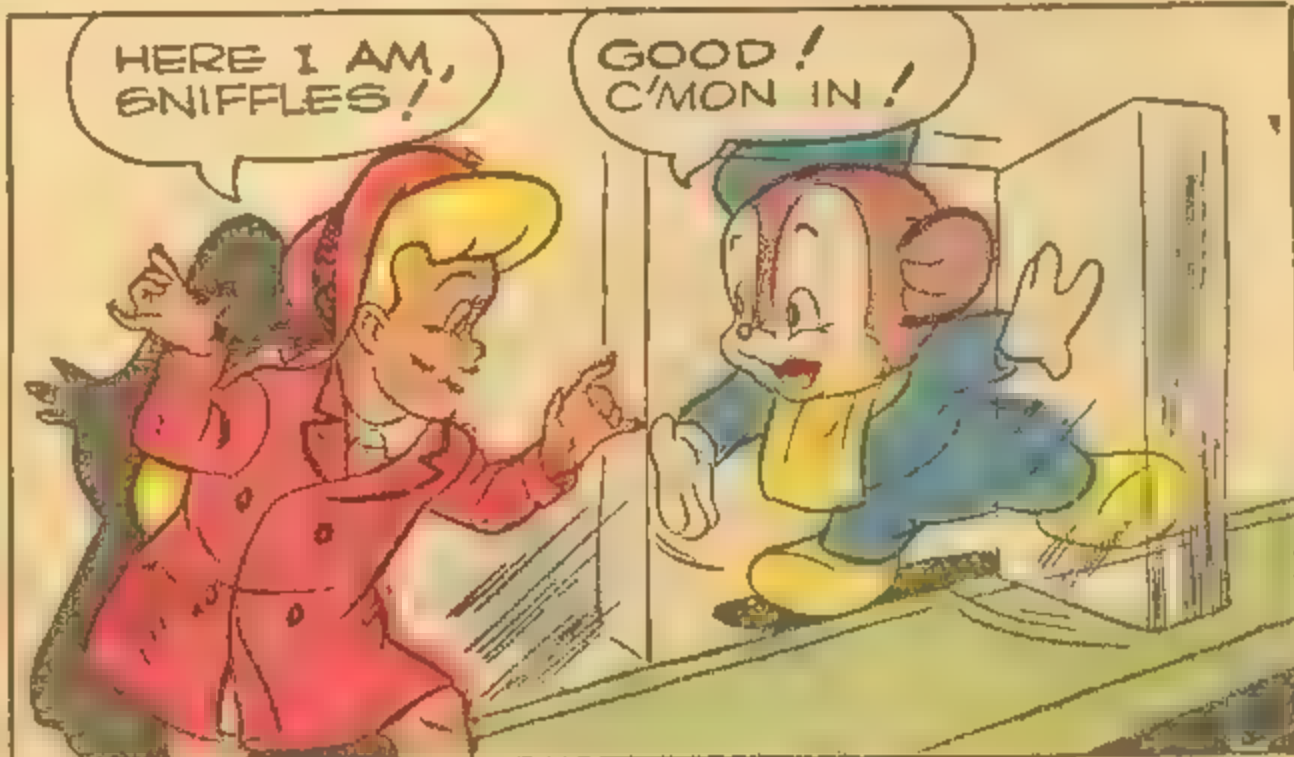
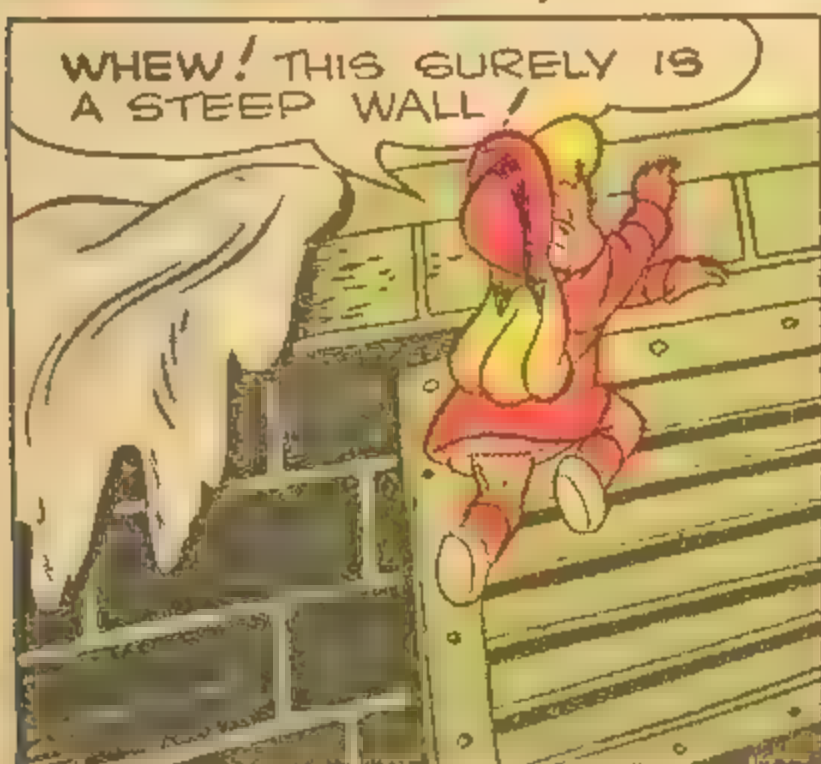
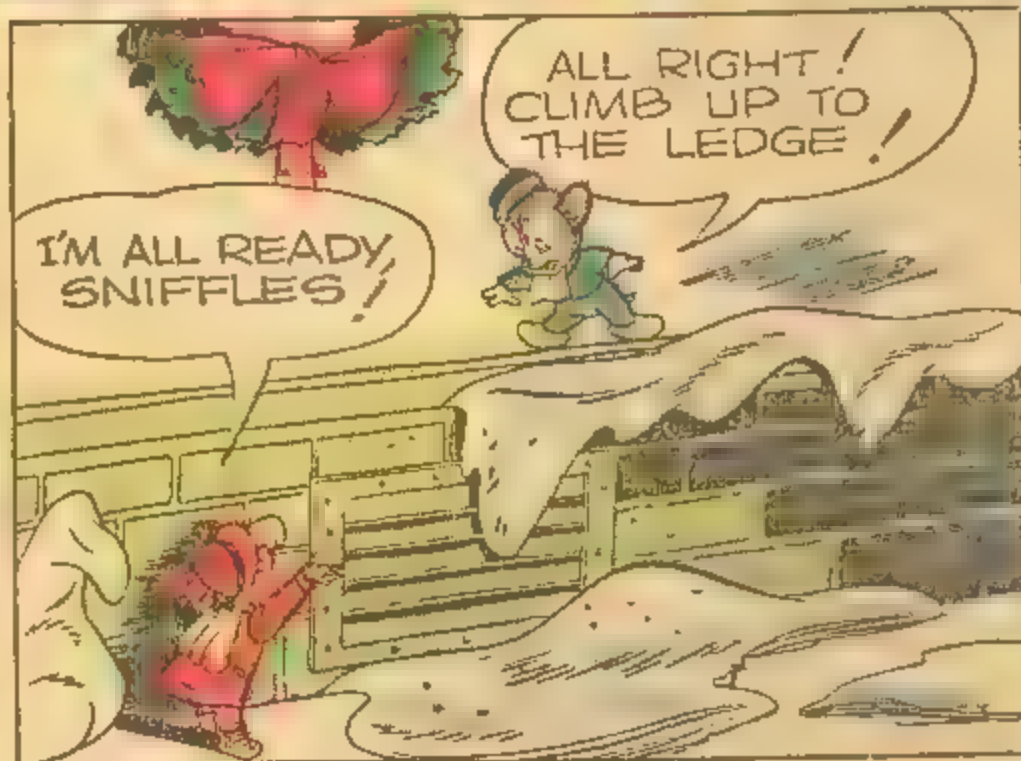
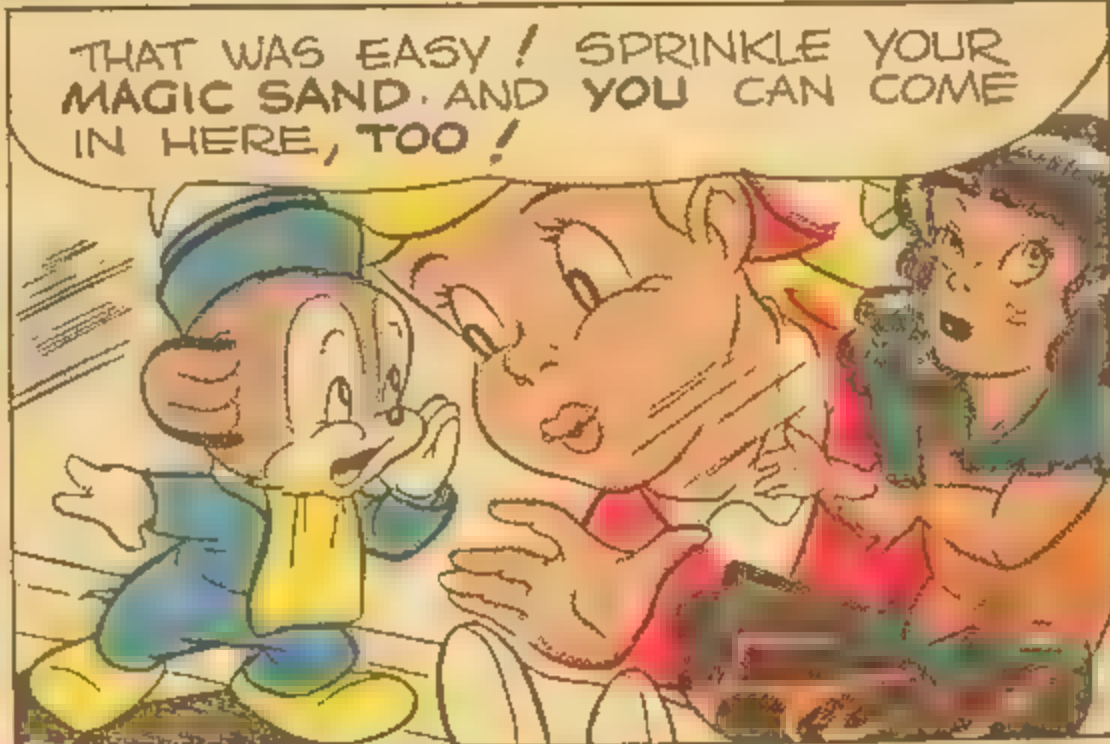
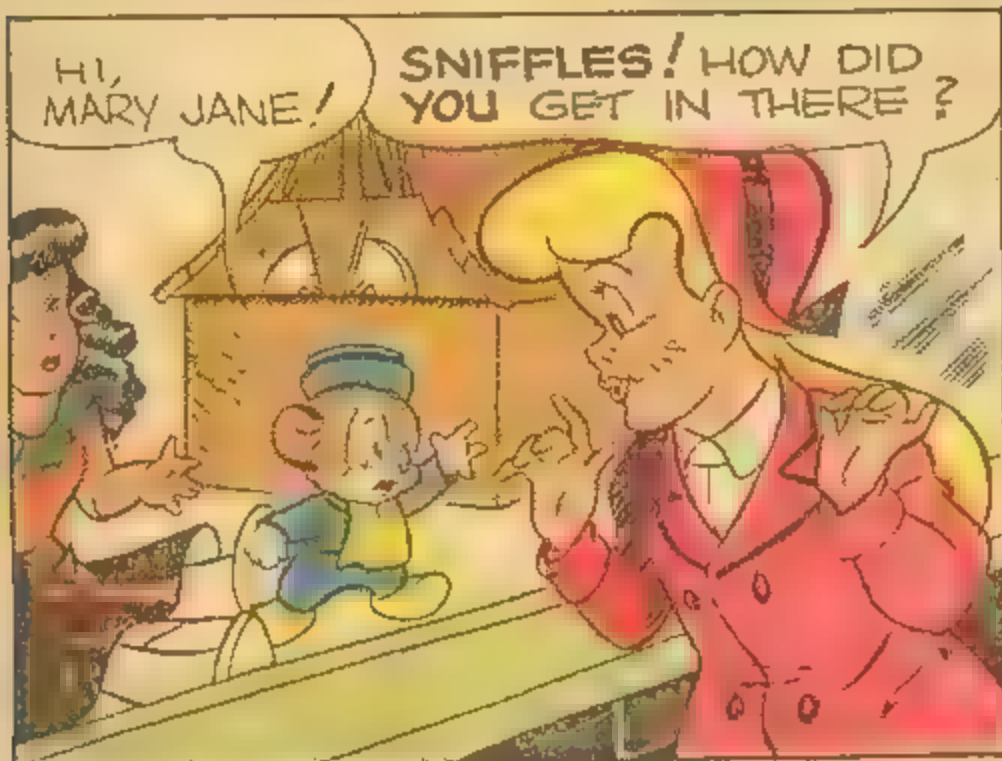
Present

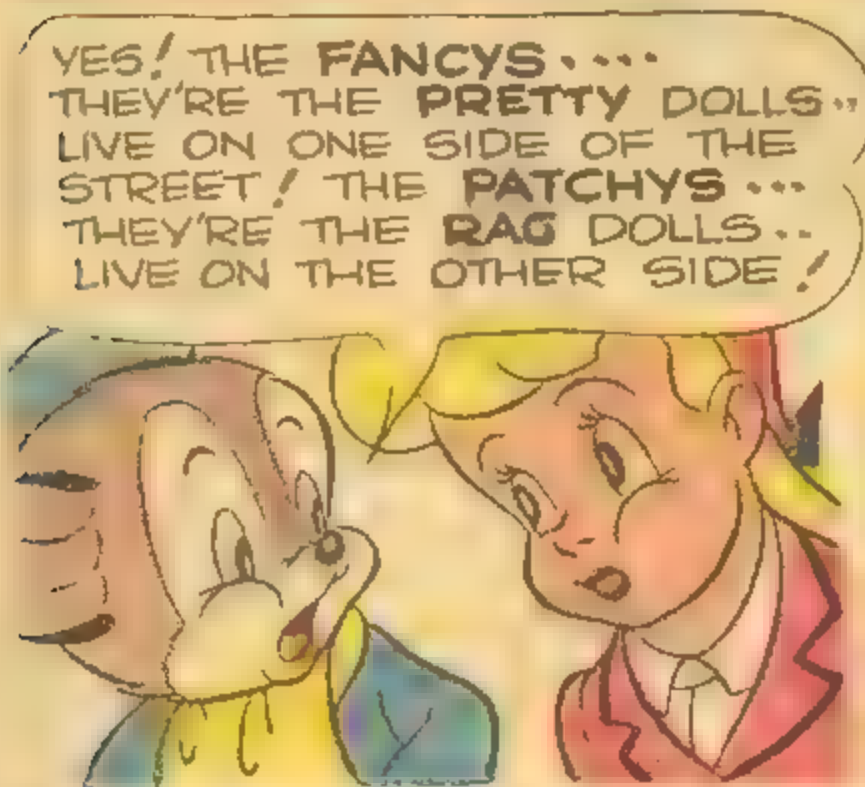
SNIFFLES

and

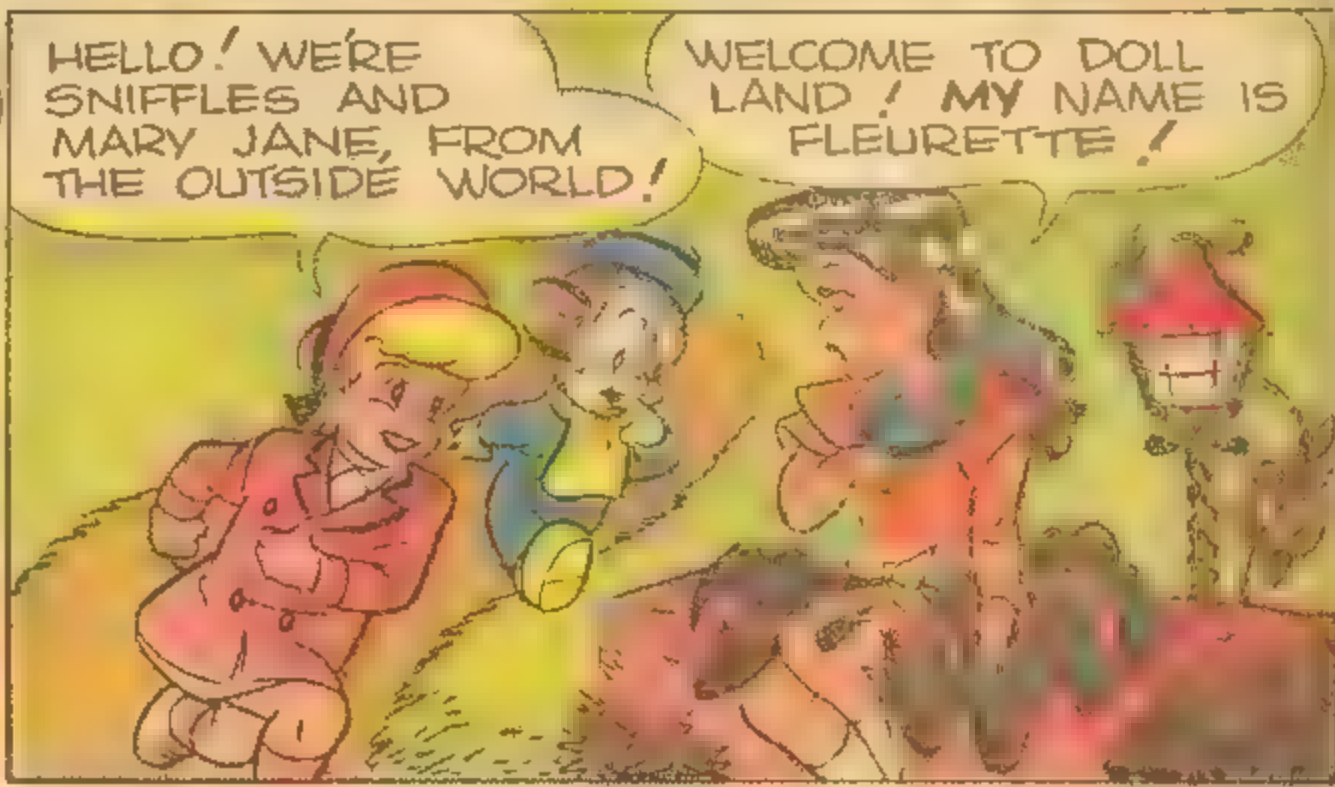
Mary Jane

OHH! THOSE BEE-YOOTIFUL DOLLS! AND LOOK AT THAT LITTLE RAG DOLL, 'WAY OFF BY ITSELF!





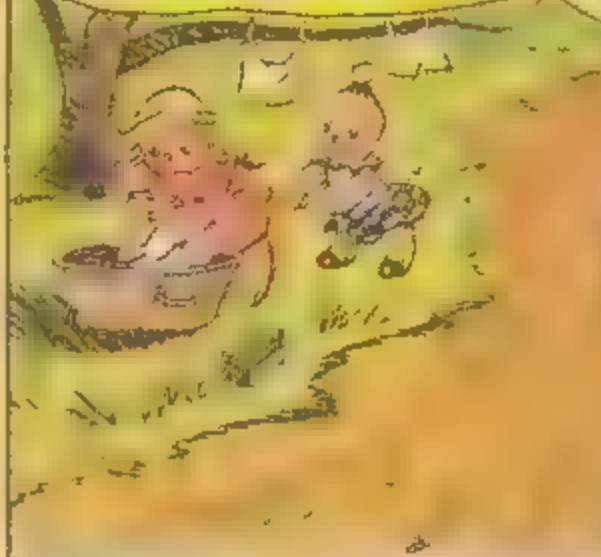
YES! THE **FANCYS**...
THEY'RE THE **PRETTY DOLLS**...
LIVE ON ONE SIDE OF THE
STREET! THE **PATCHYS**...
THEY'RE THE **RAG DOLLS**...
LIVE ON THE OTHER SIDE!



I'LL BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU
AROUND! BUT I'M NOT
ALLOWED TO CROSS THE
STREET! AND THOSE
PATCHYS ARE NOT
ALLOWED ON THIS SIDE!

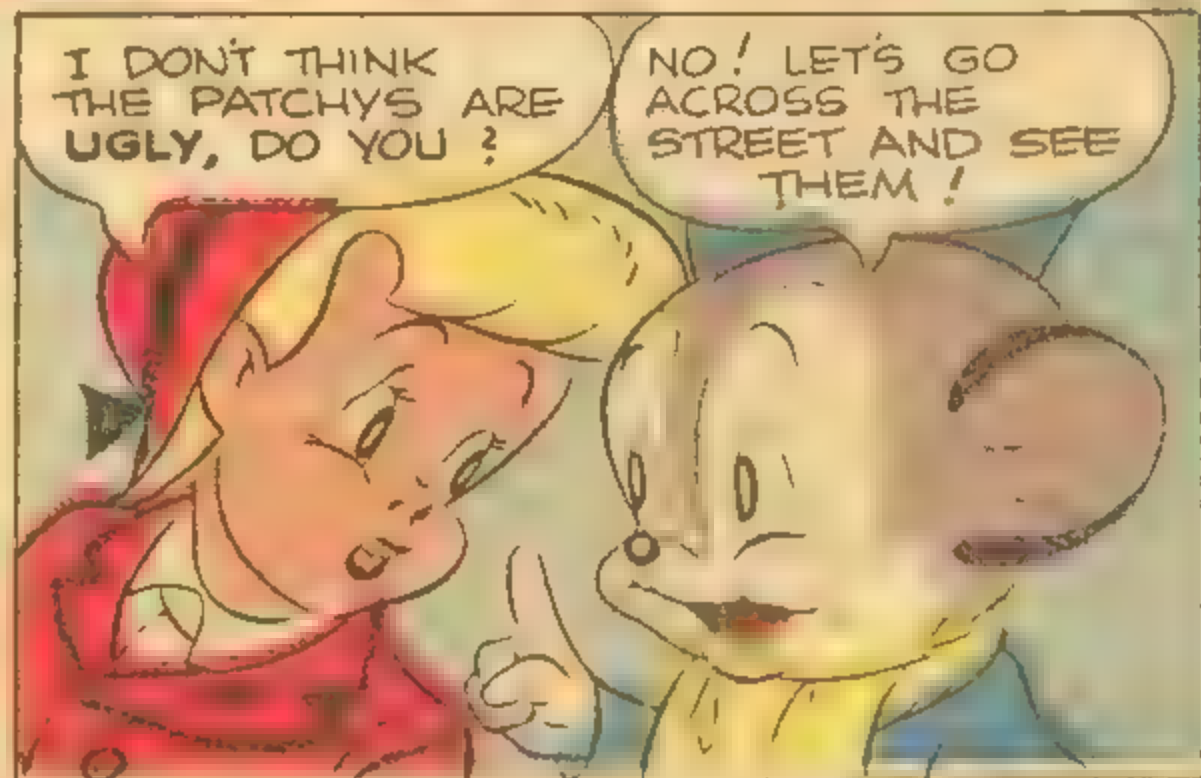
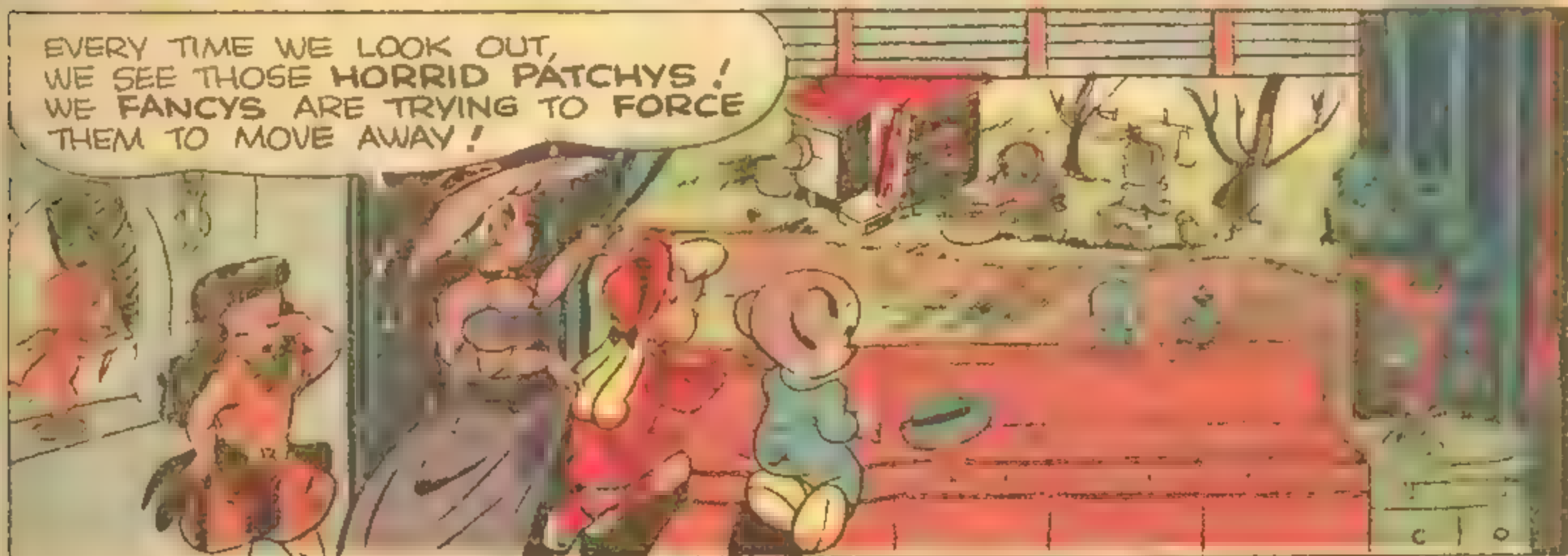
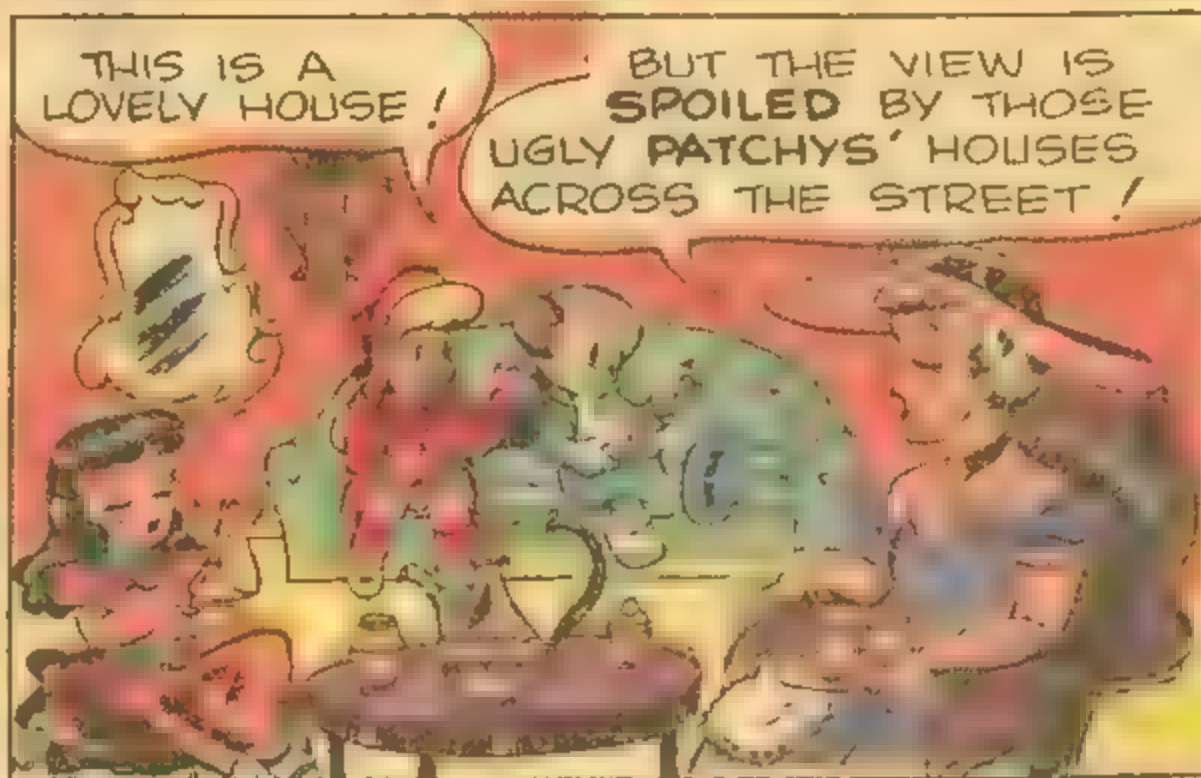
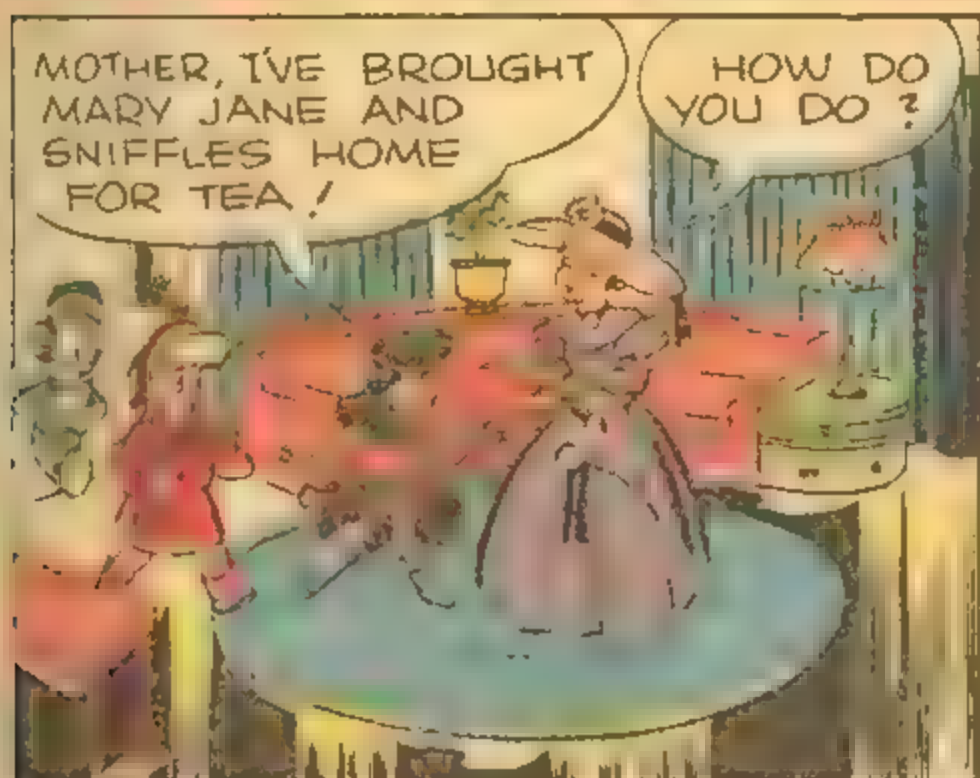
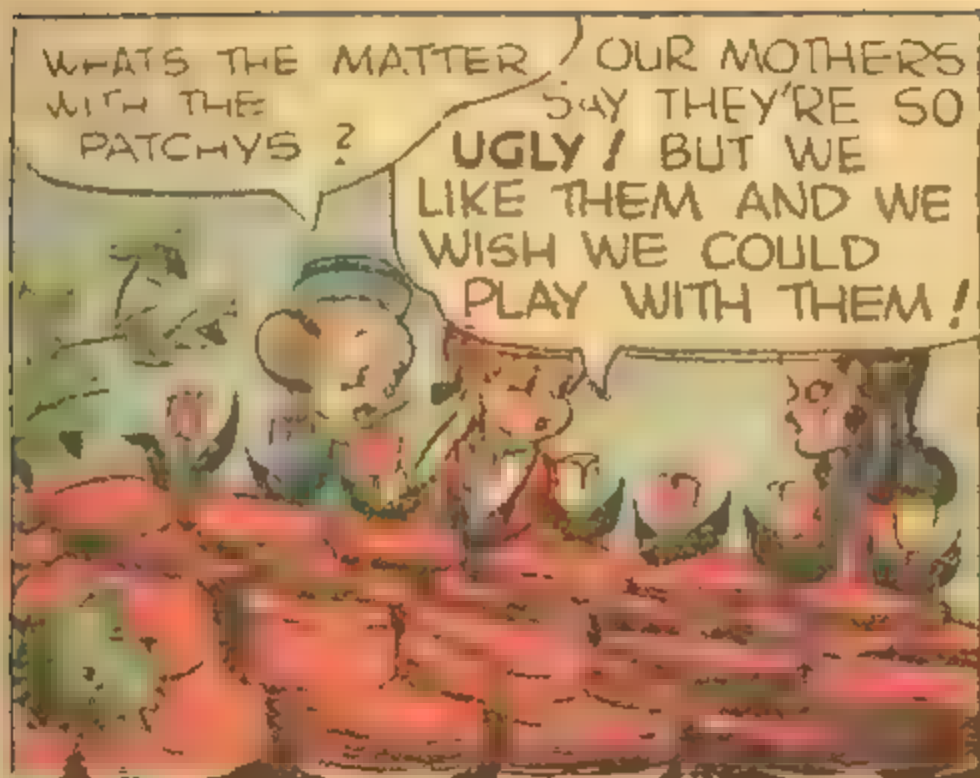


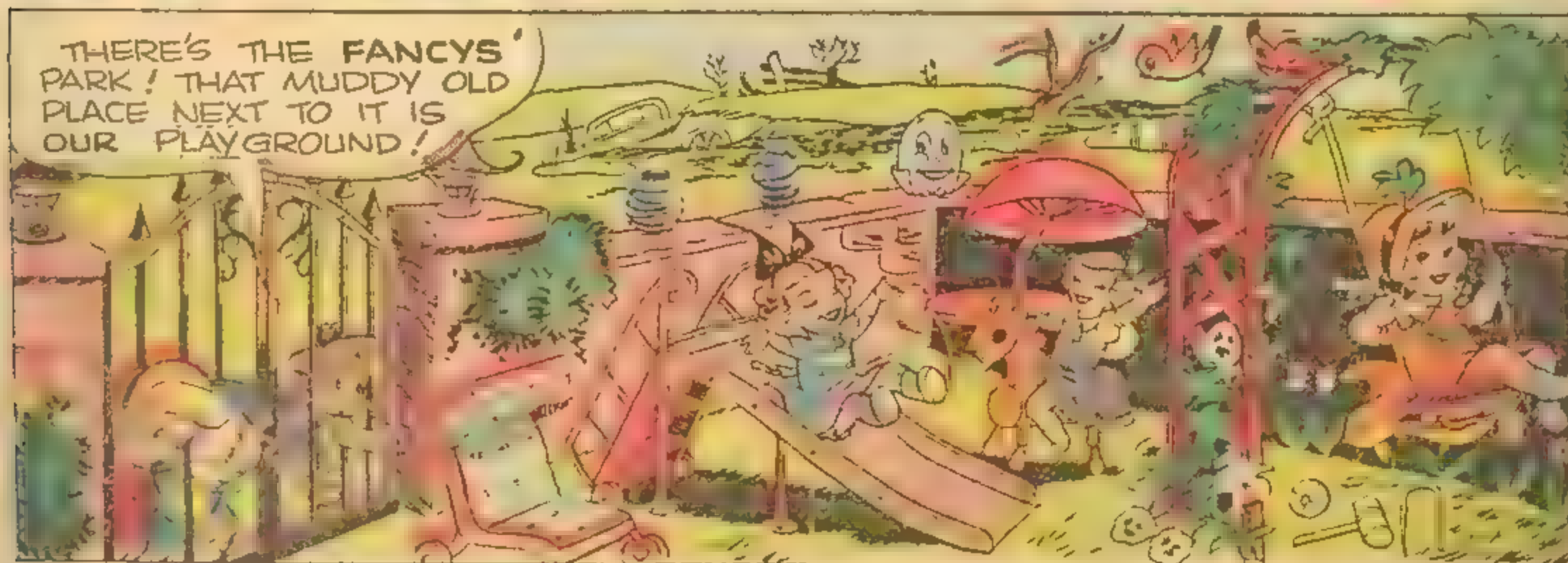
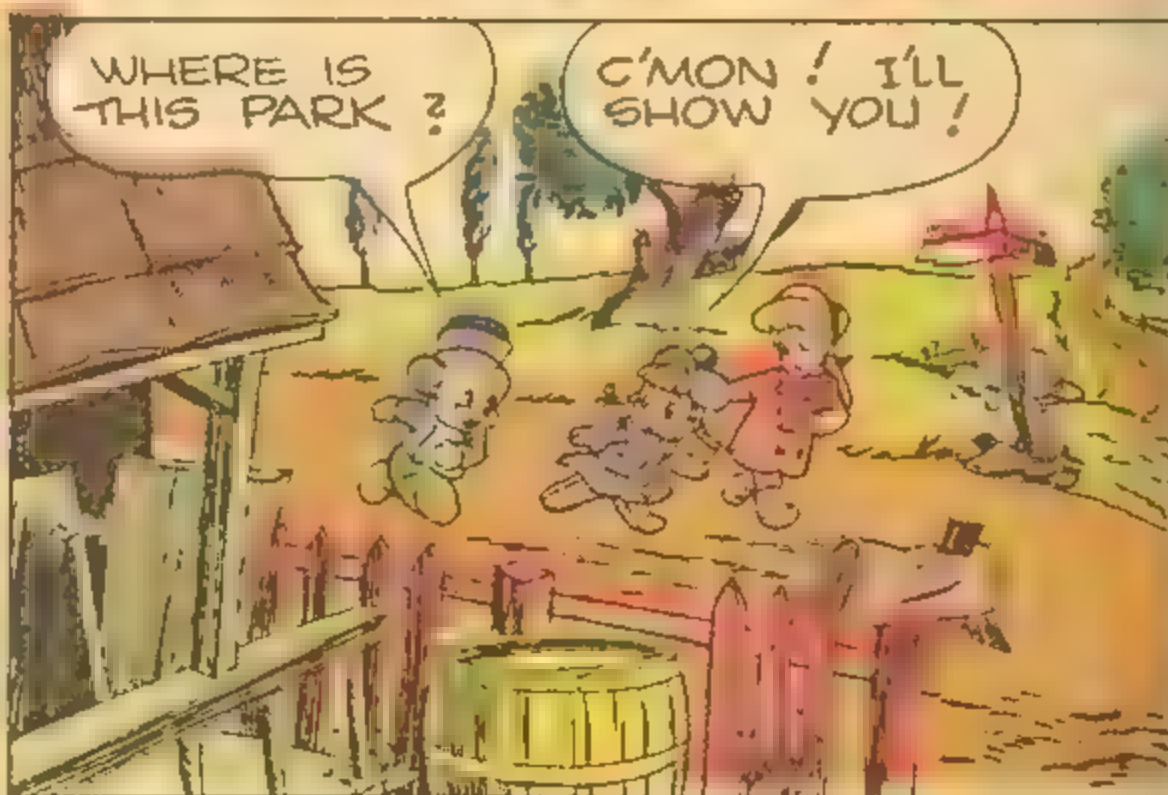
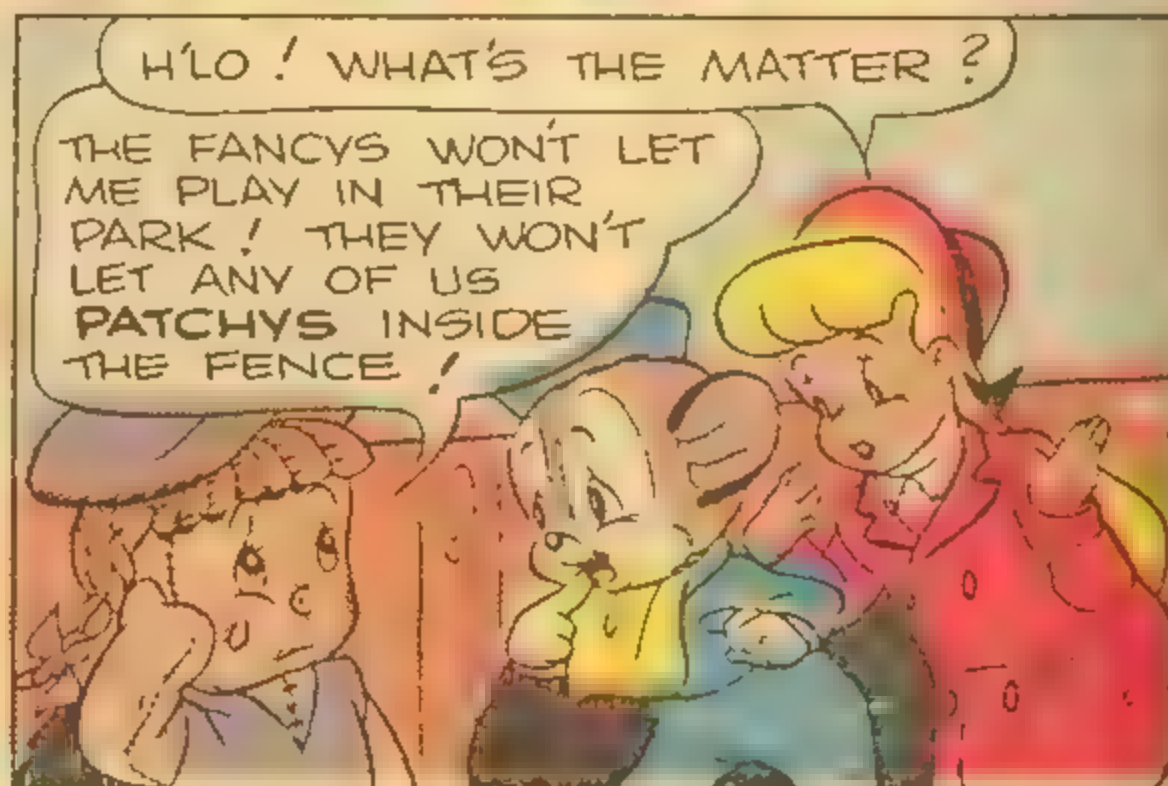
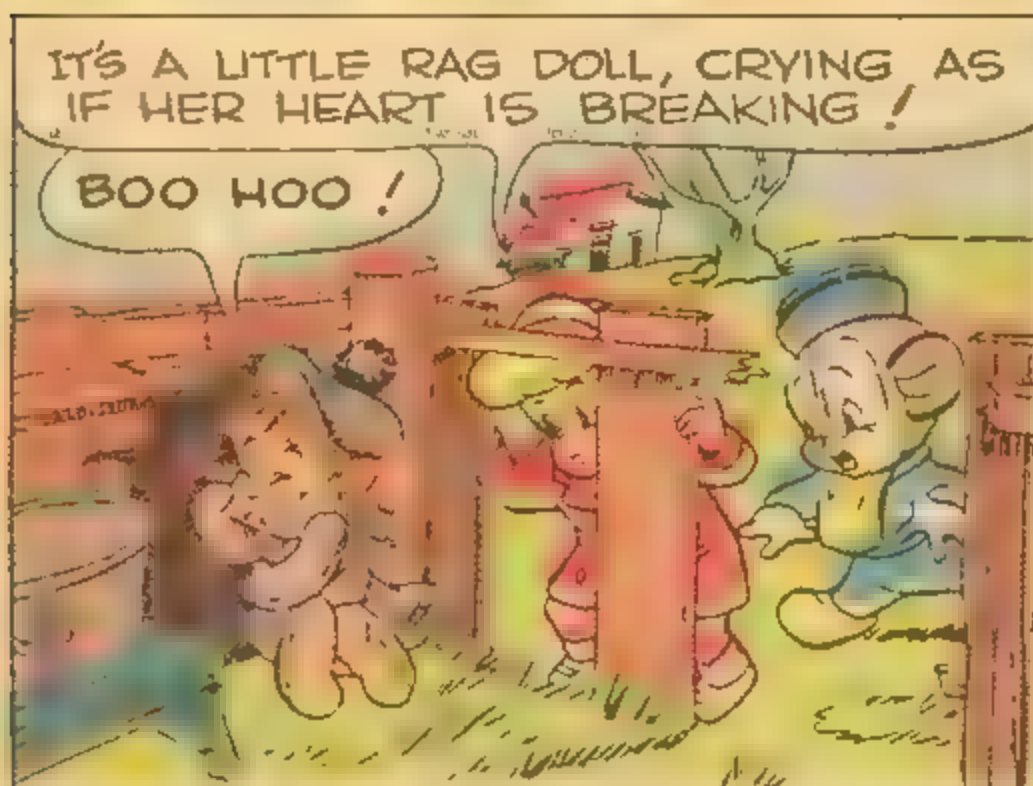
DO YOU MEAN YOU
NEVER PLAY WITH
THOSE CUTE LITTLE
DOLLS?

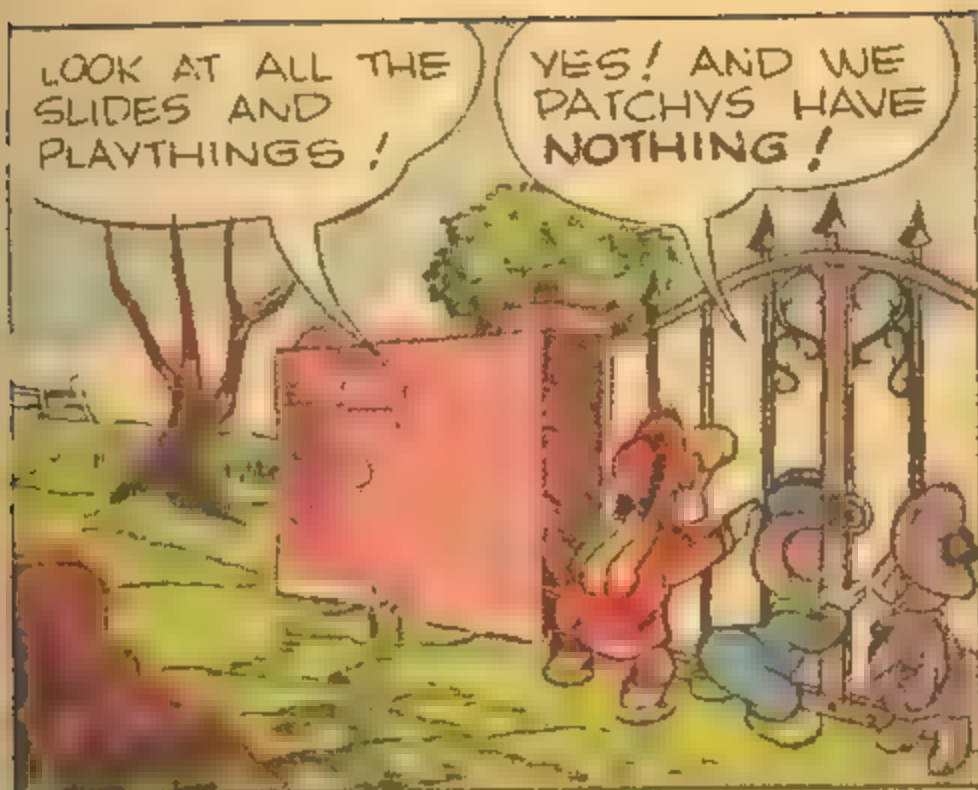


NEVER! MY MOTHER
WON'T EVEN ALLOW
ME TO **SPEAK**
TO THEM!



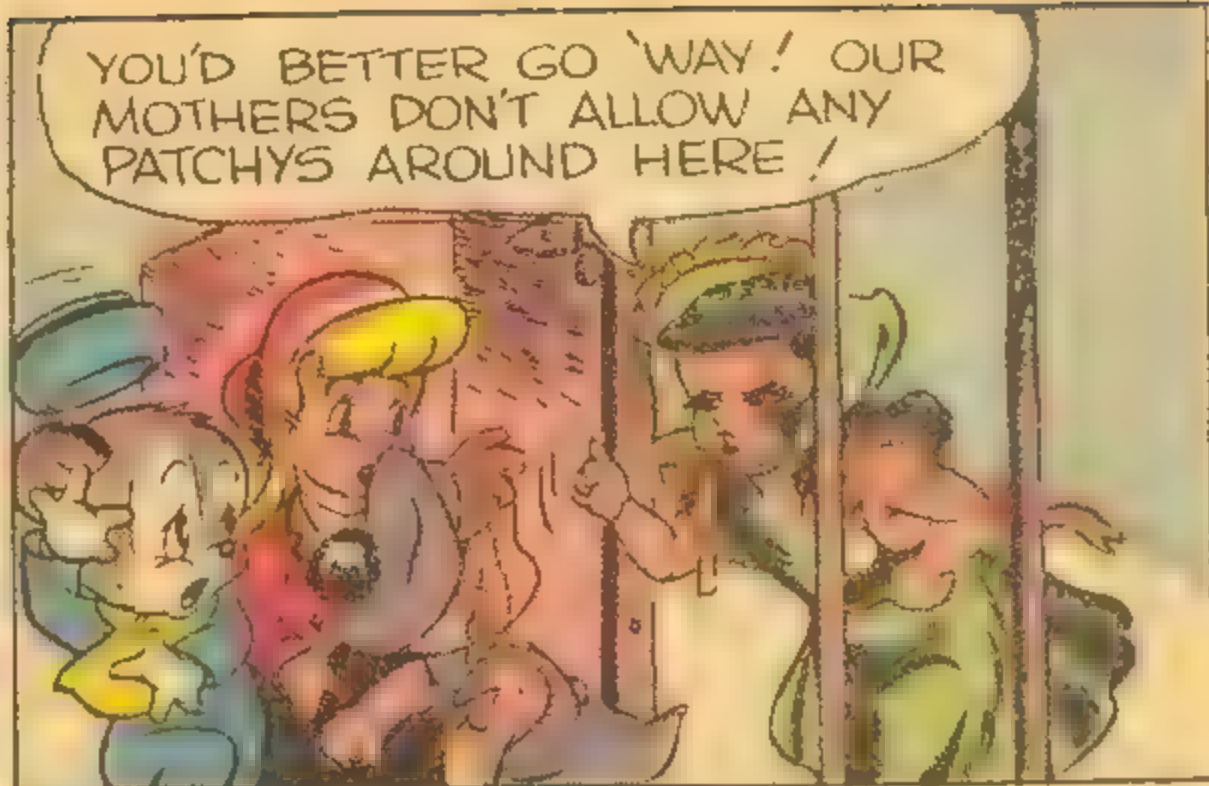






LOOK AT ALL THE
SLIDES AND
PLAYTHINGS !

YES ! AND WE
PATCHYS HAVE
NOTHING !



YOU'D BETTER GO 'WAY ! OUR
MOTHERS DON'T ALLOW ANY
PATCHYS AROUND HERE !



AND YOU'D
BETTER NOT
COME BACK !

SEE ? THEY SAY
WE'RE NOT **PRETTY**
ENOUGH TO PLAY
WITH THEM !



THIS IS THE ONLY
PLACE WE HAVE
TO PLAY !

MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING WE
CAN DO

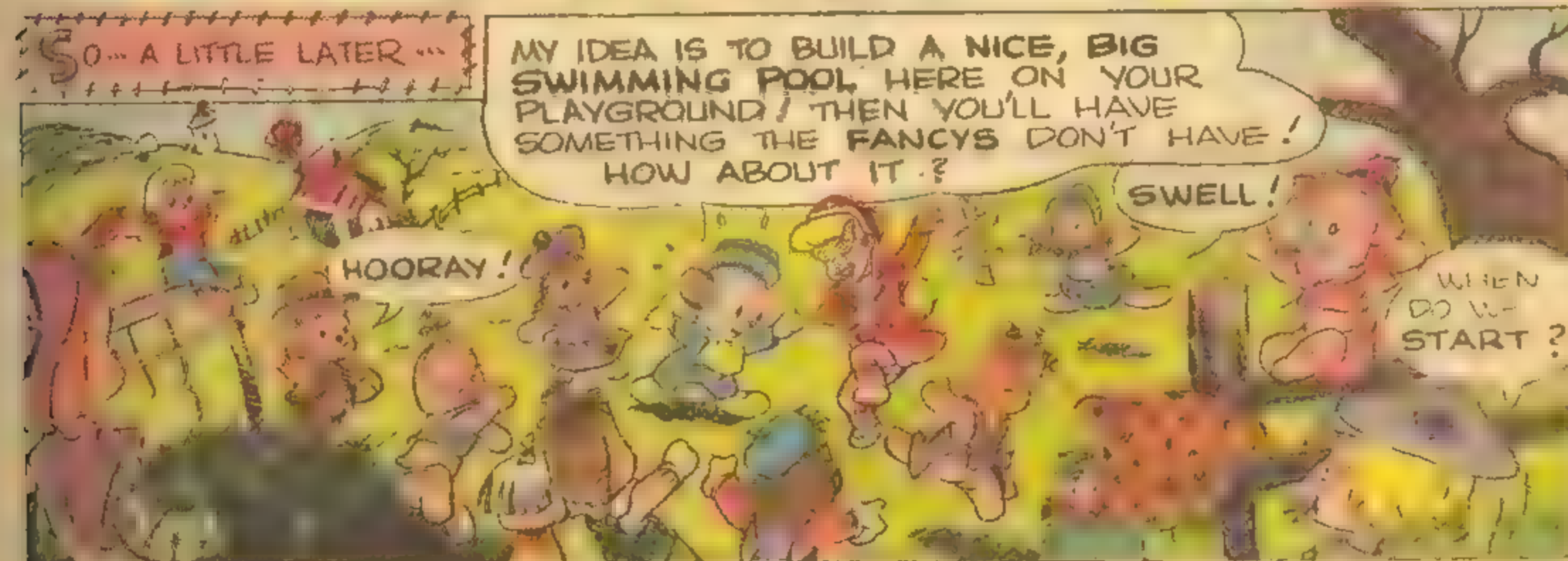


THERE IS SOMETHING WE
CAN DO ! WE'LL MAKE
YOUR PLAYGROUND EVEN
BETTER THAN THEIRS !



CALL YOUR FRIENDS AND
I'LL TELL YOU !

BUT
HOW ... ?



SO... A LITTLE LATER ...

MY IDEA IS TO BUILD A NICE, BIG
SWIMMING POOL HERE ON YOUR
PLAYGROUND ! THEN YOU'LL HAVE
SOMETHING THE FANCYS DON'T HAVE !
HOW ABOUT IT ?

SWELL !

WHEN
DO WE
START ?

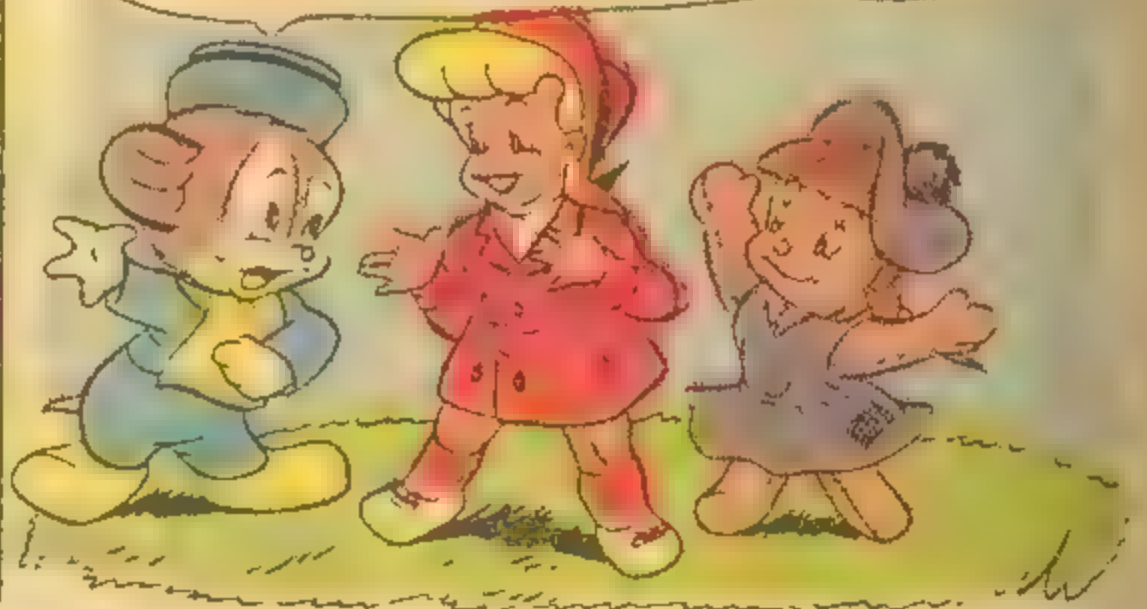
HOORAY !

WE'LL START RIGHT NOW! YOU BOYS GET SPADES AND SHOVELS!

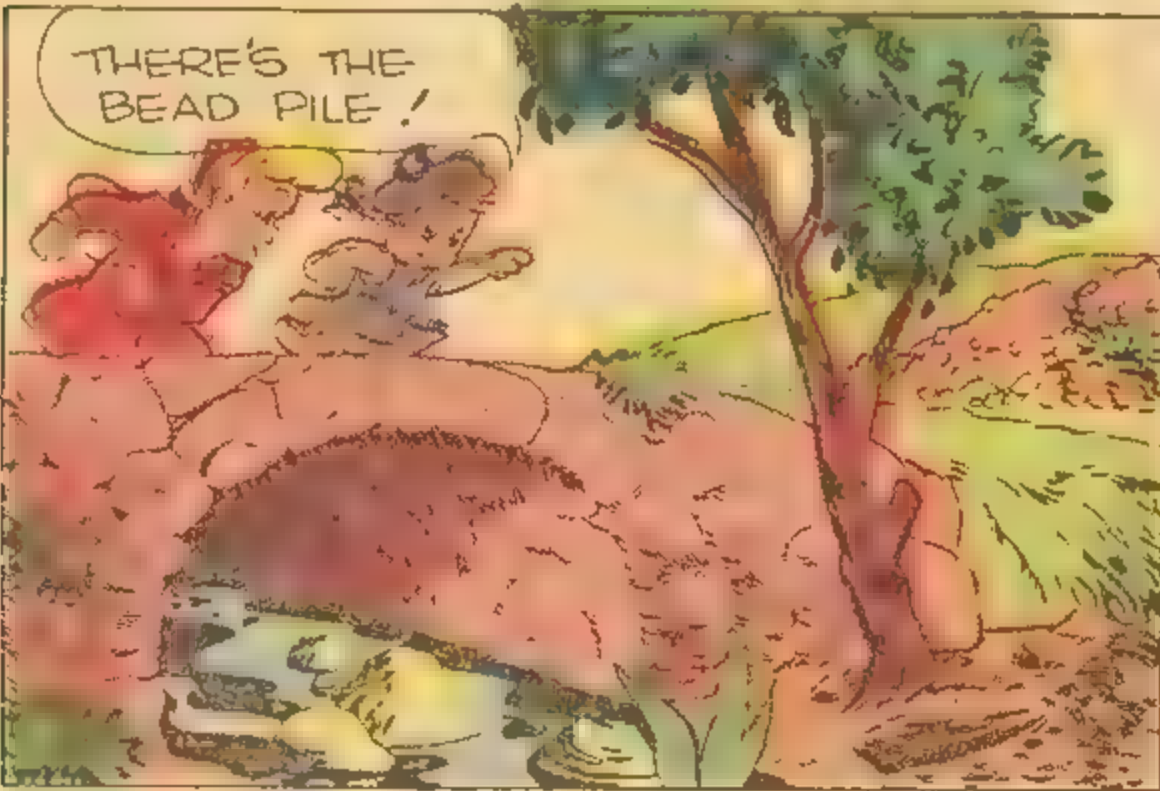
WE MIGHT LINE THE POOL WITH BEADS FROM THE BROKEN BEAD PILE!



THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, PATSY! YOU GIRLS CAN GET THE BEADS, WHILE THE BOYS AND I DIG!



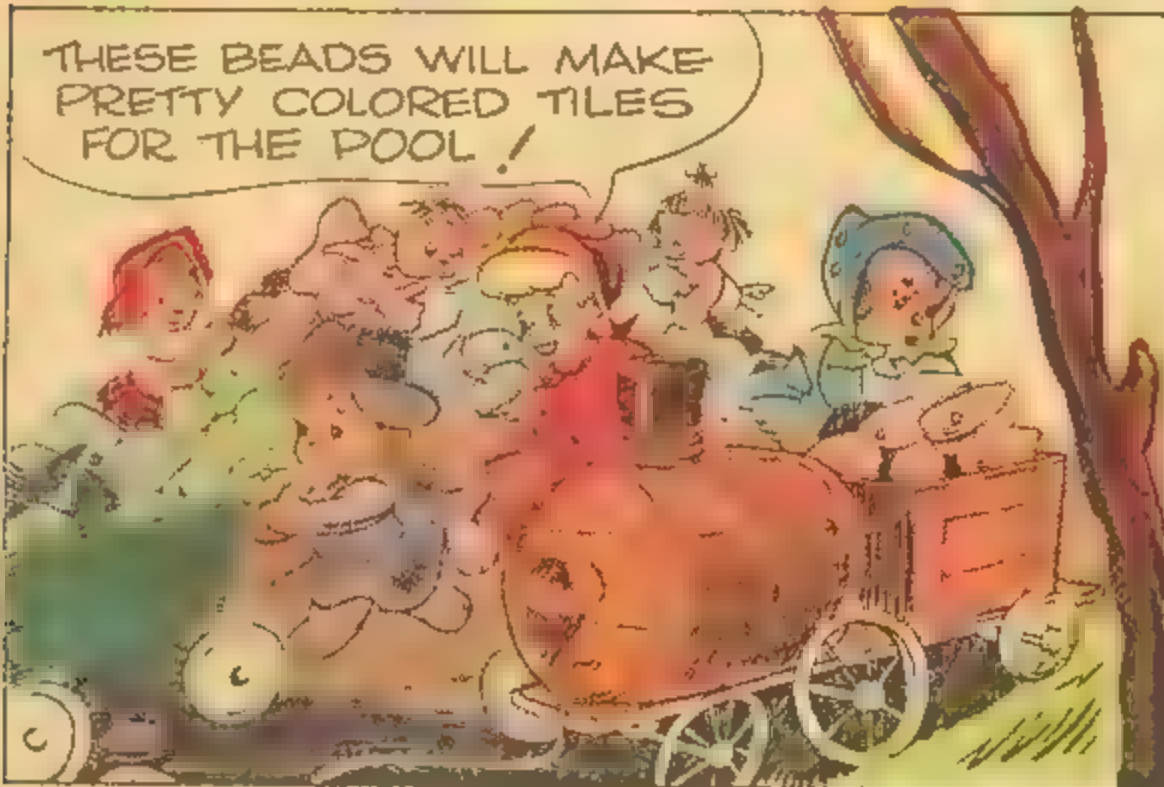
THERE'S THE BEAD PILE!



YOU SEE, THESE ARE THE BROKEN BEADS THAT THE FANCYS DON'T WANT! WE PATCHYS ARE ALLOWED TO HAVE THEM, IF WE WANT THEM!



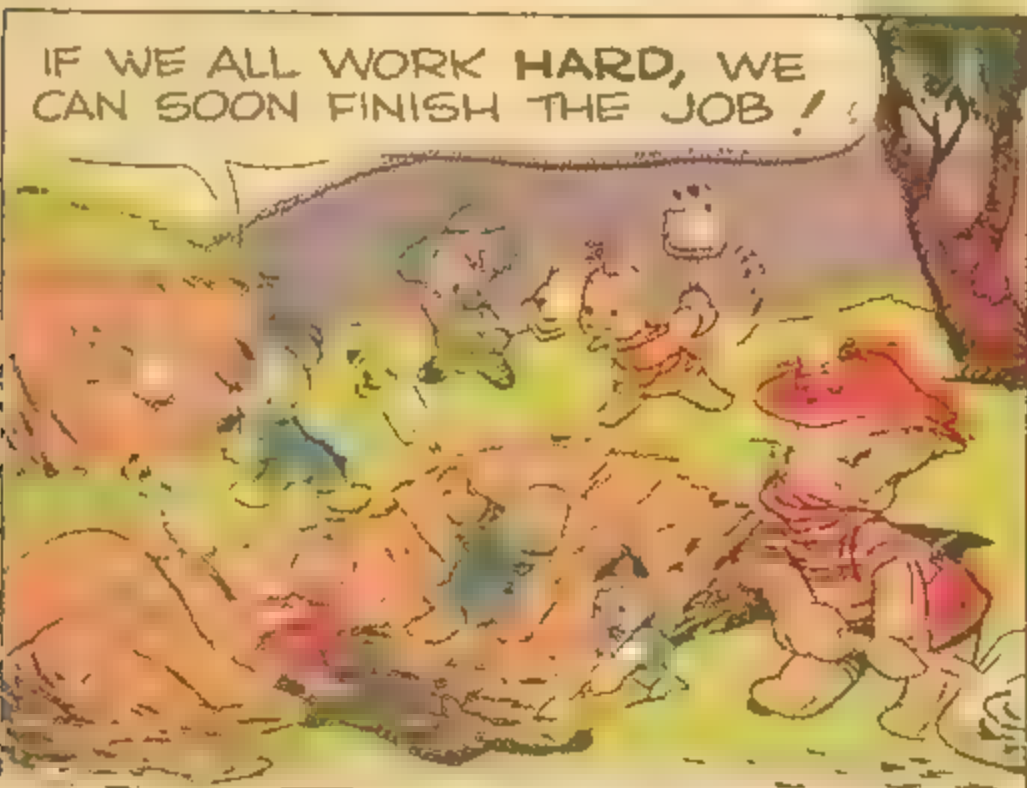
THESE BEADS WILL MAKE PRETTY COLORED TILES FOR THE POOL!



WE'LL UNLOAD THESE BEADS, AND GO BACK FOR MORE!



IF WE ALL WORK HARD, WE CAN SOON FINISH THE JOB!



WHILE SNIFFLES AND THE BOYS DIG, MARY JANE AND THE GIRLS MAKE A TERRACE OF BEADS...



AT LAST THE SWIMMING POOL IS FINISHED!

ISN'T IT BEE-YOOTIFUL!

IT'S THE SPLENDIDEST POOL I EVER SAW!

LET'S GO SWIMMING NOW, JUST THE WAY WE ARE!

IN WE GO!
HOORAY!
WHOOPEE

YIPPEE!
THEY'RE SWIMMING IN THEIR CLOTHES!
THEY'LL DRY! AND THE WATER WON'T HURT THEIR FACES BECAUSE THEY'RE CLOTH!

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL...

HOORAY!
WHEE!

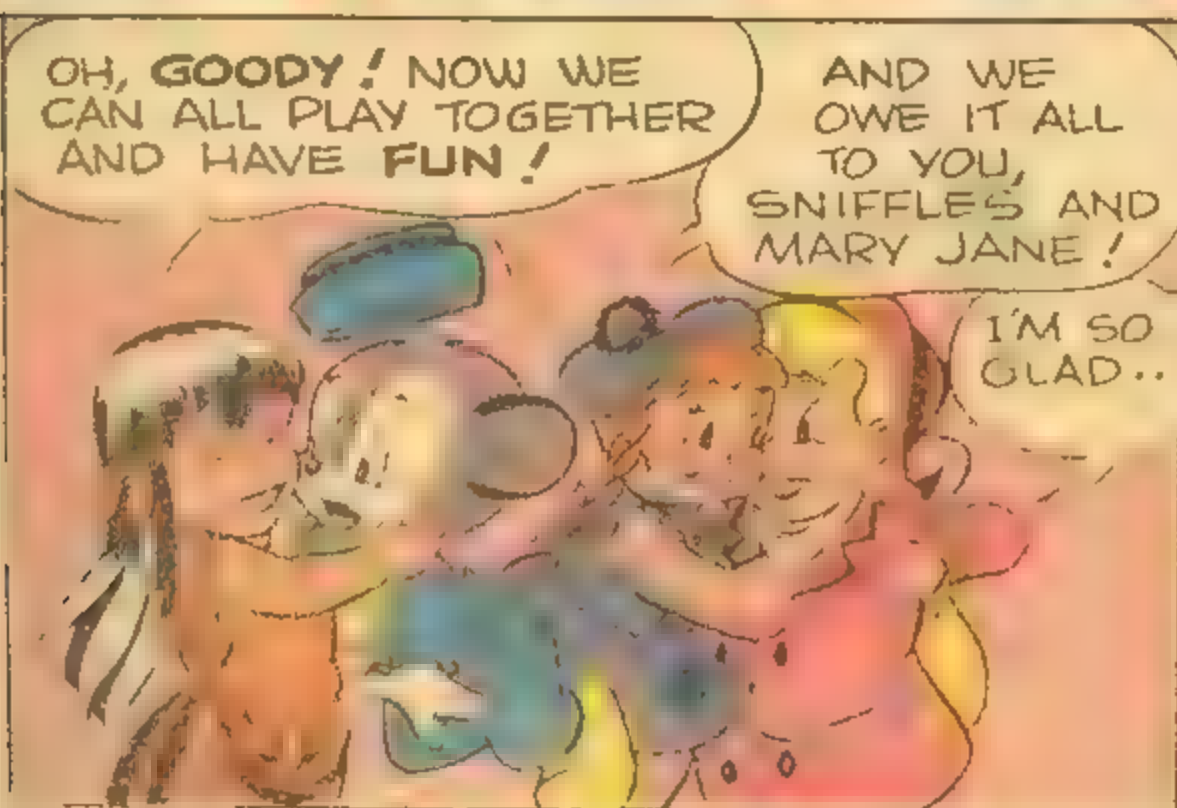
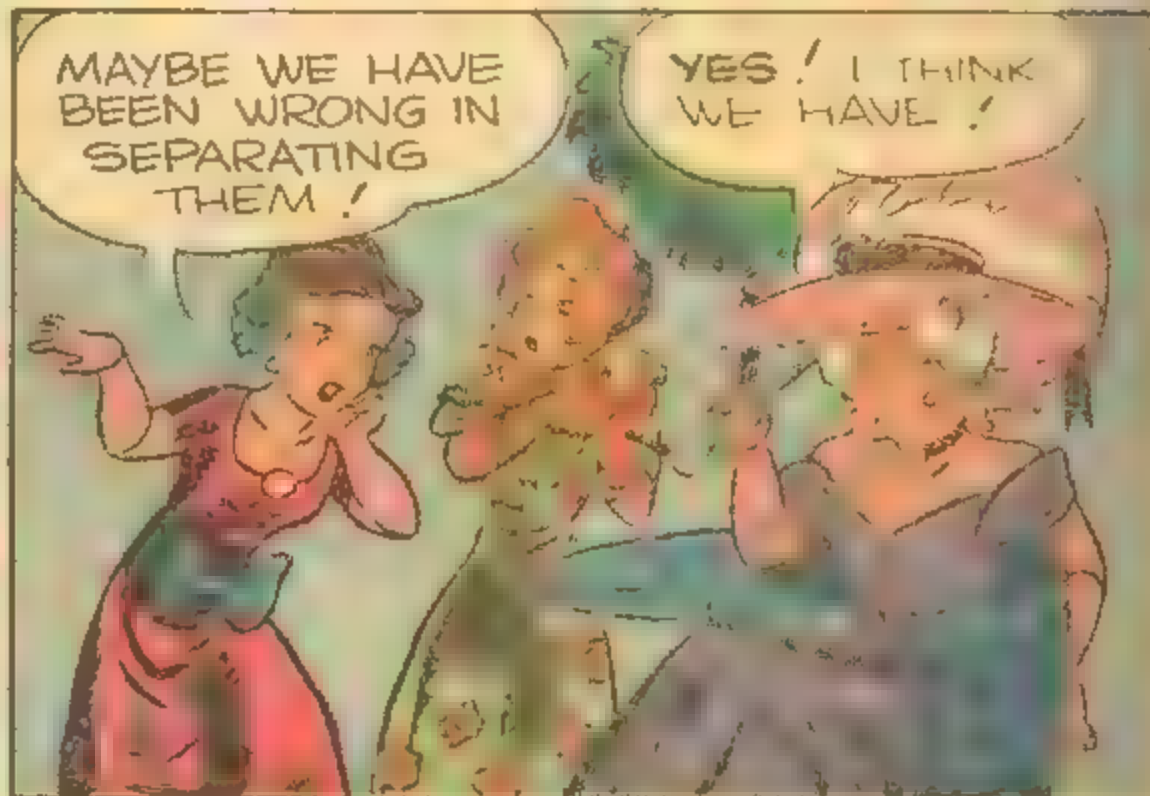
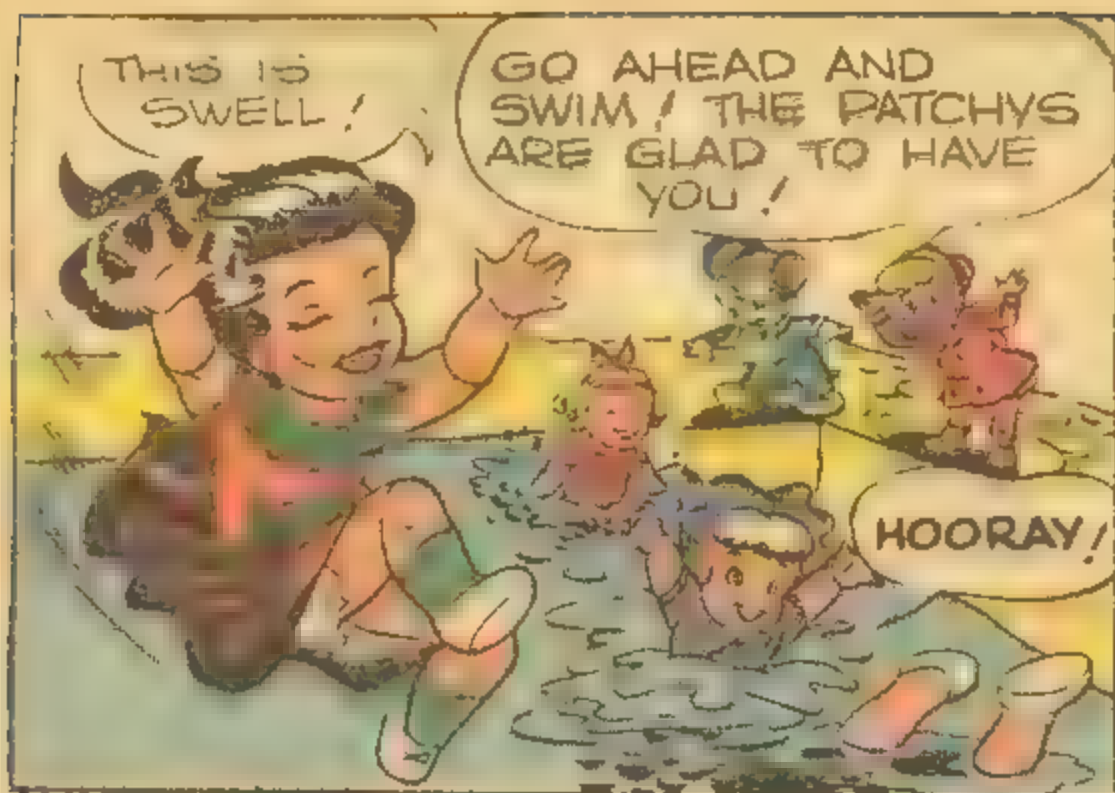
WHAT DO YOU S'POSE THE PATCHYS ARE DOING!

LET'S CLIMB UP AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

THEY'VE GOT A SWIMMING POOL! THE PATCHYS ARE SWIMMING!

C'MON! WE'LL GO SWIMMING, TOO!

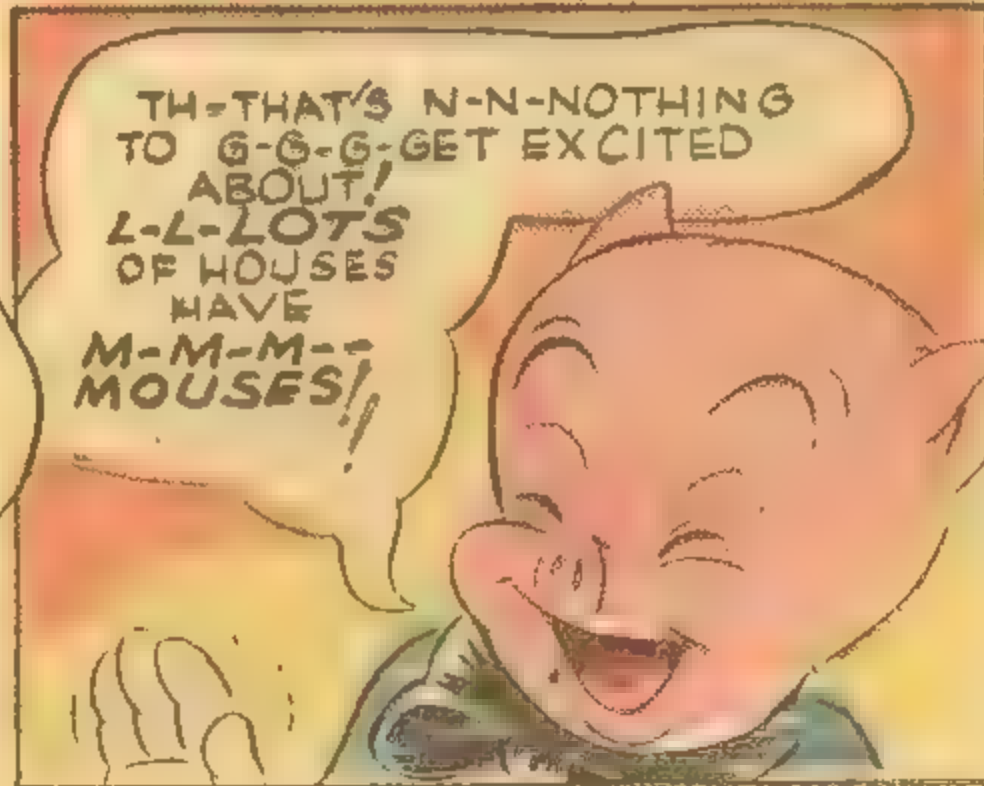
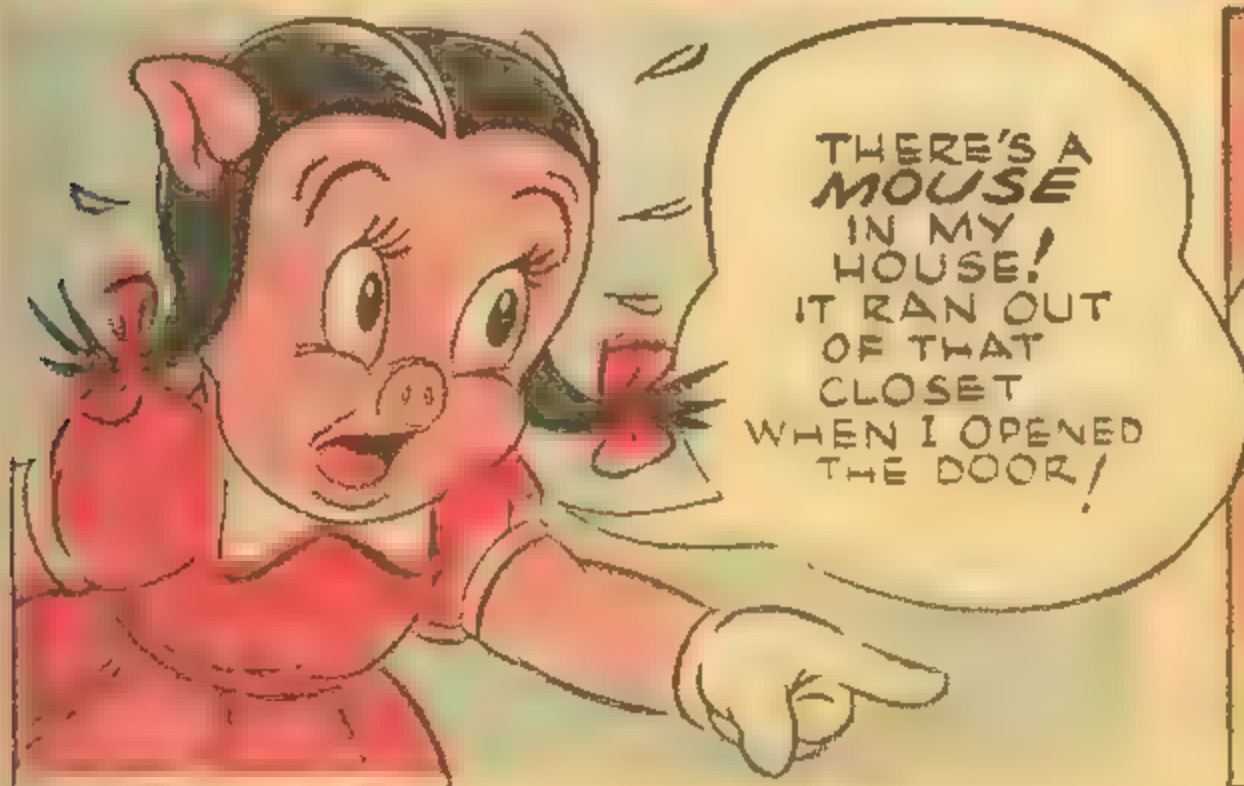
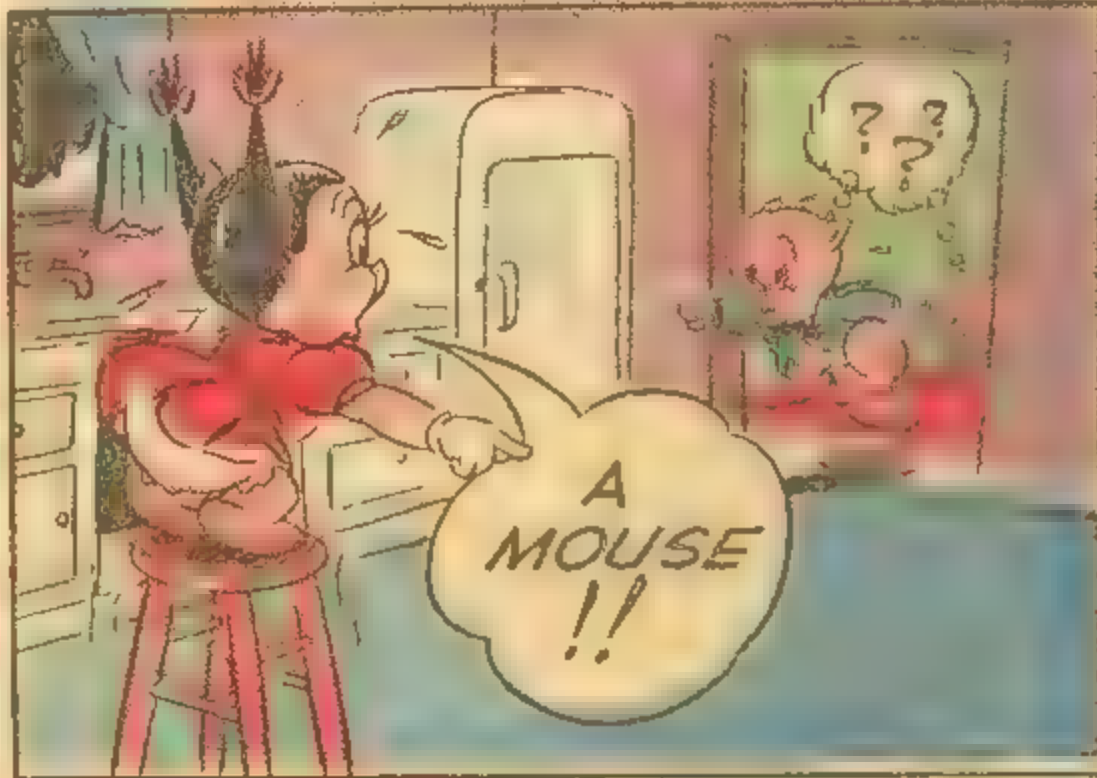
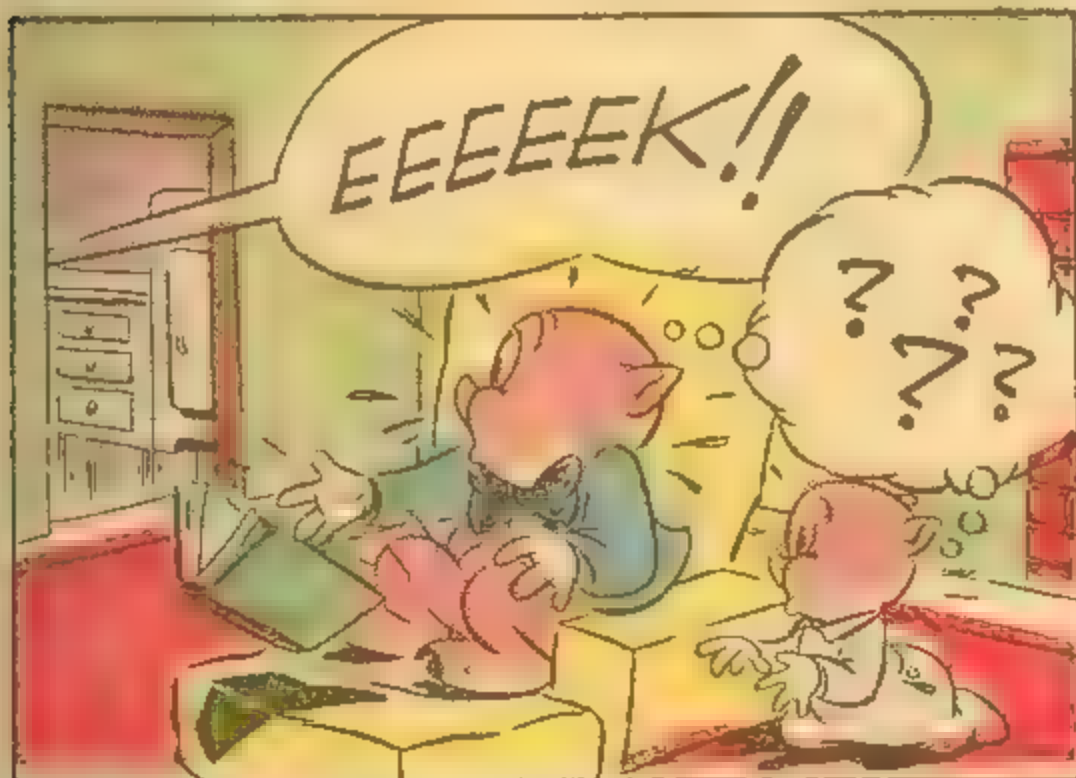
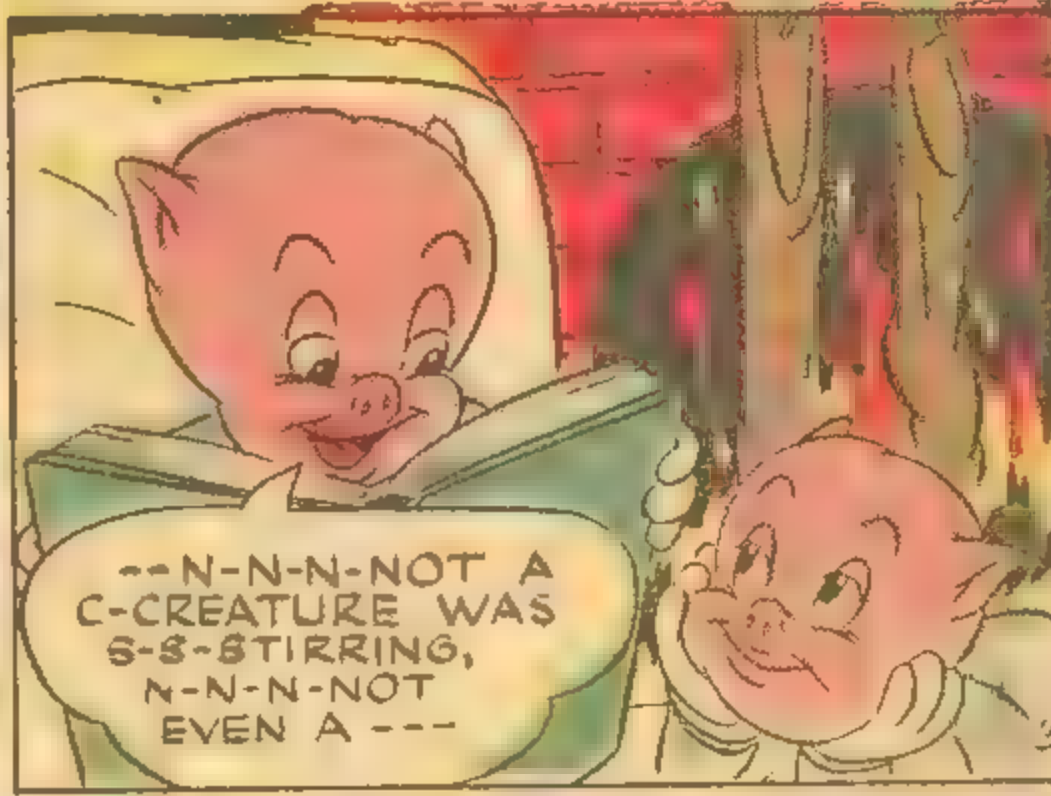
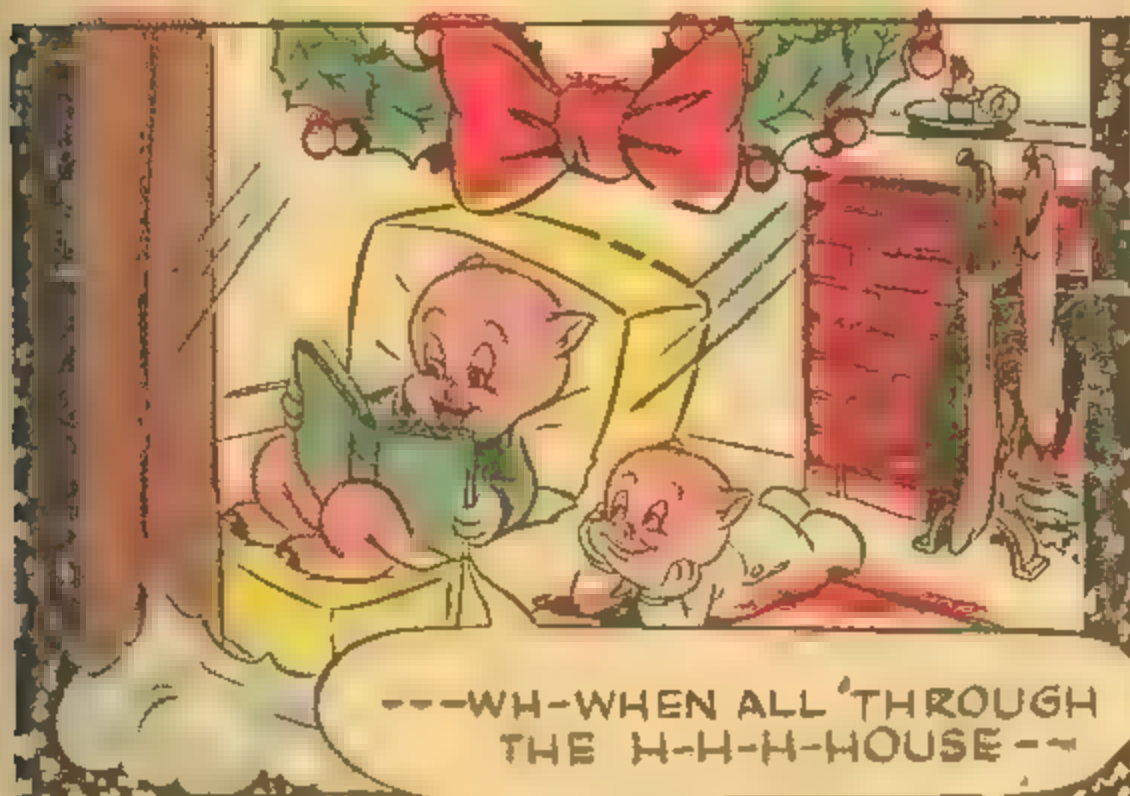
THEY CAN'T KEEP US OUT! HURRY!

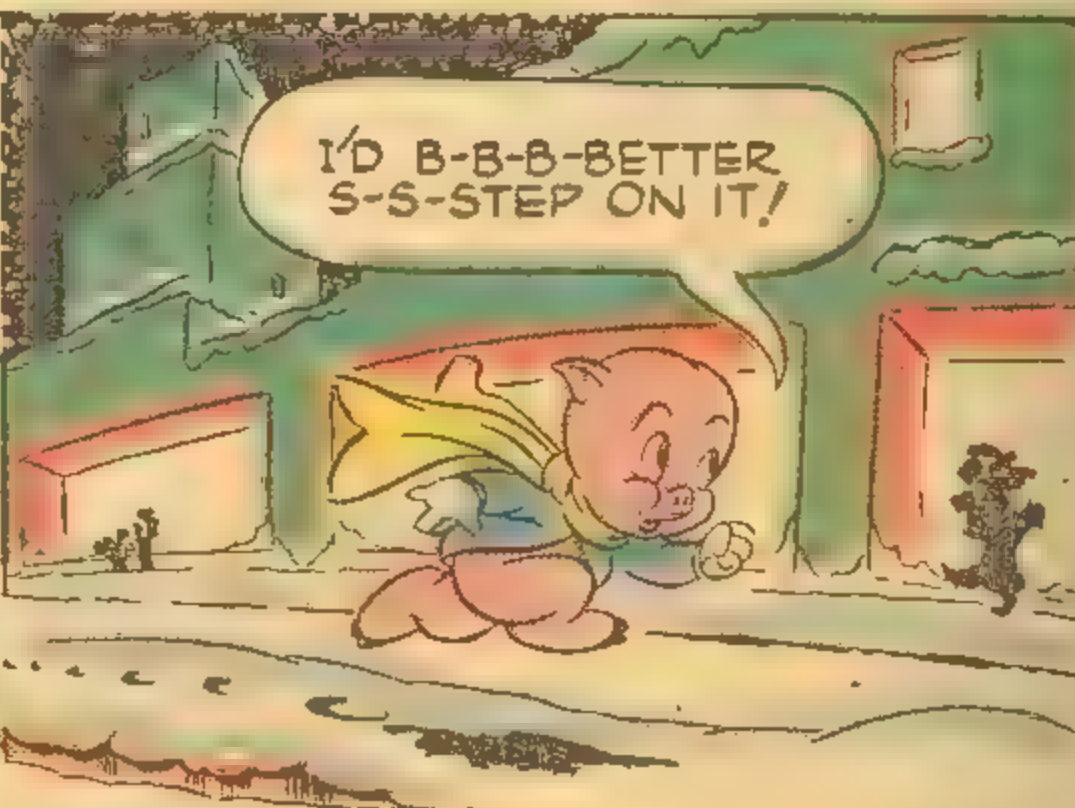
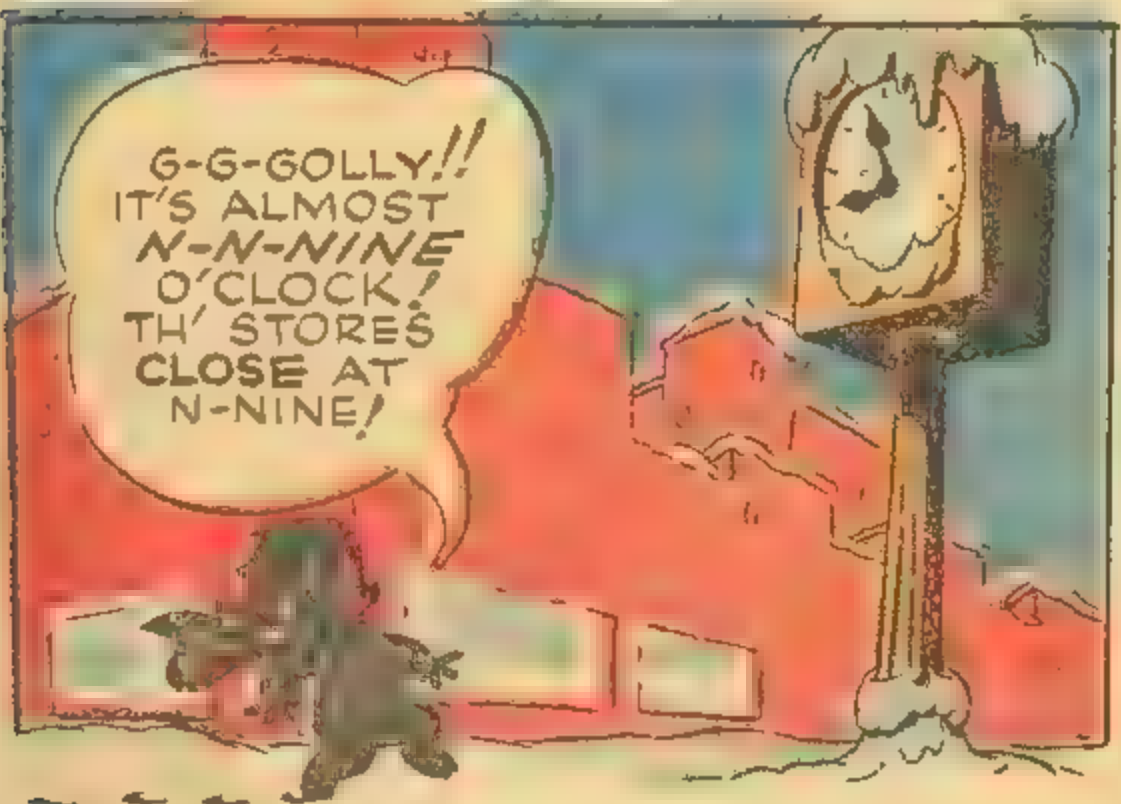
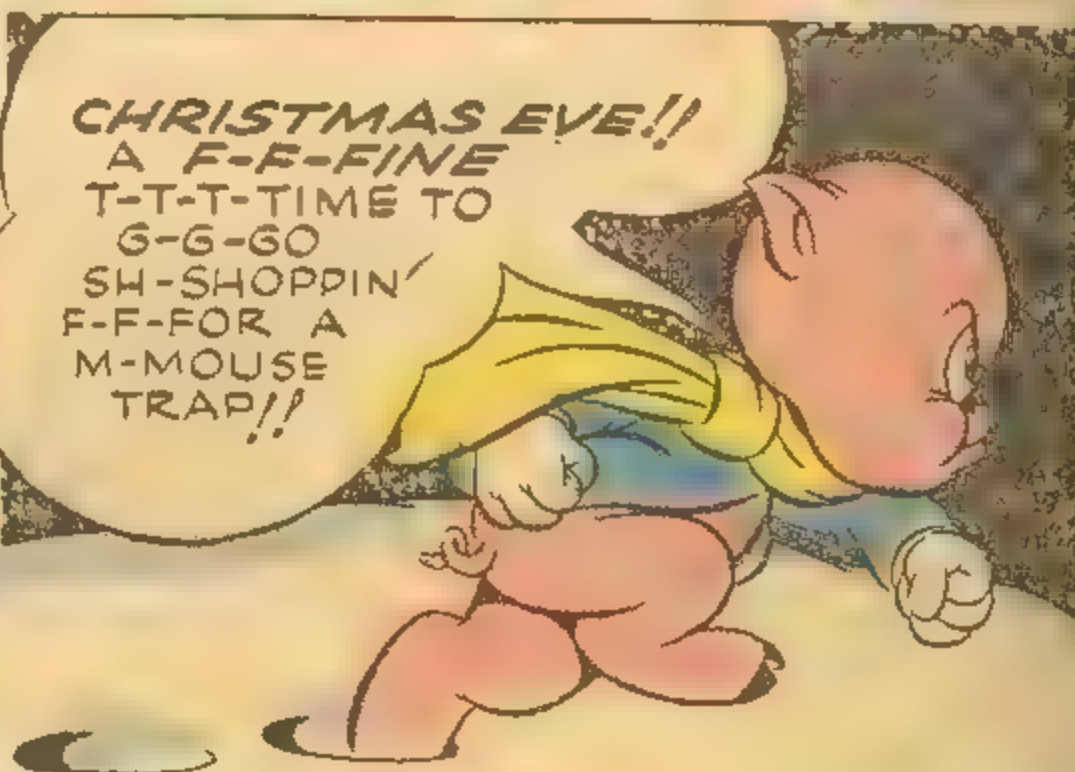
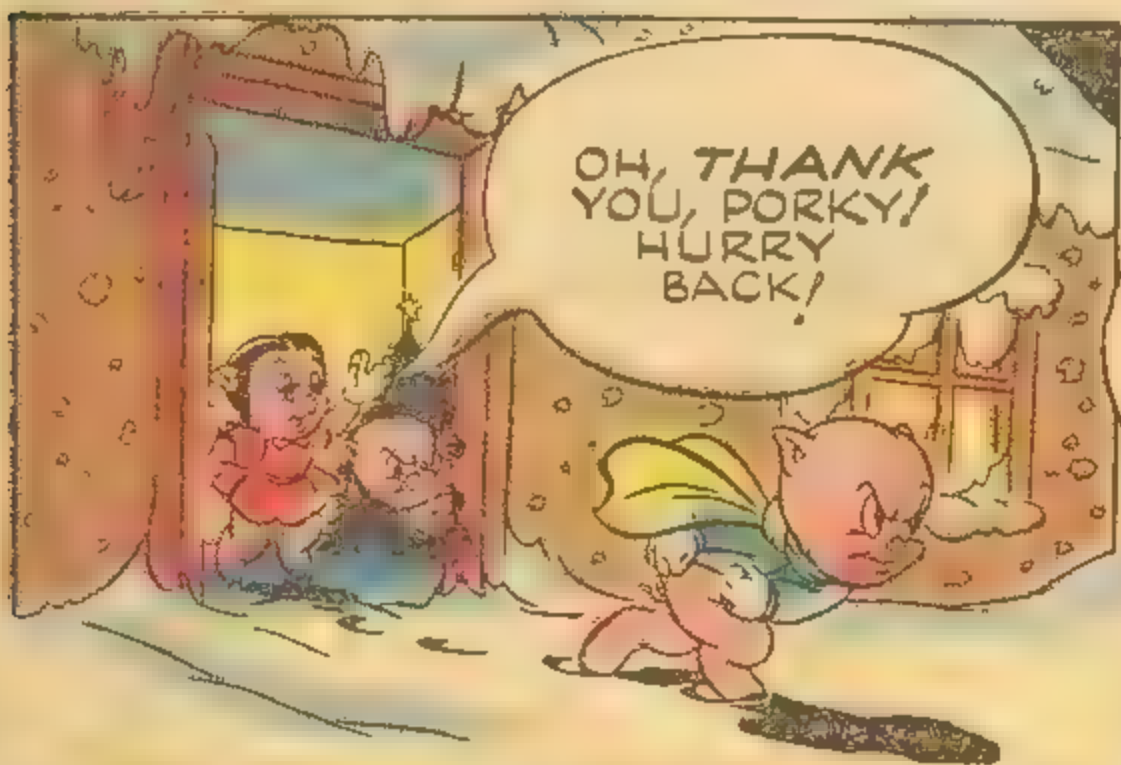
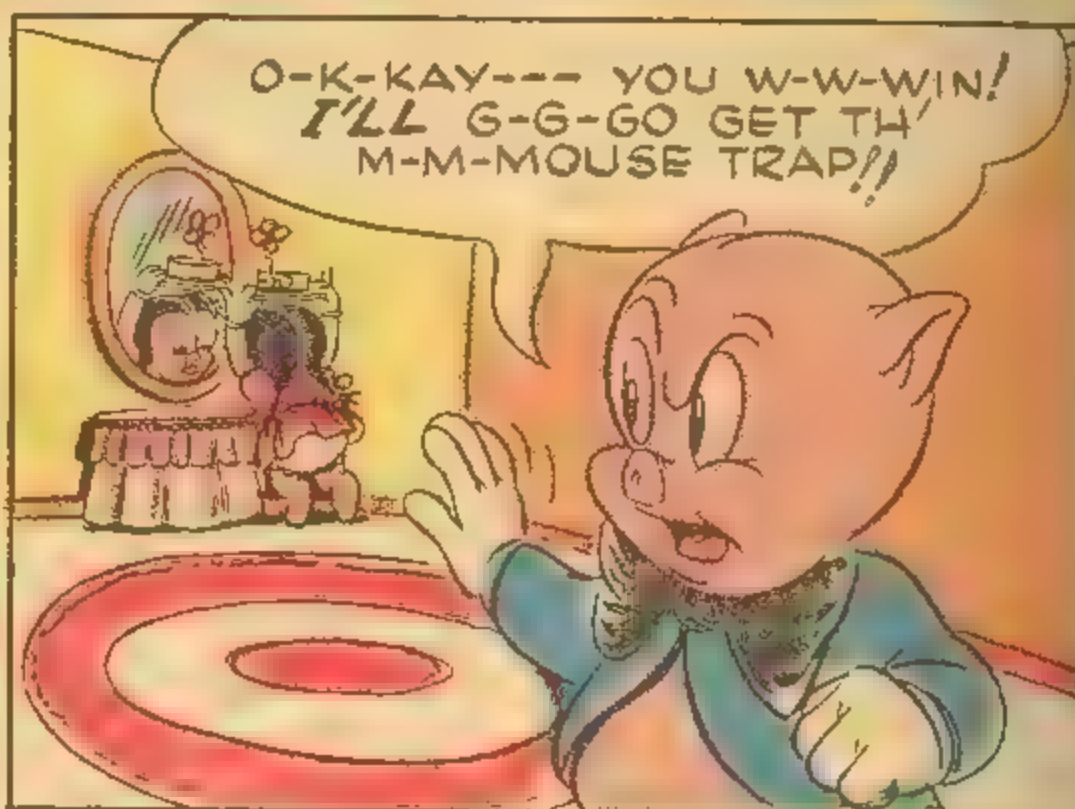
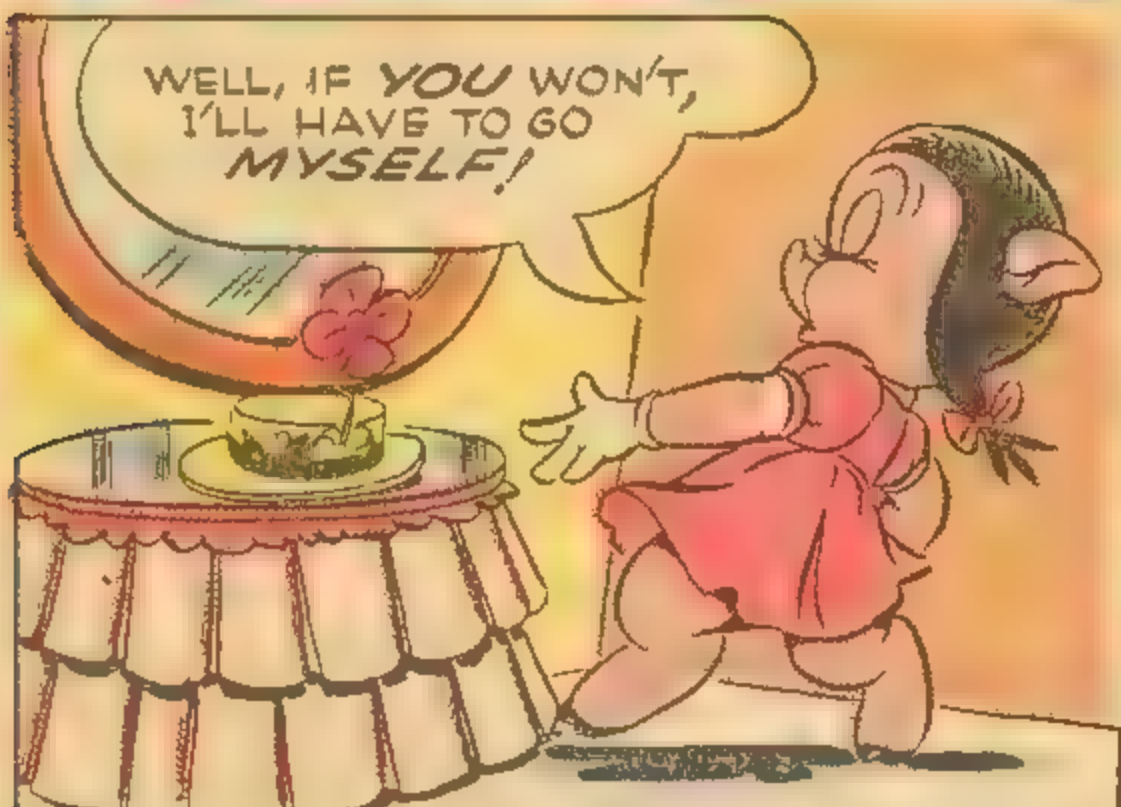
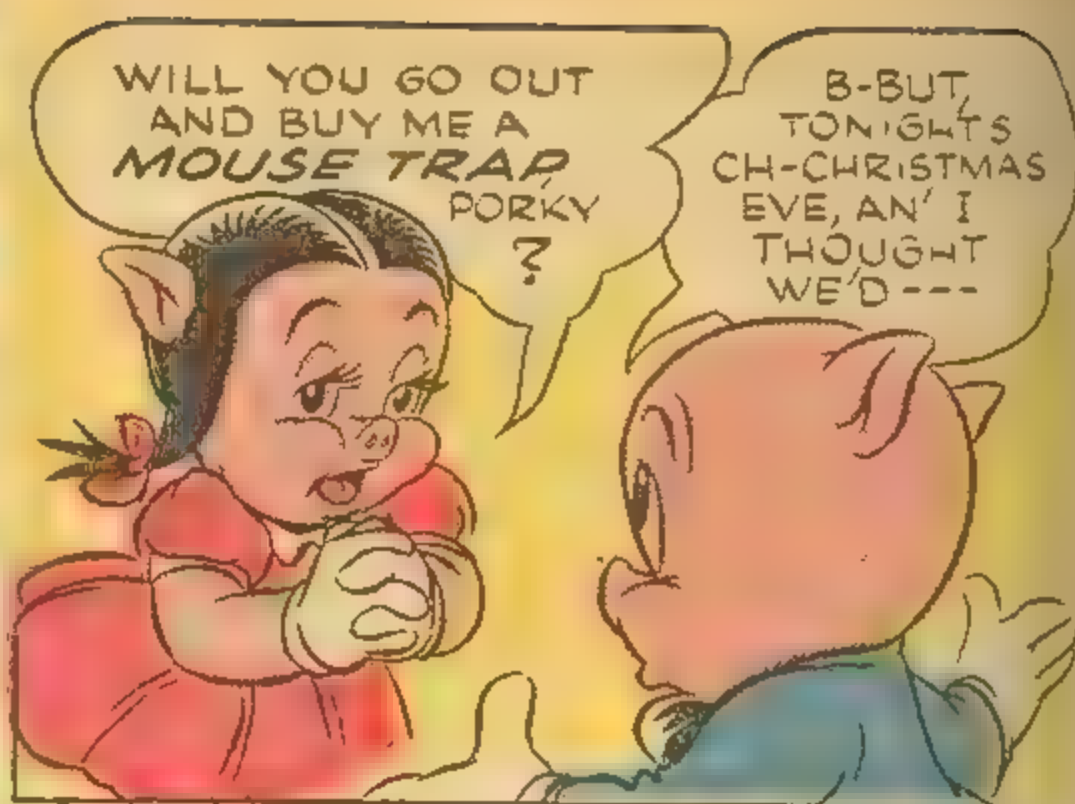
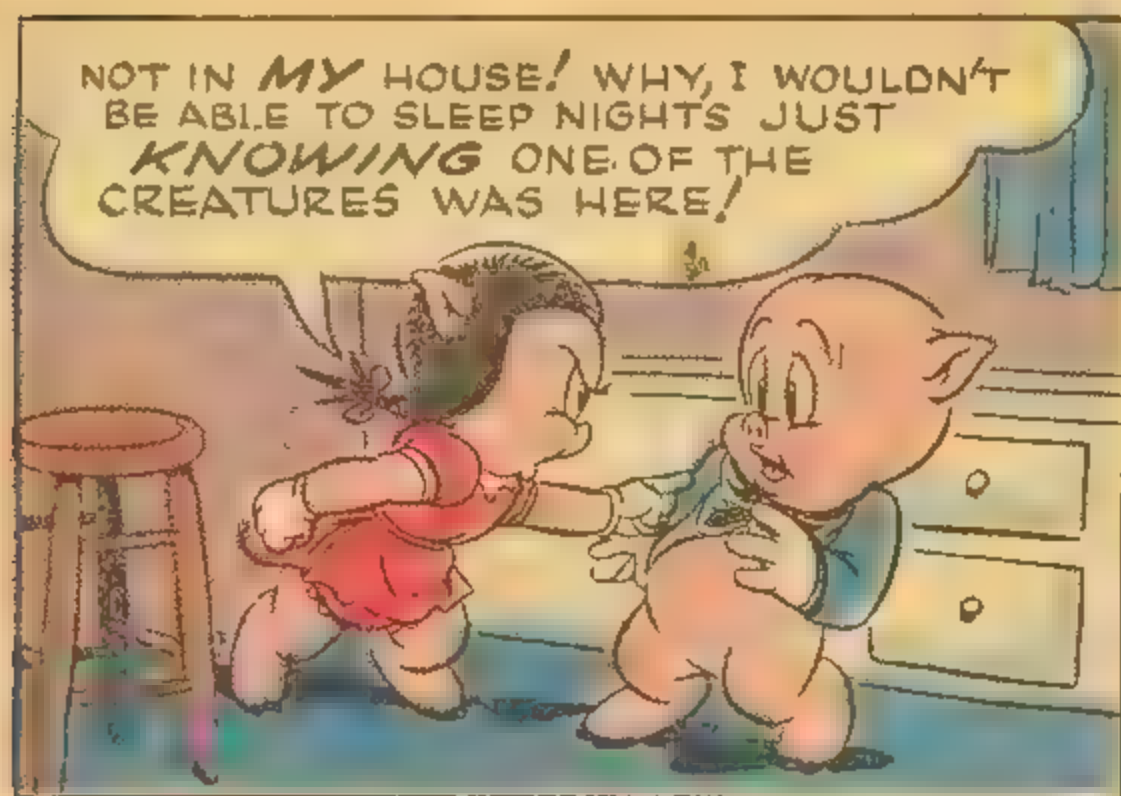


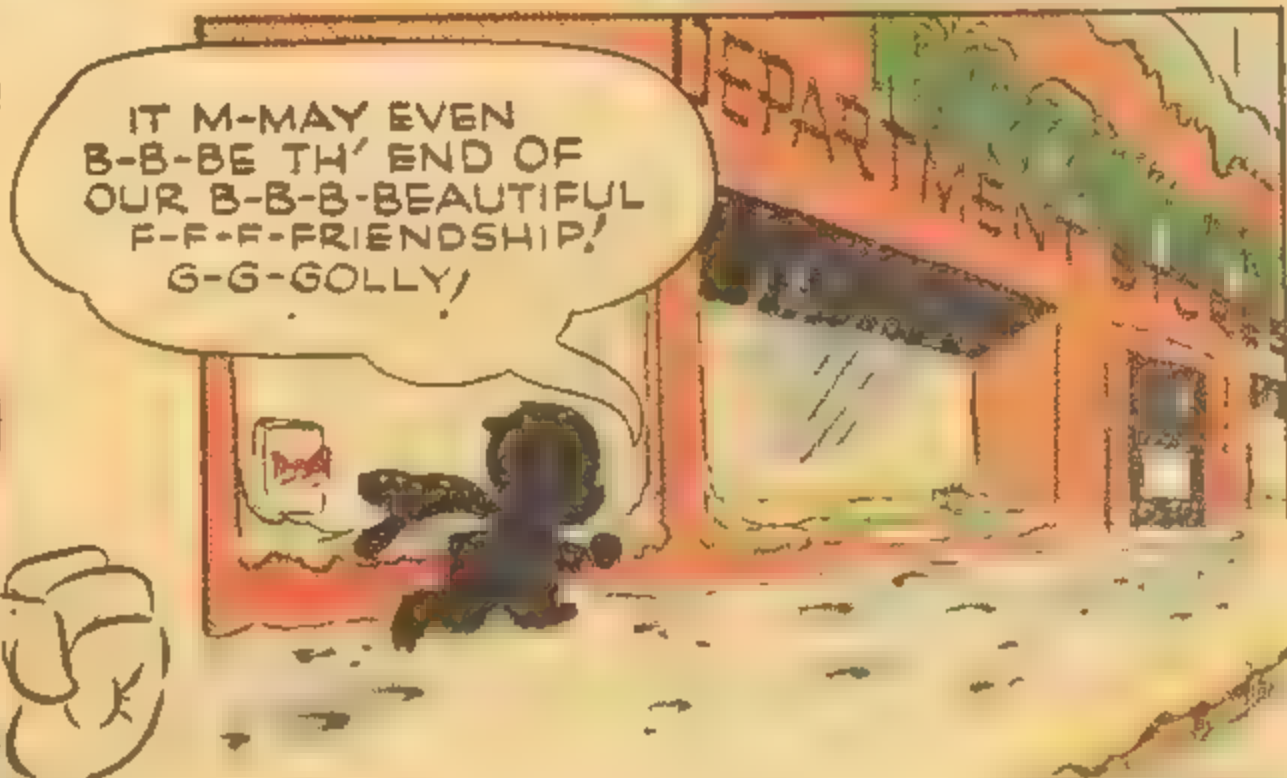
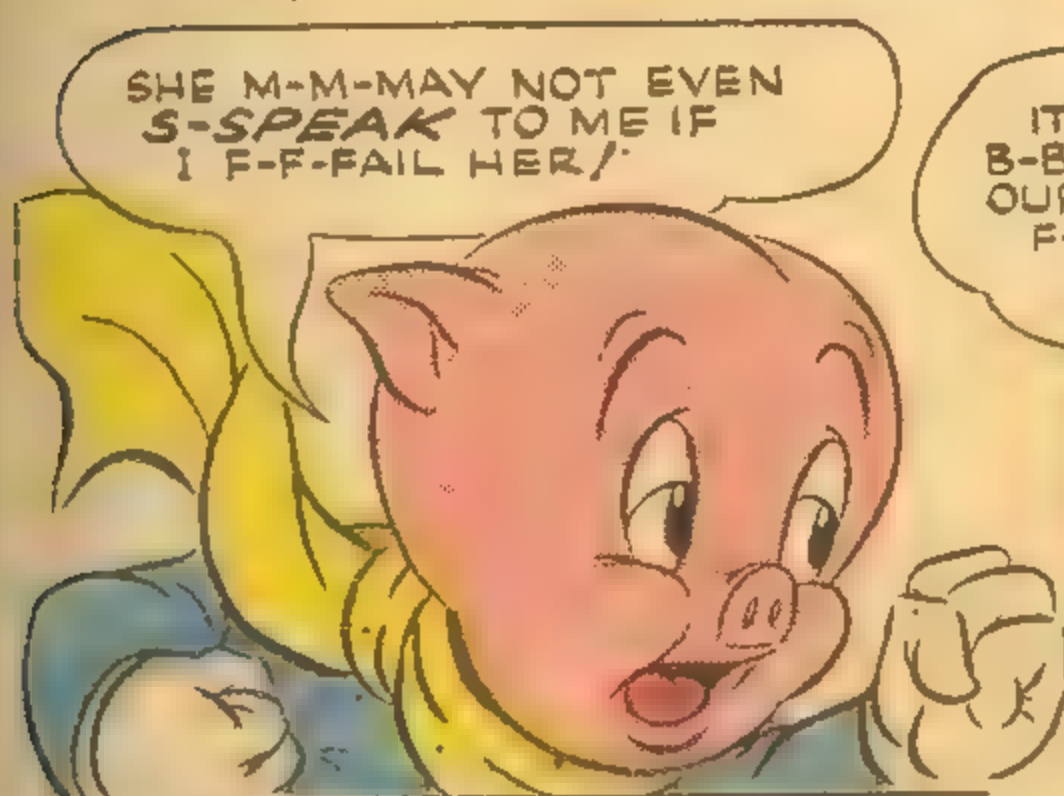
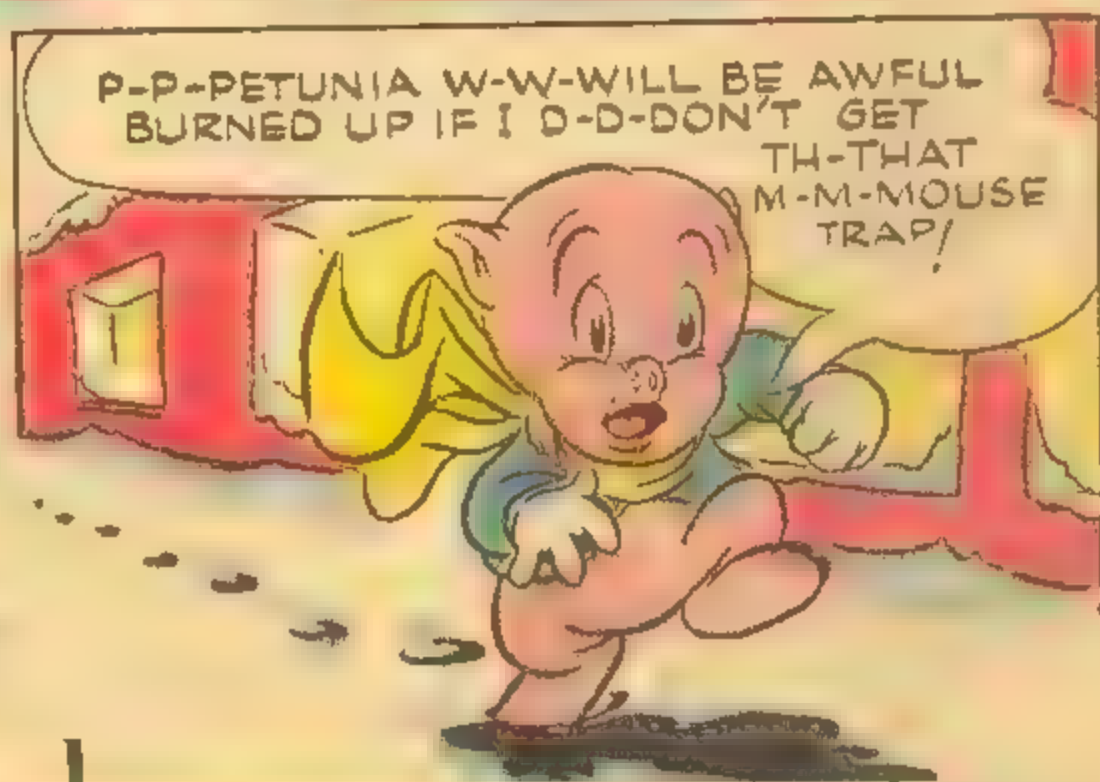
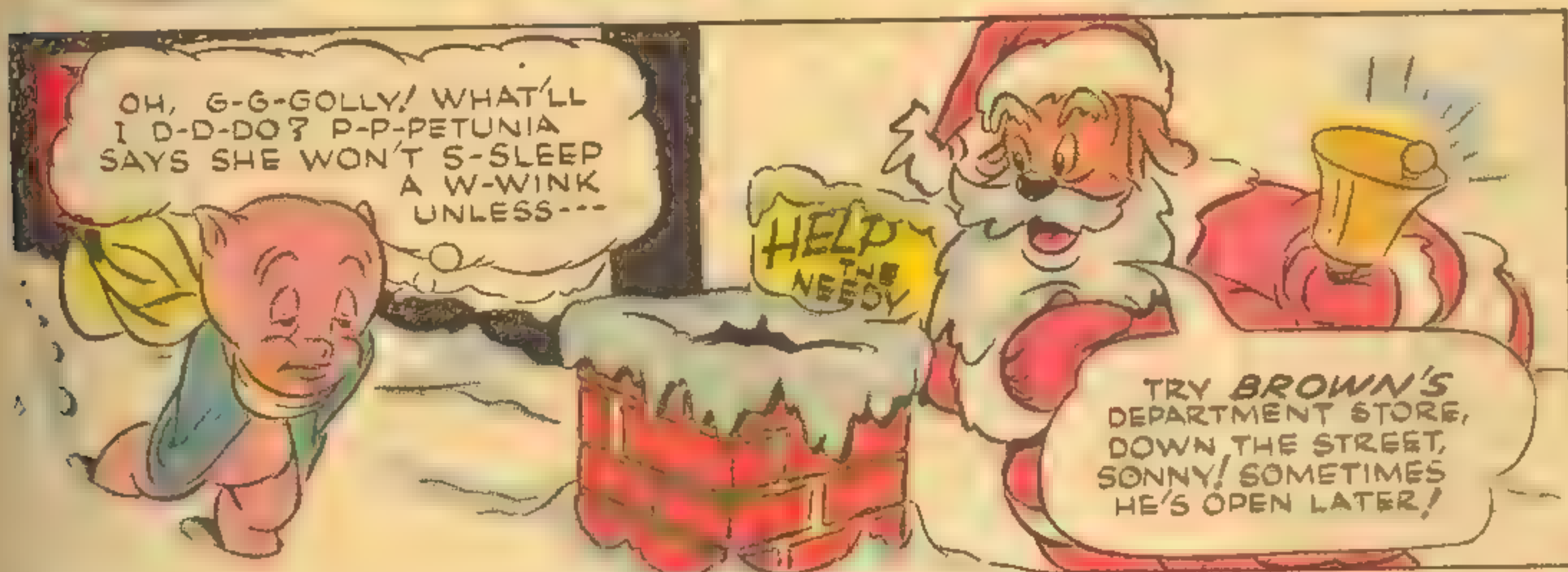
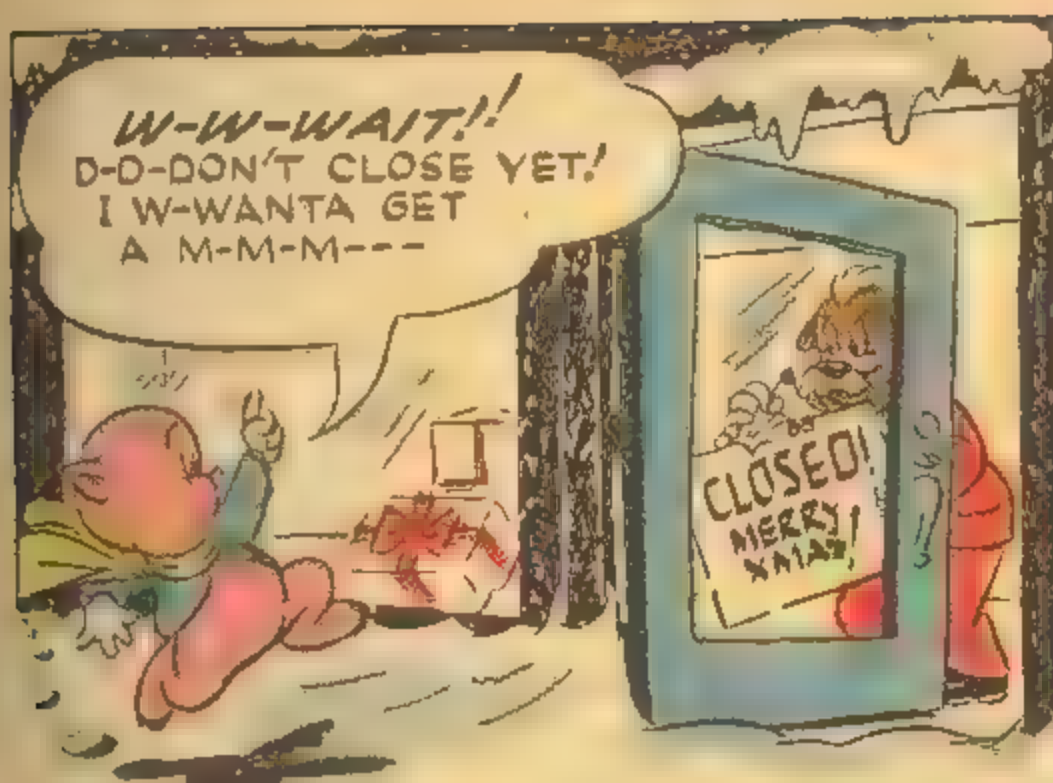
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

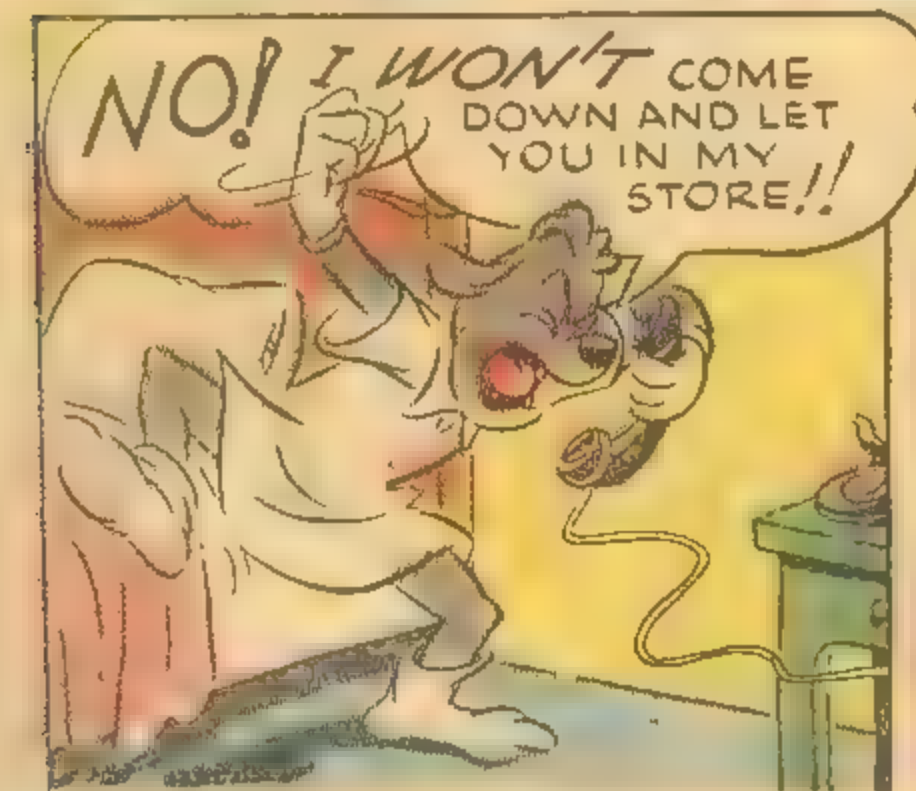
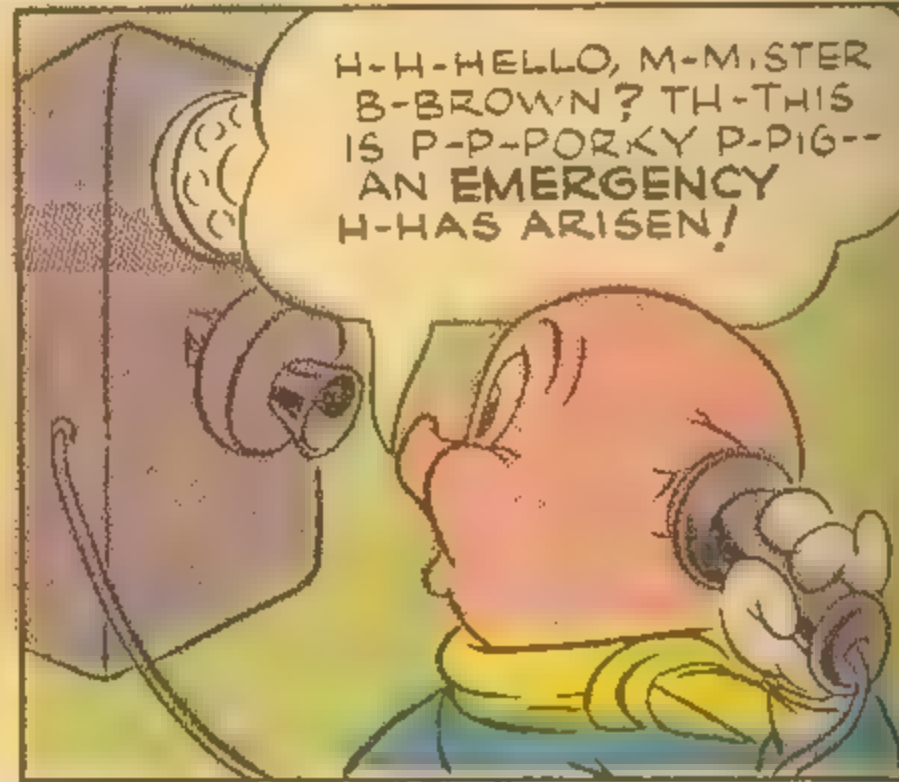
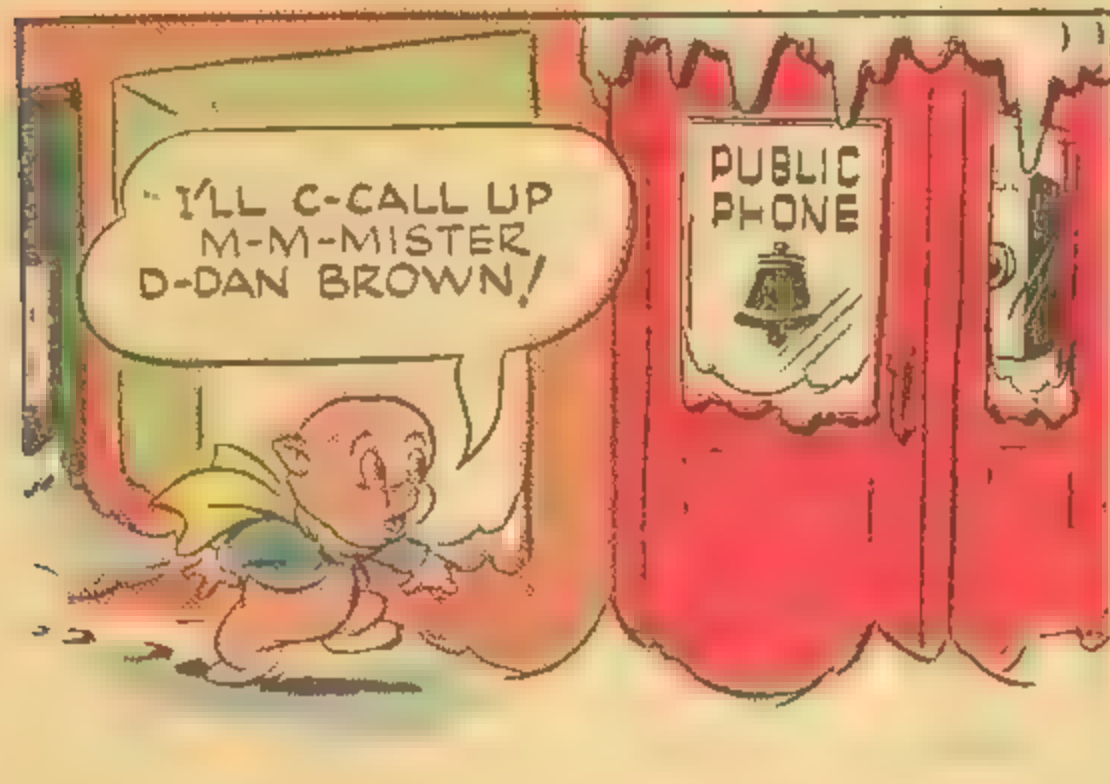
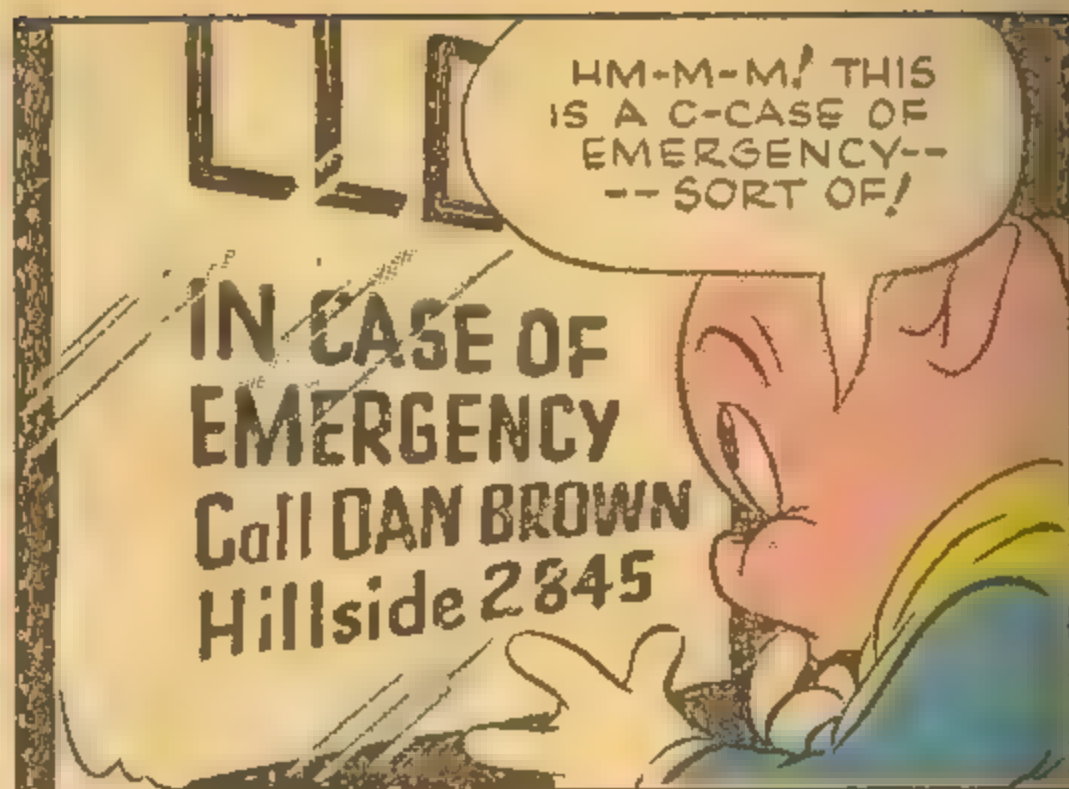
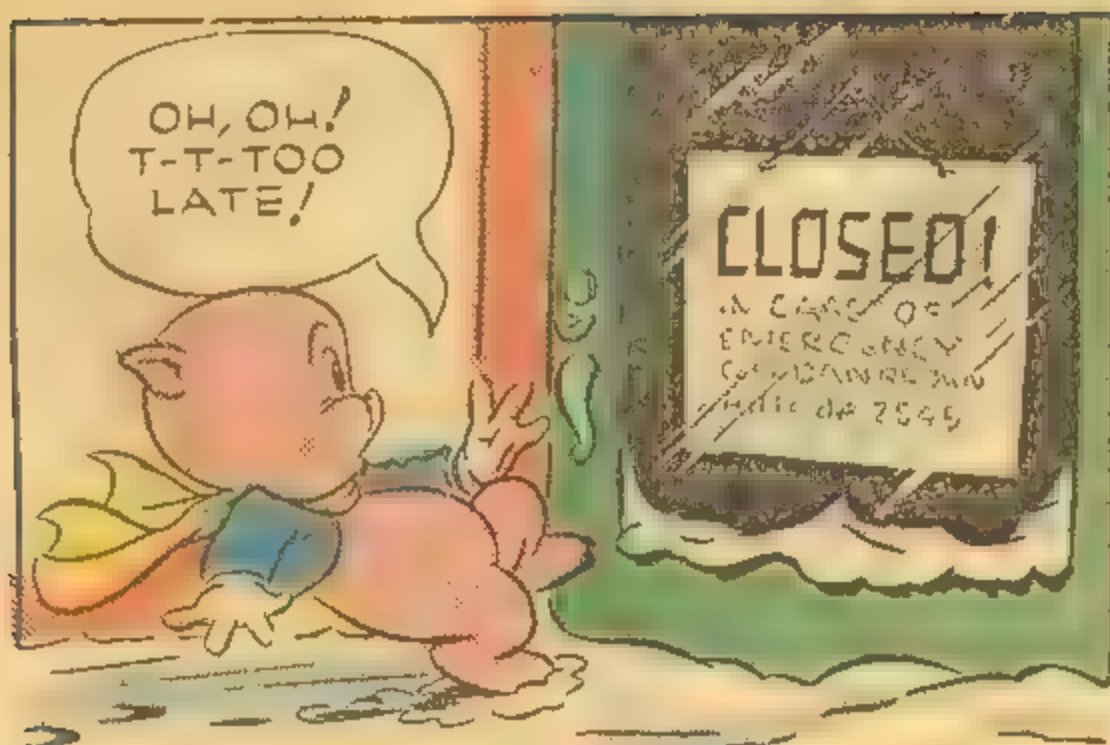
present
**PORKY
PIC**

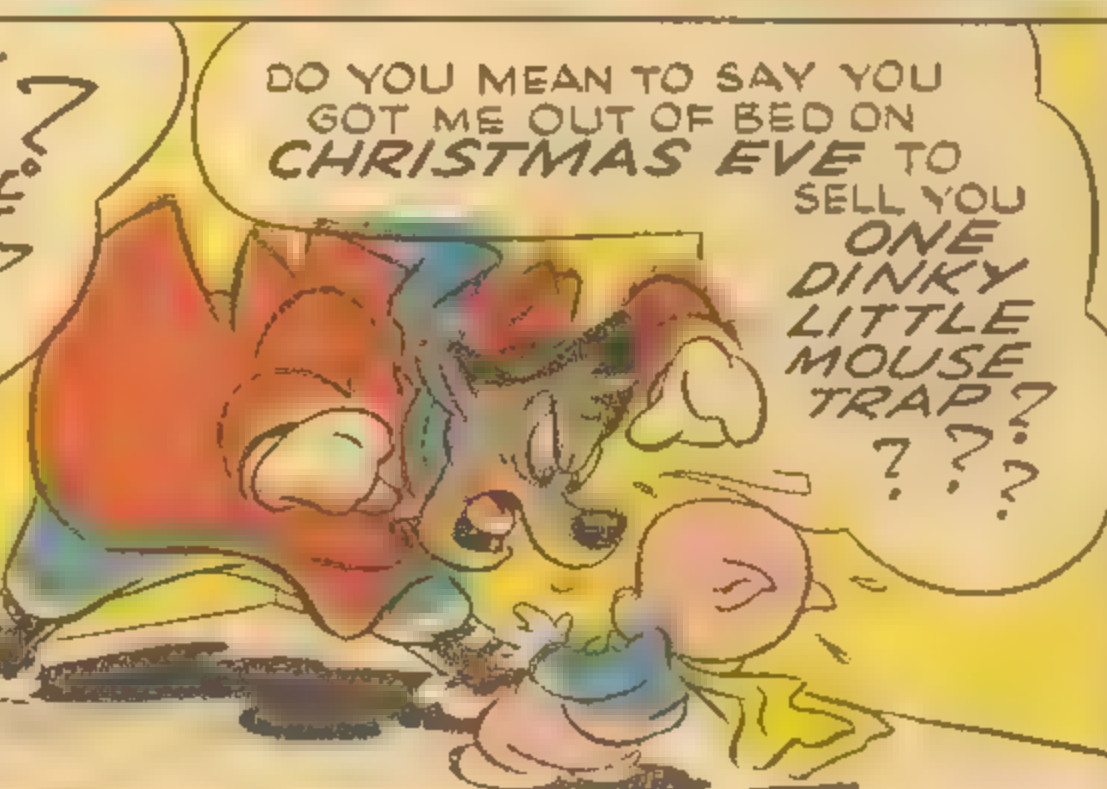
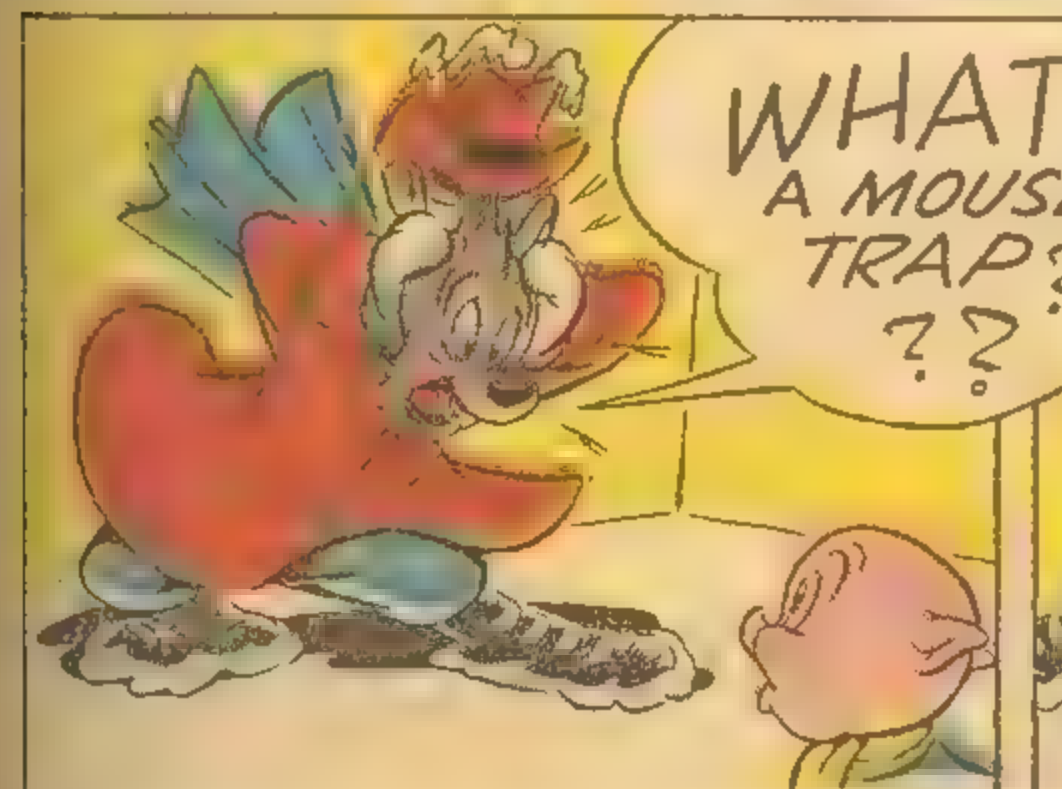
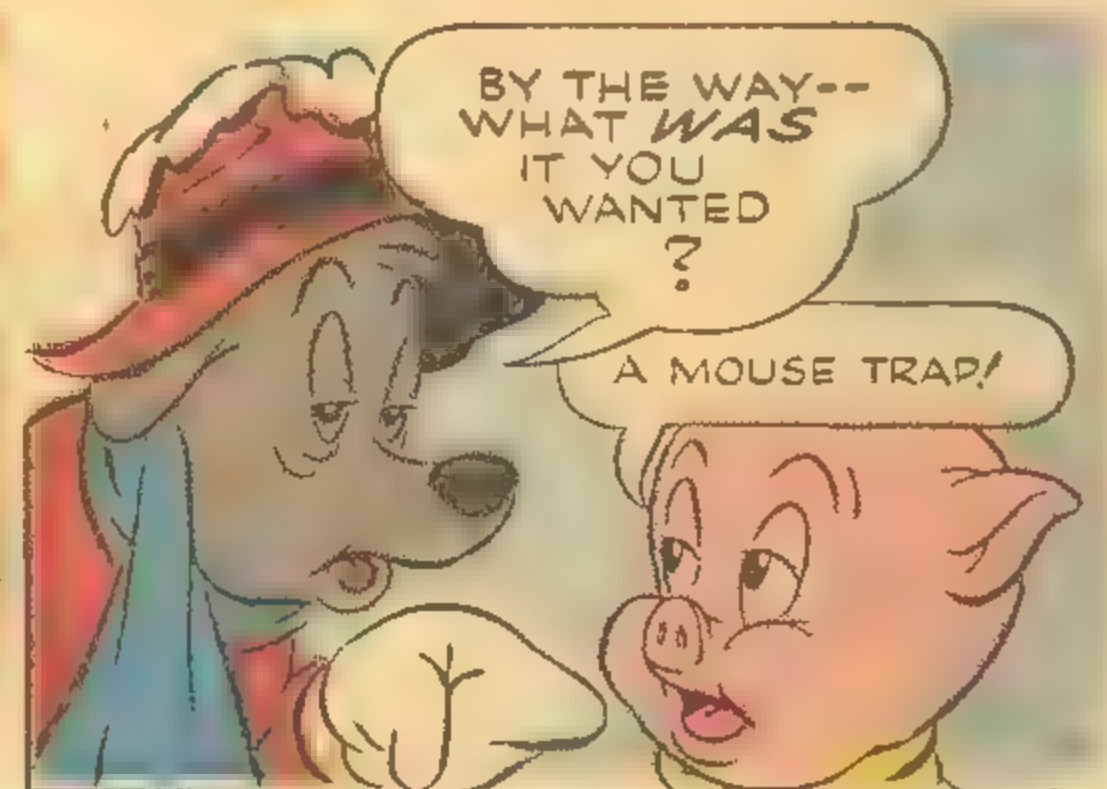
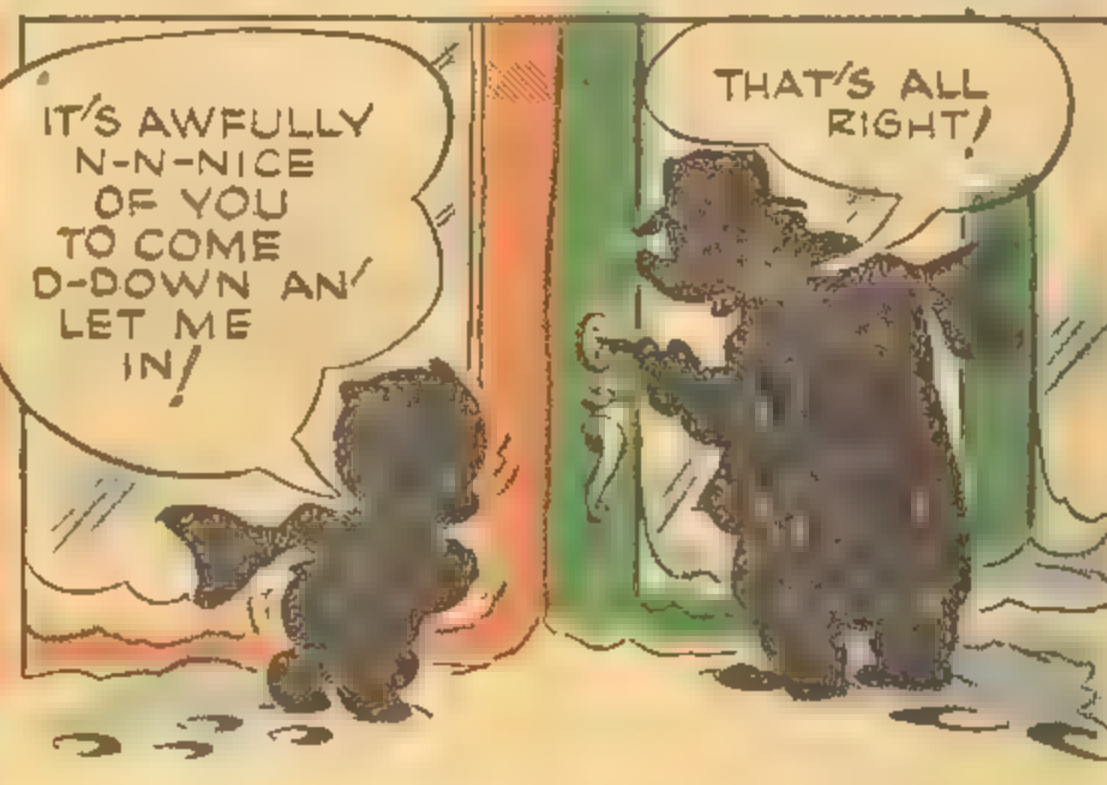
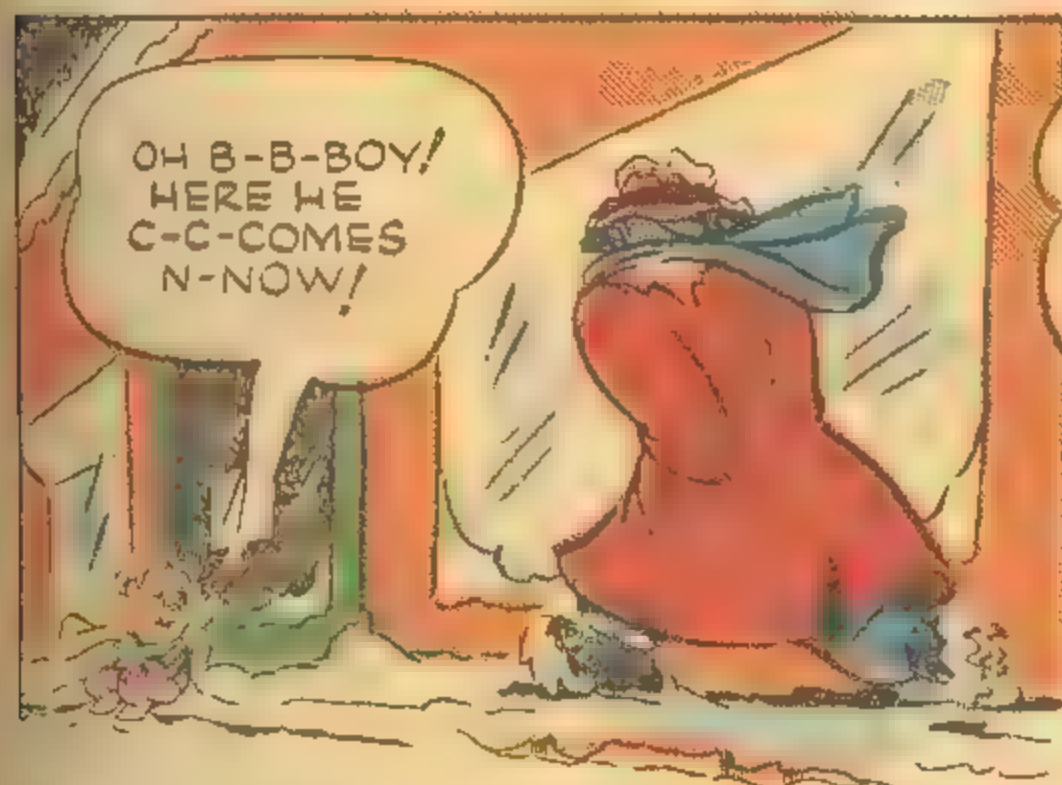
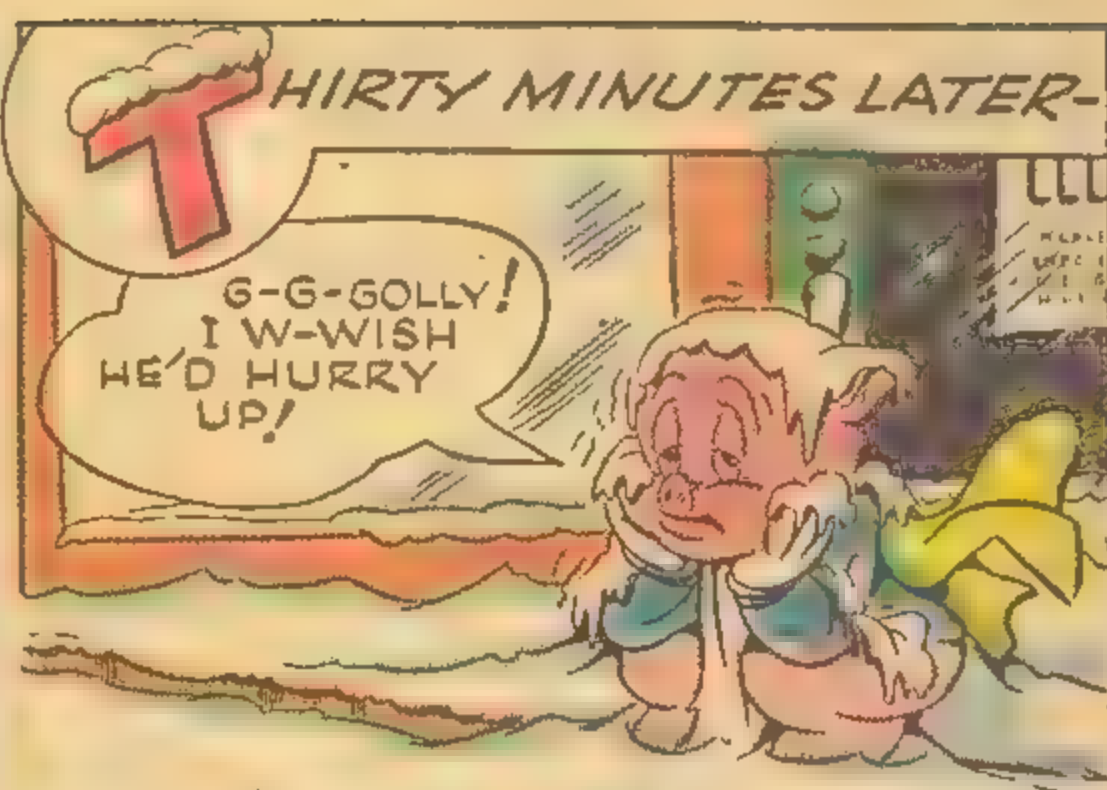
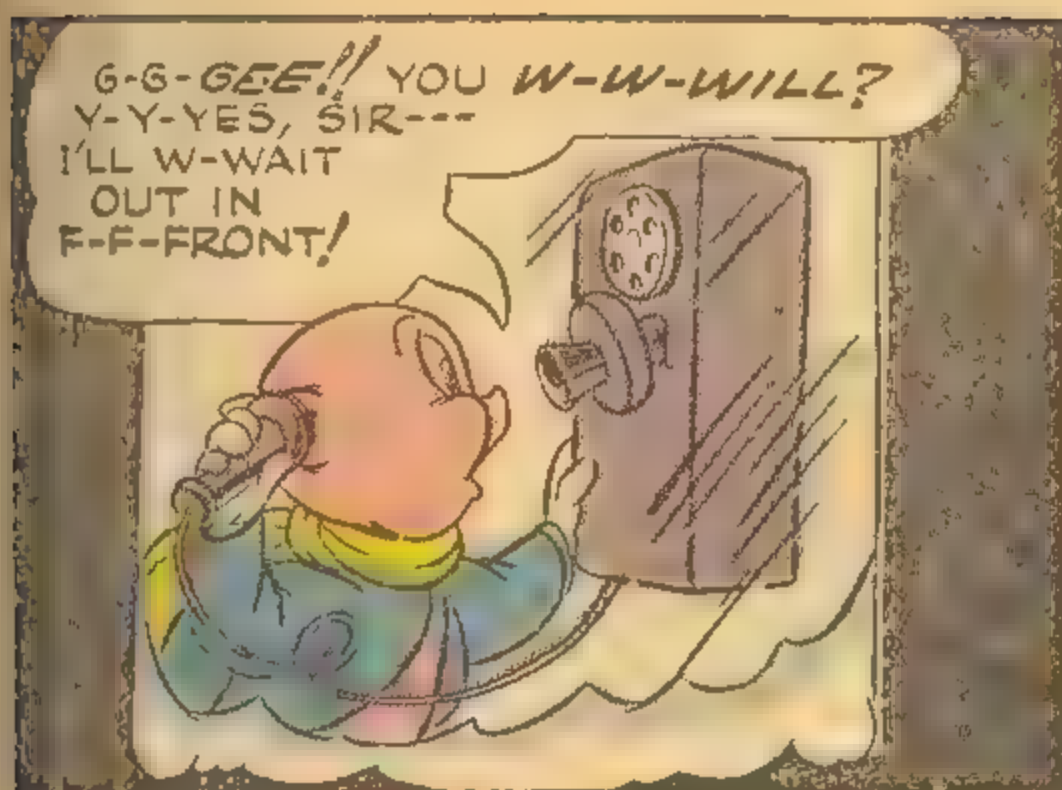
'T WAS THE
NIGHT
8-8-BEFORE
CHRISTMAS---

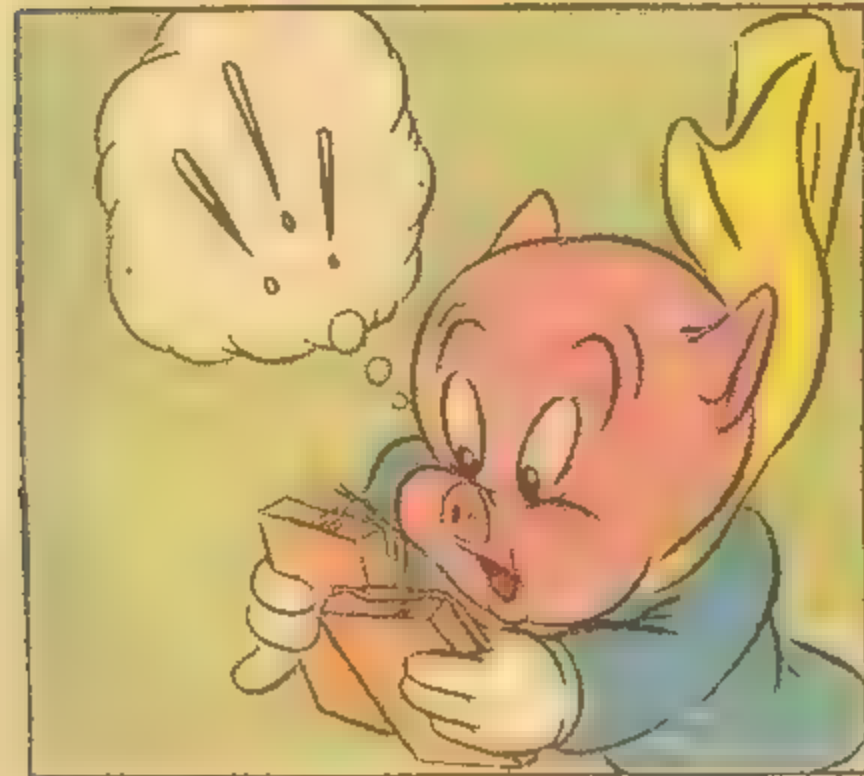
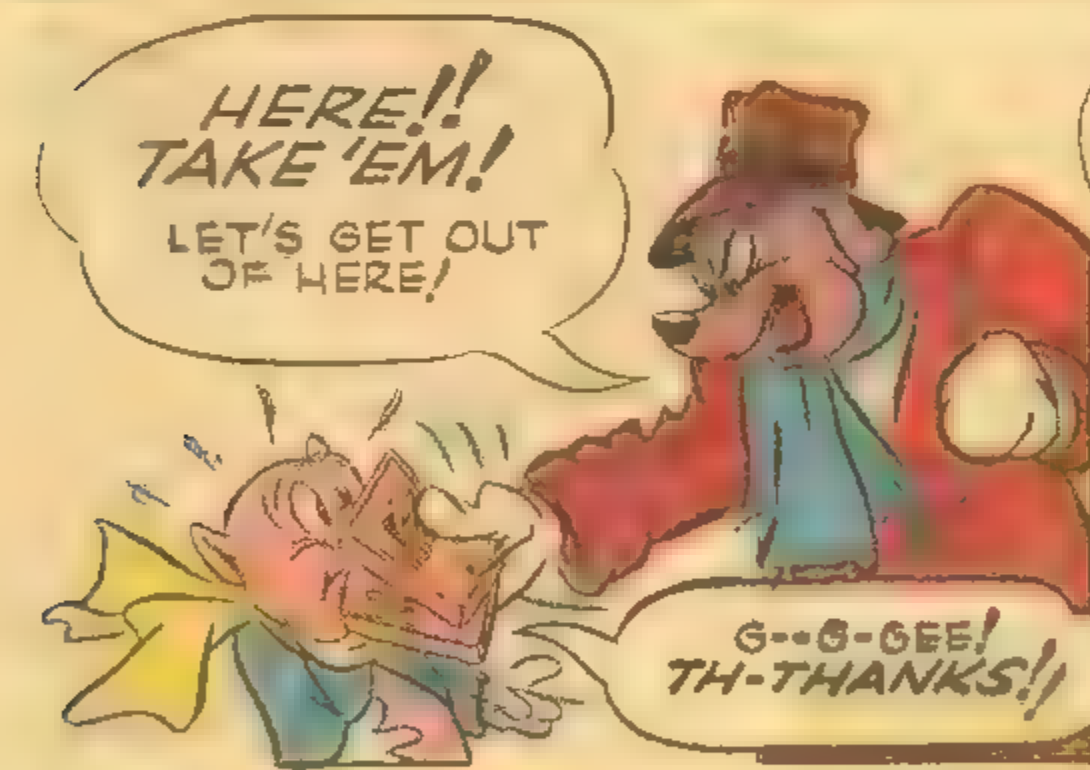
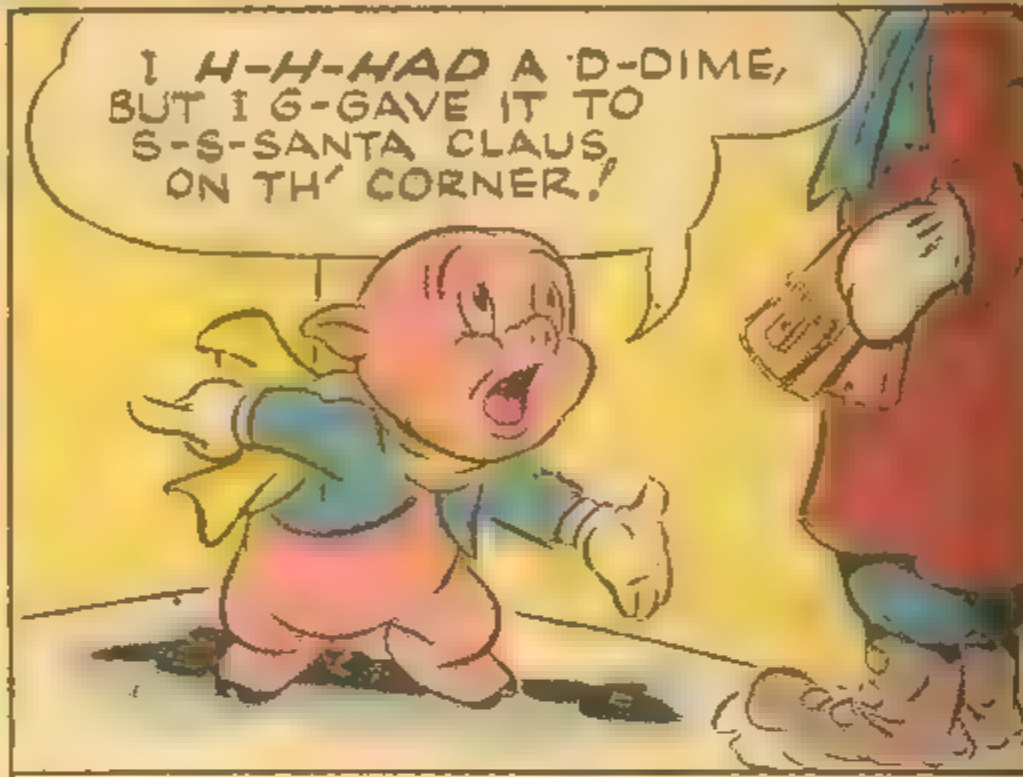
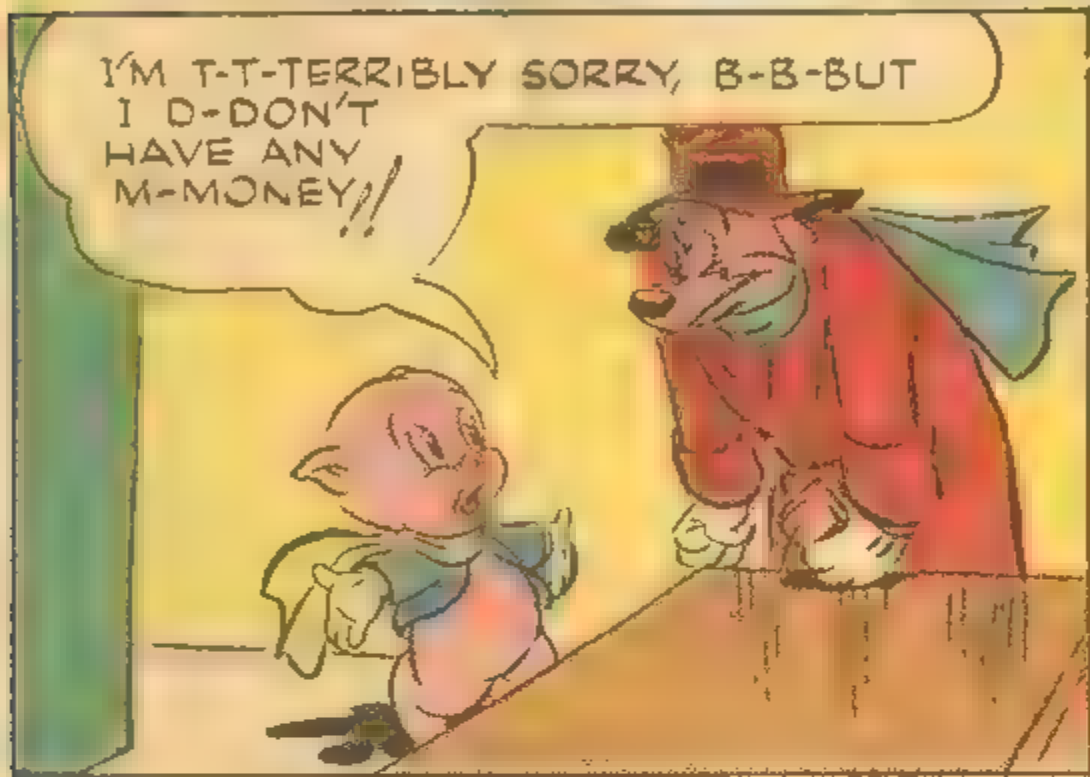
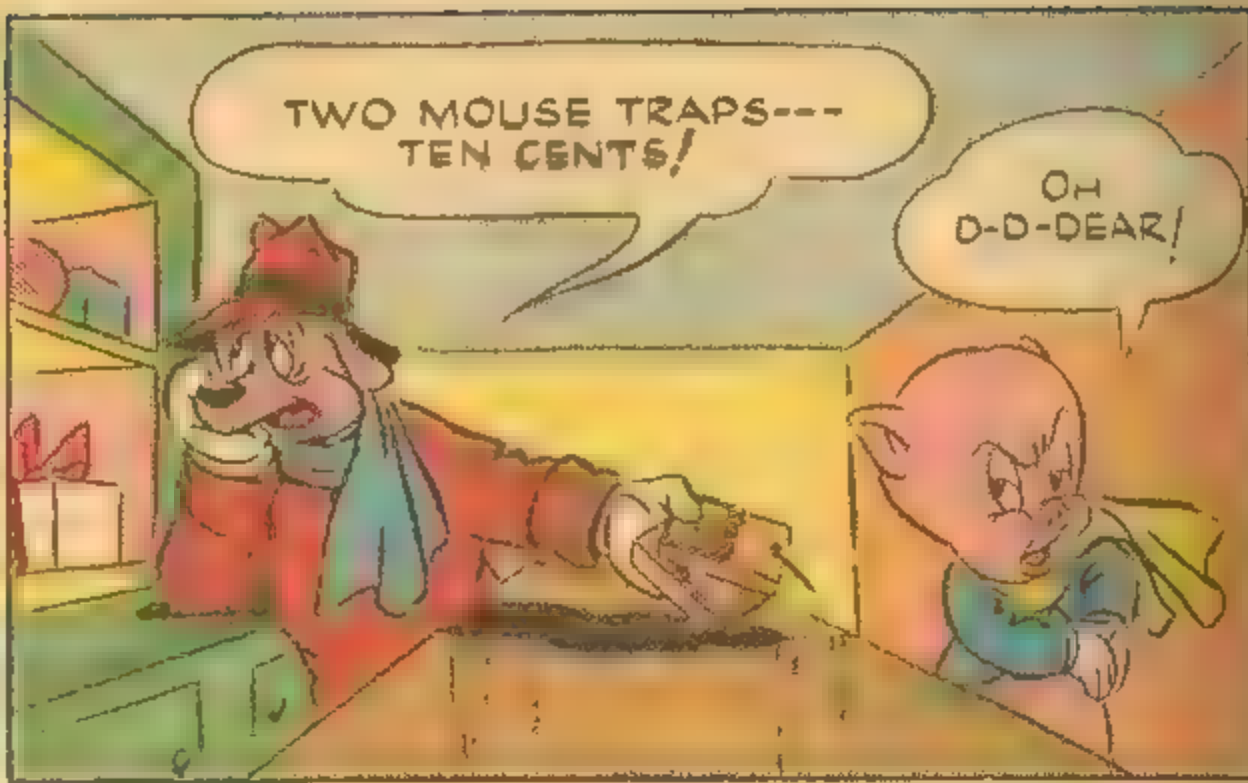
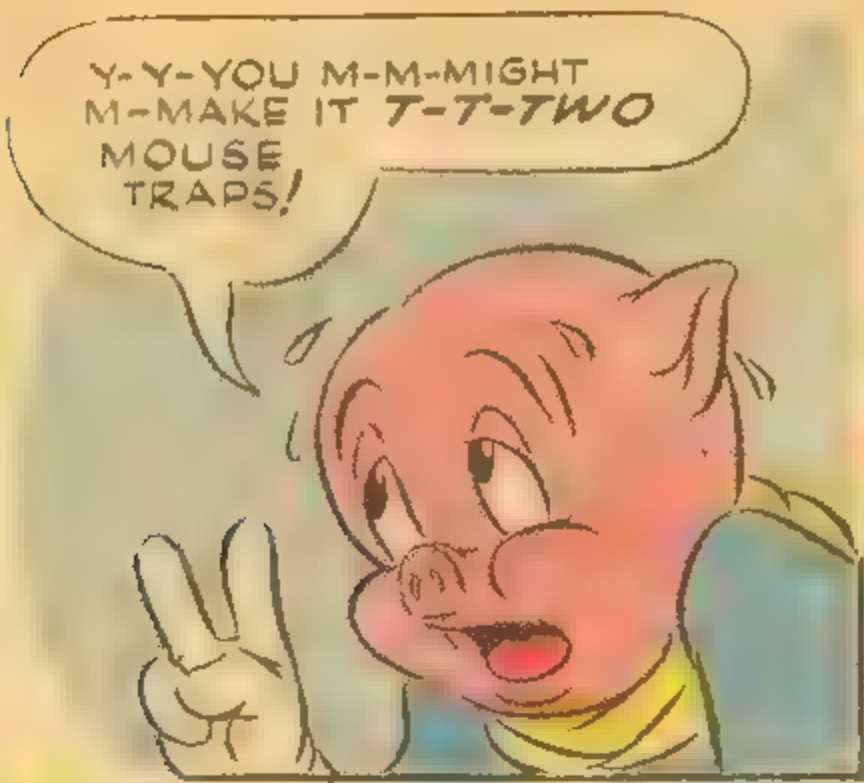


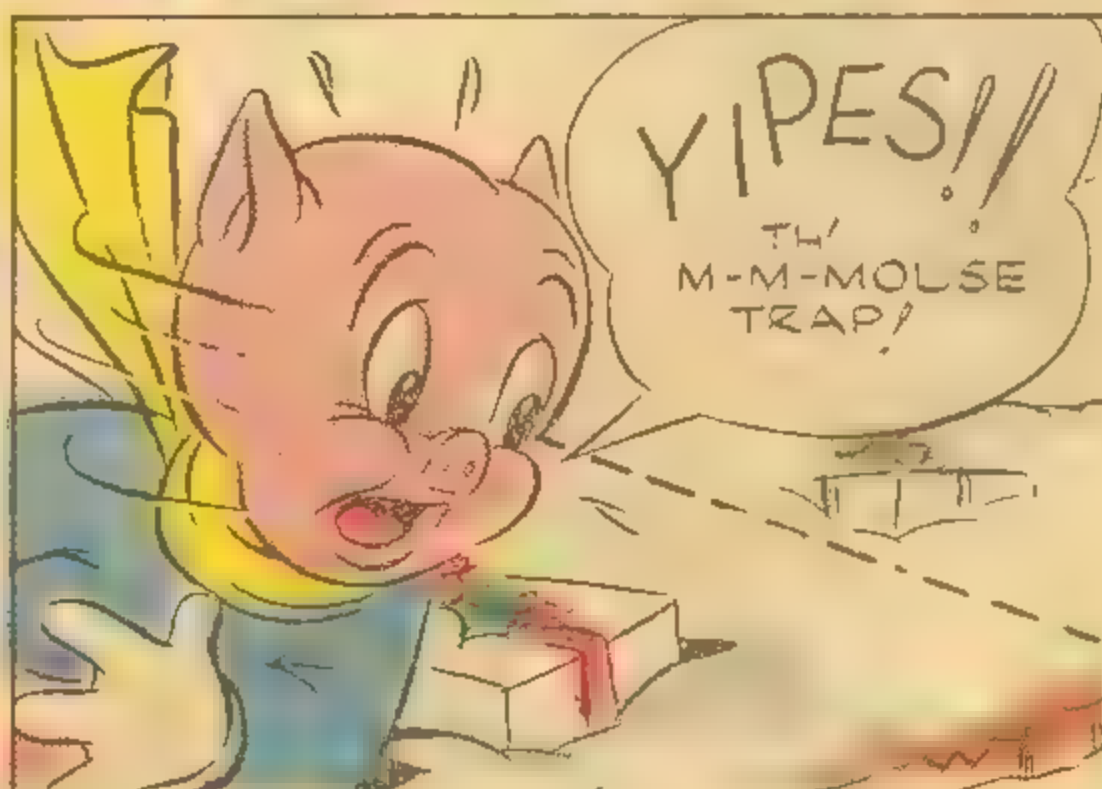
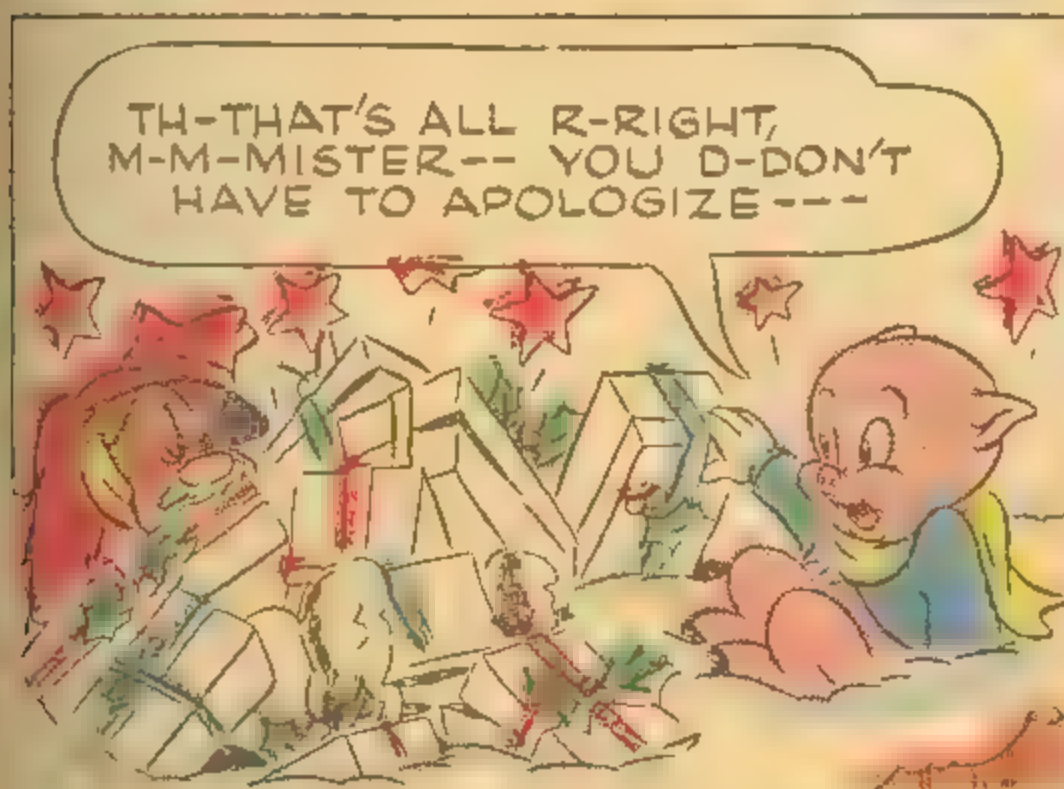
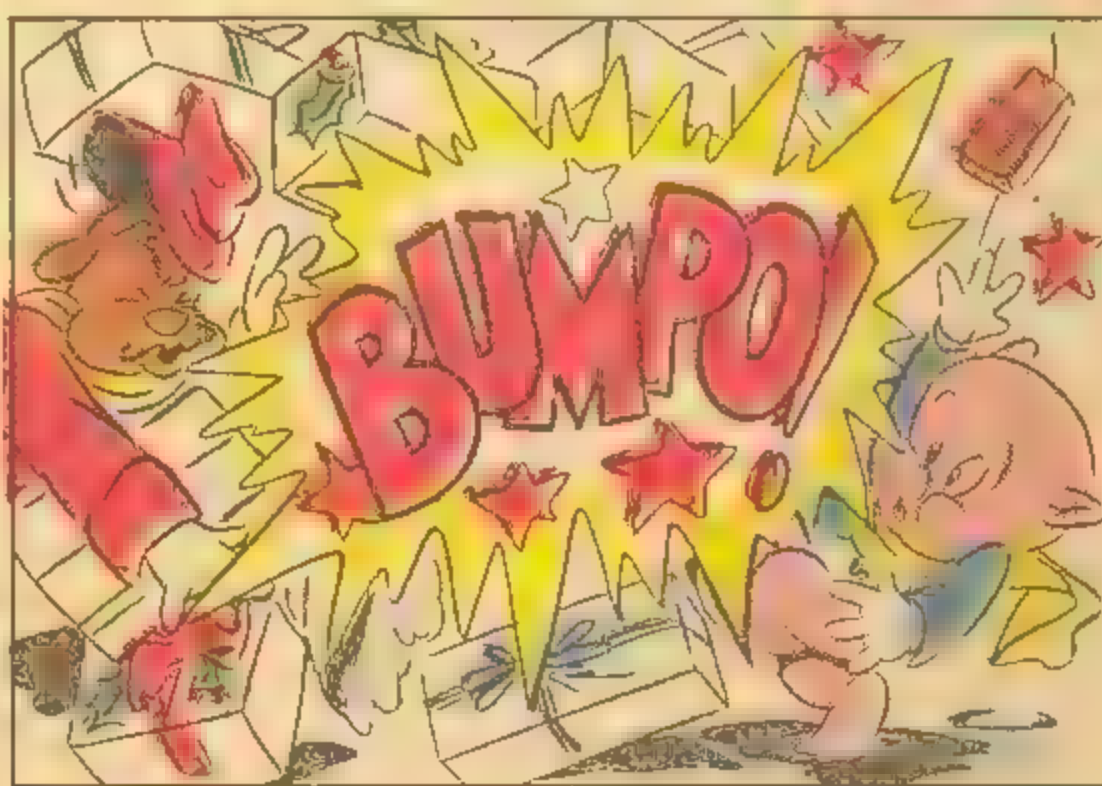
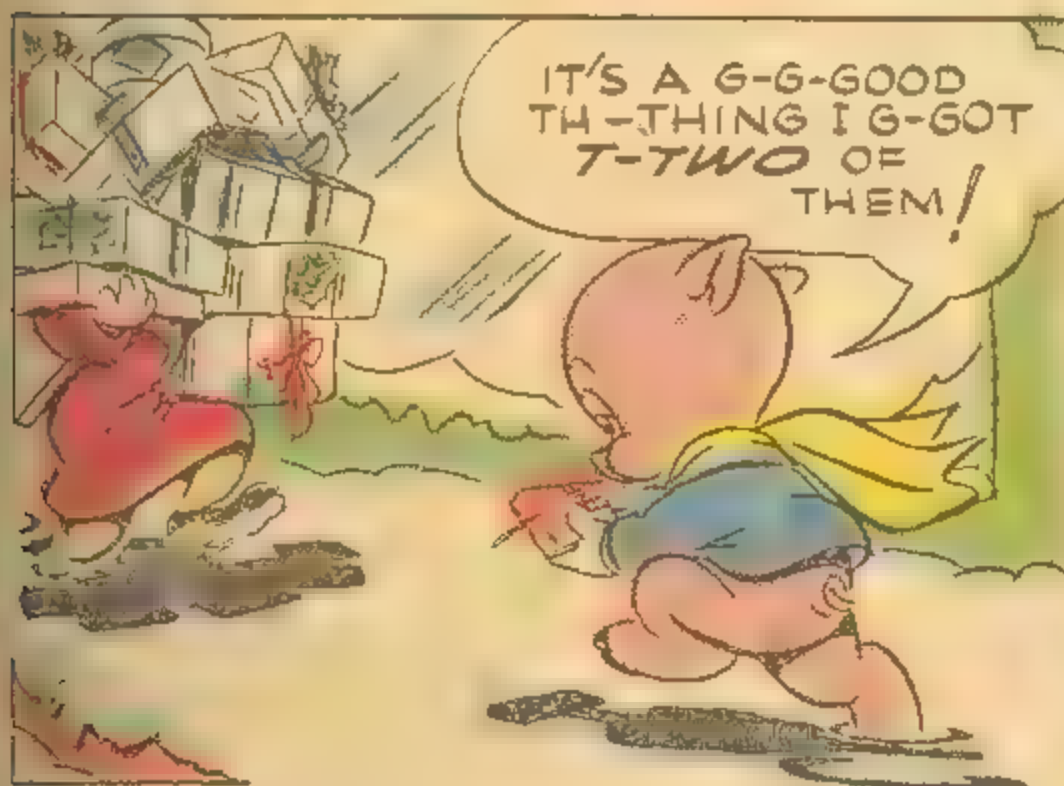
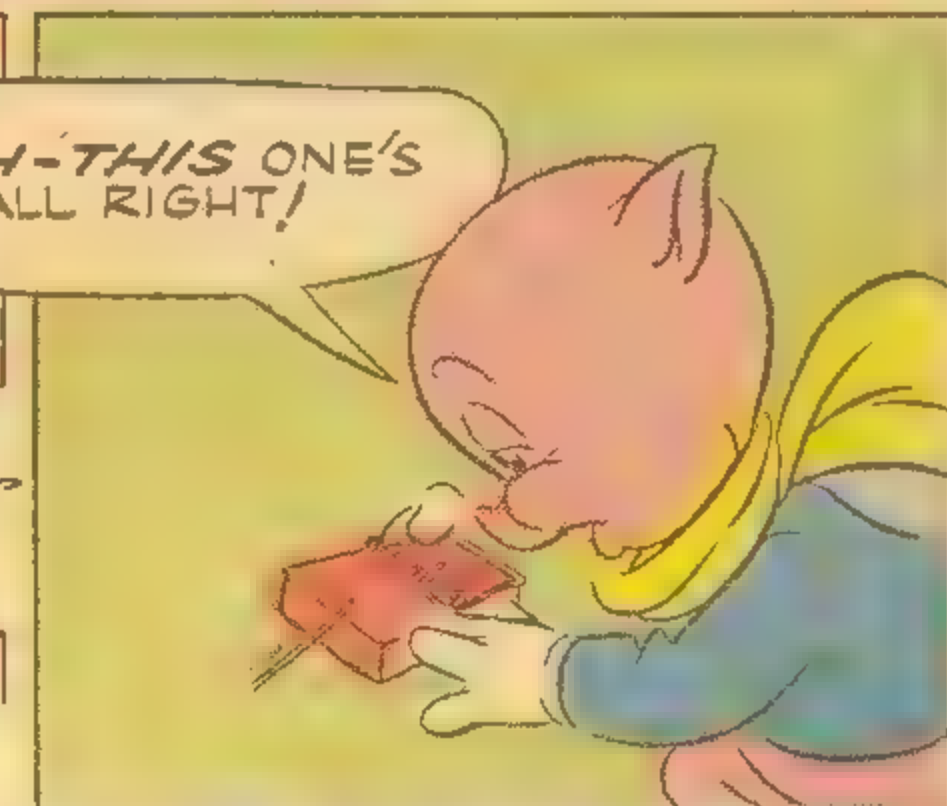
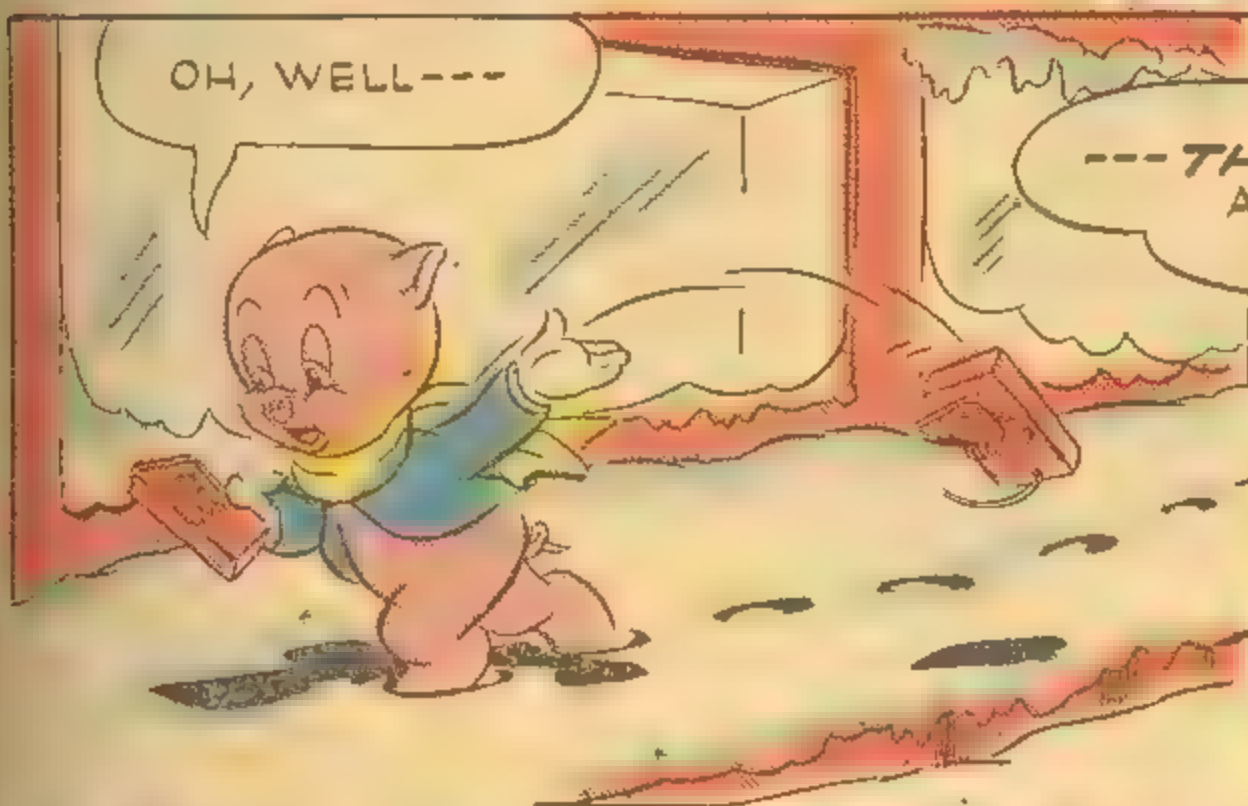
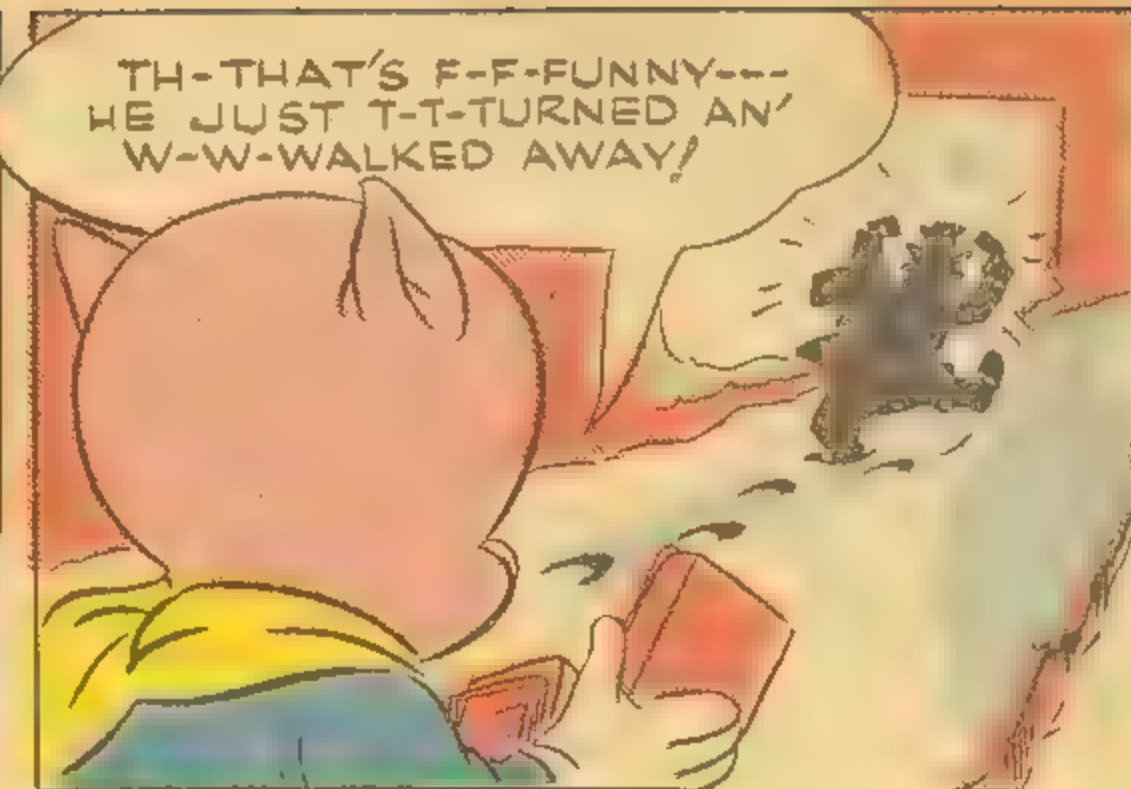
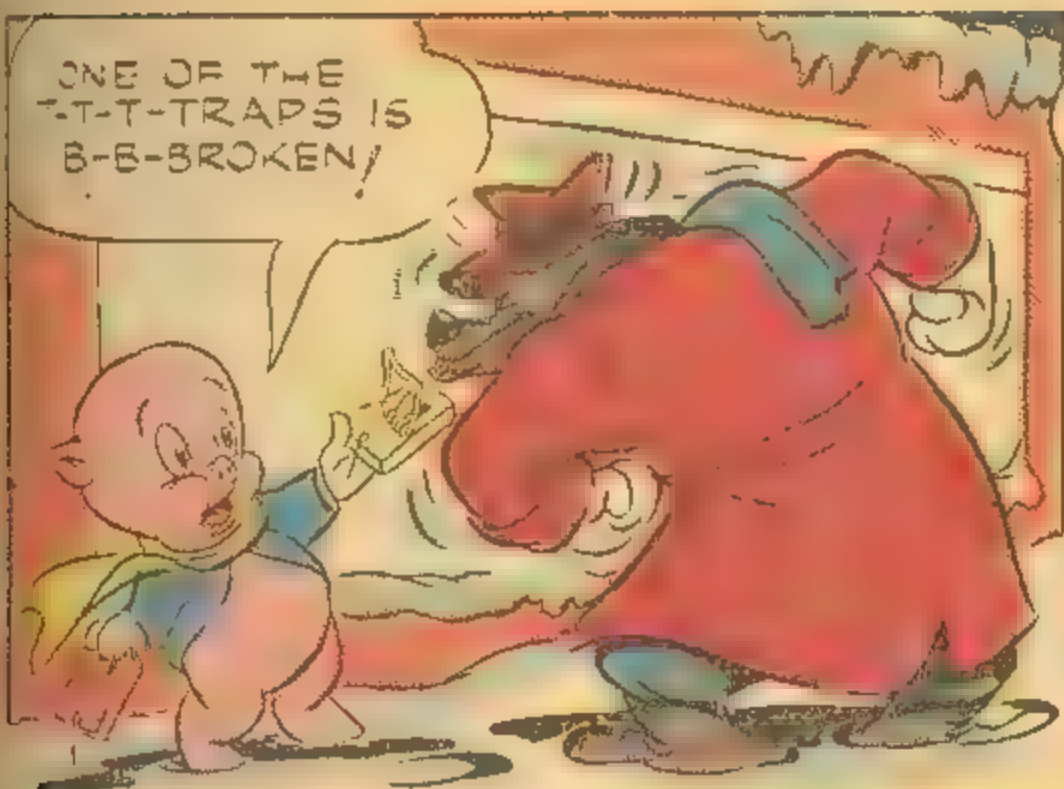


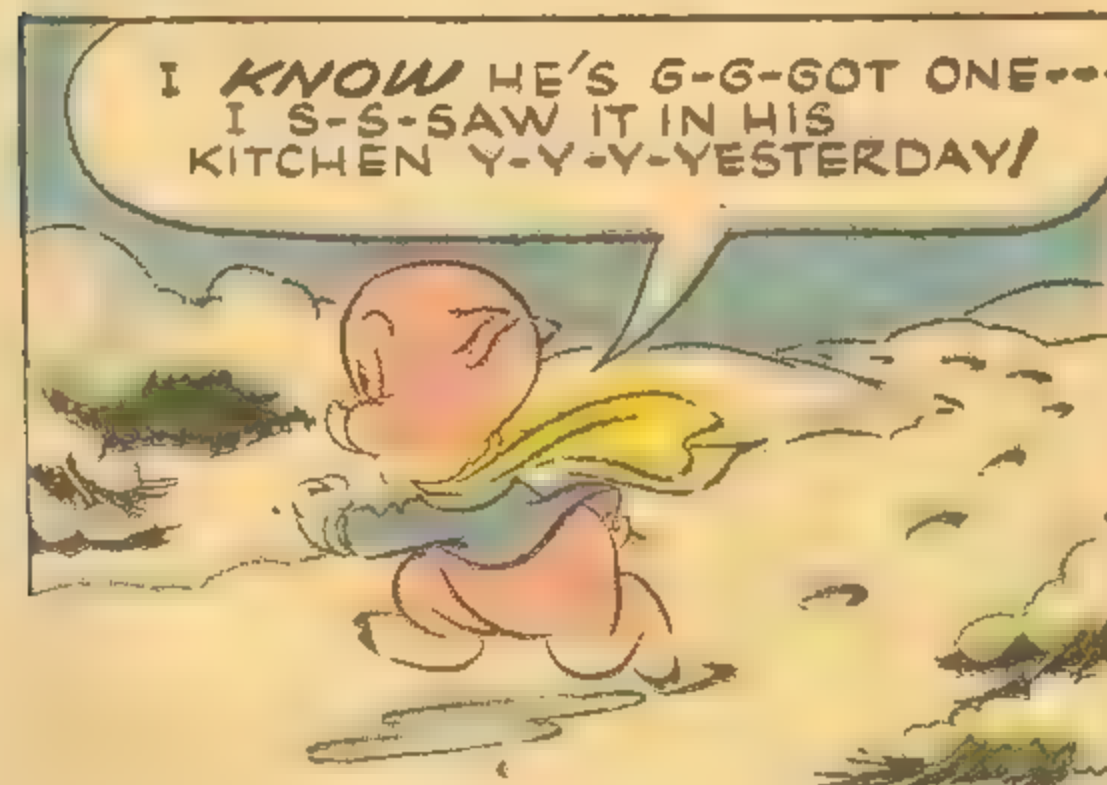
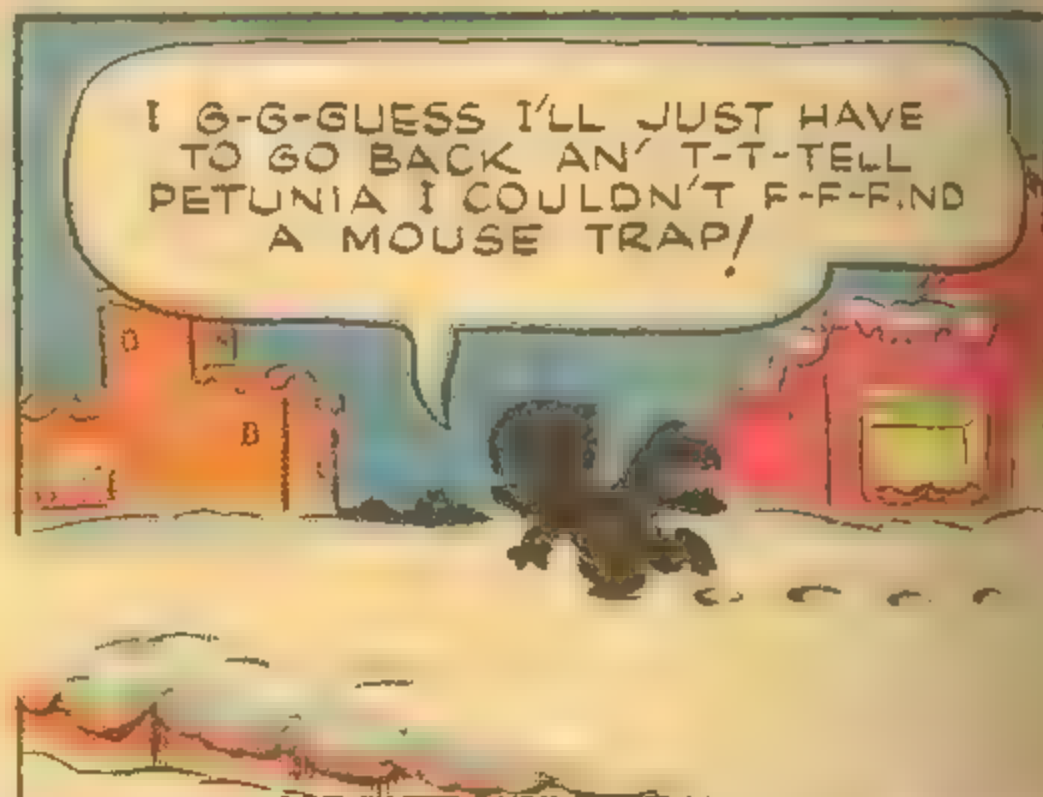
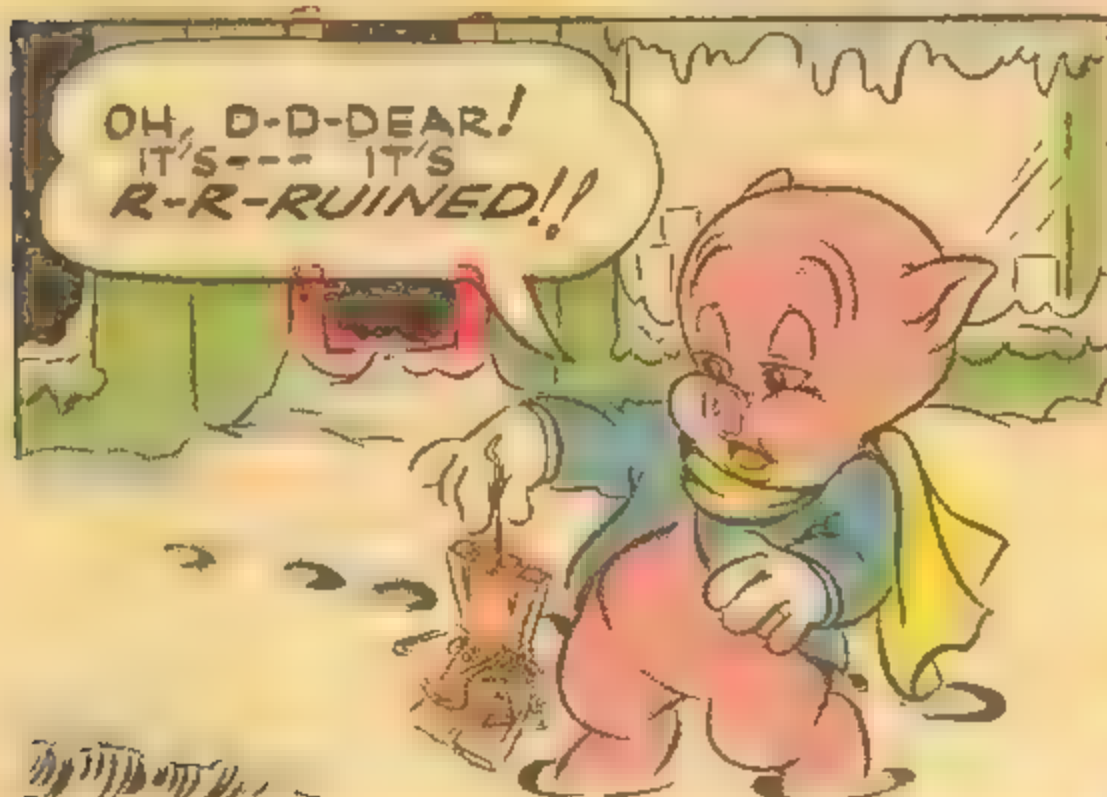


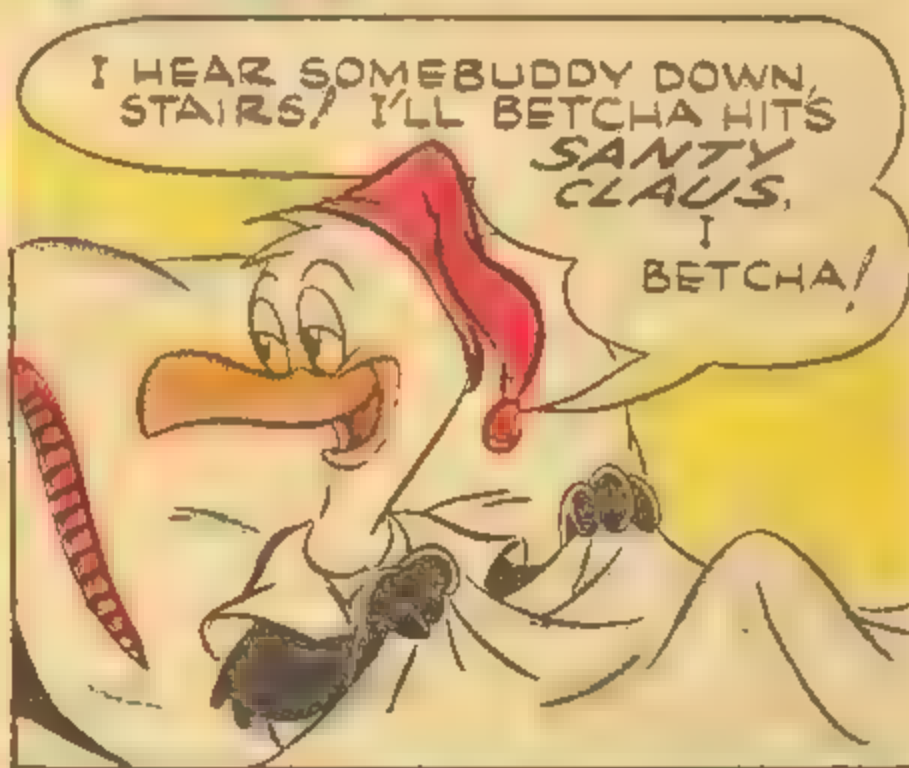
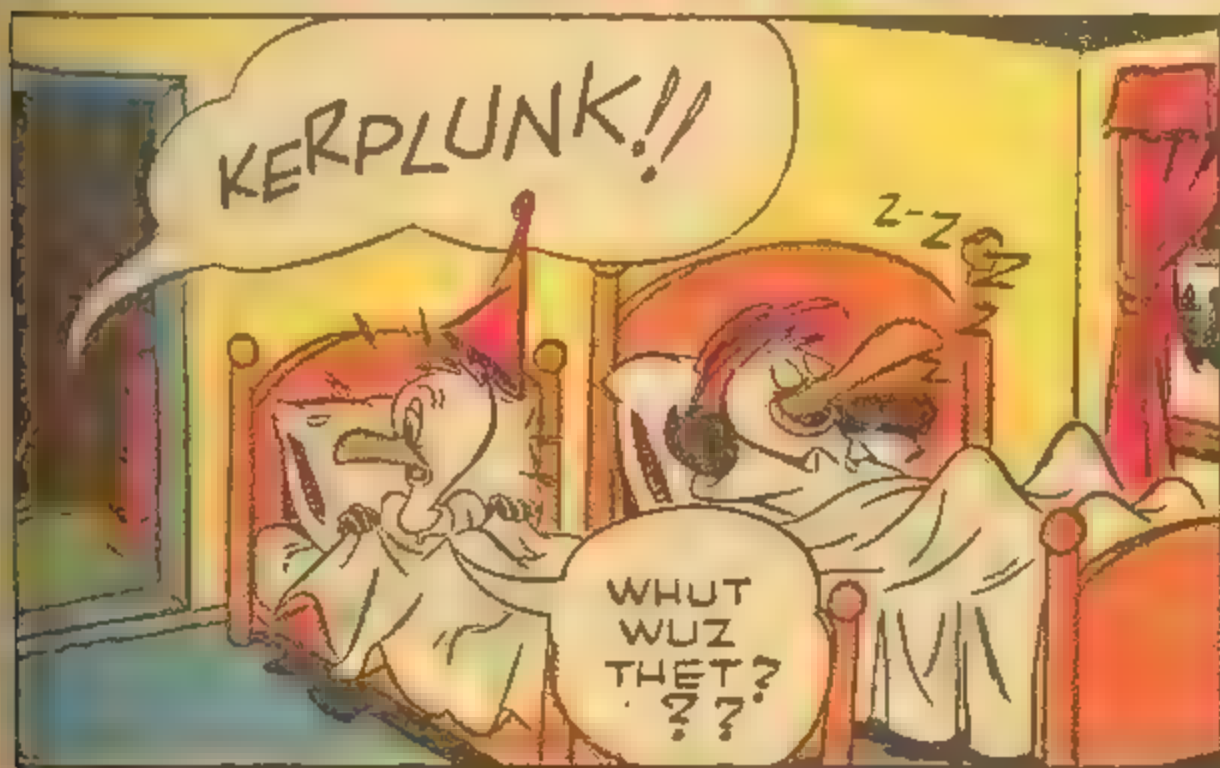
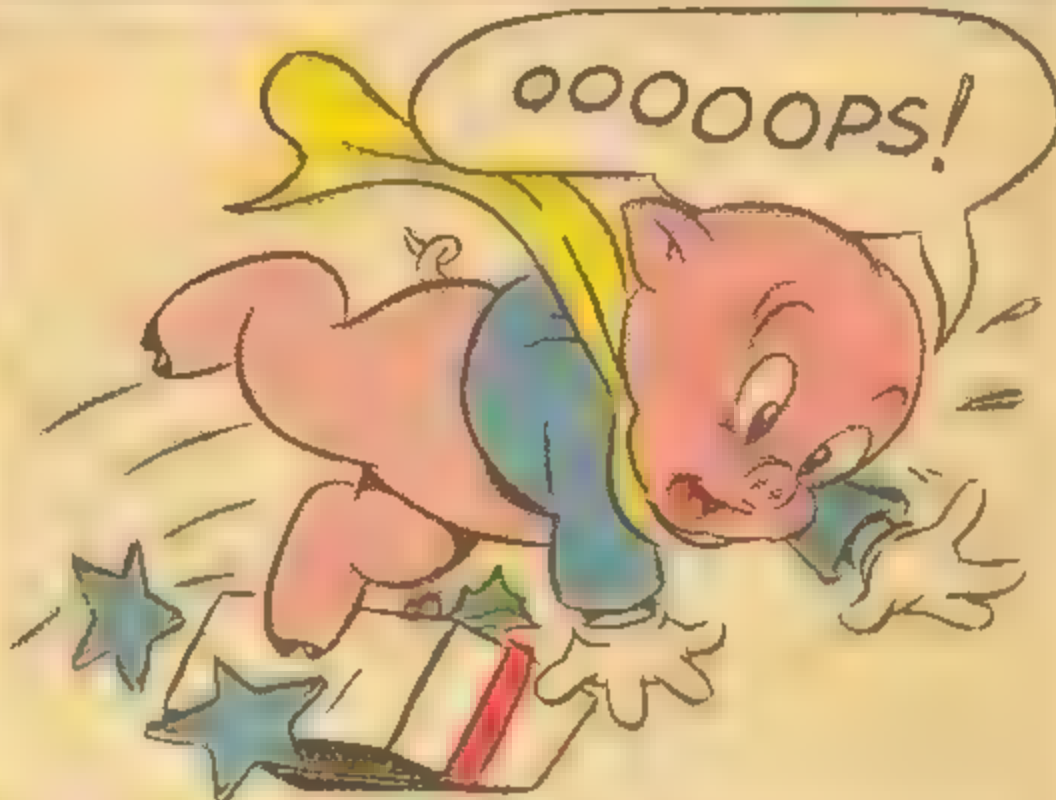
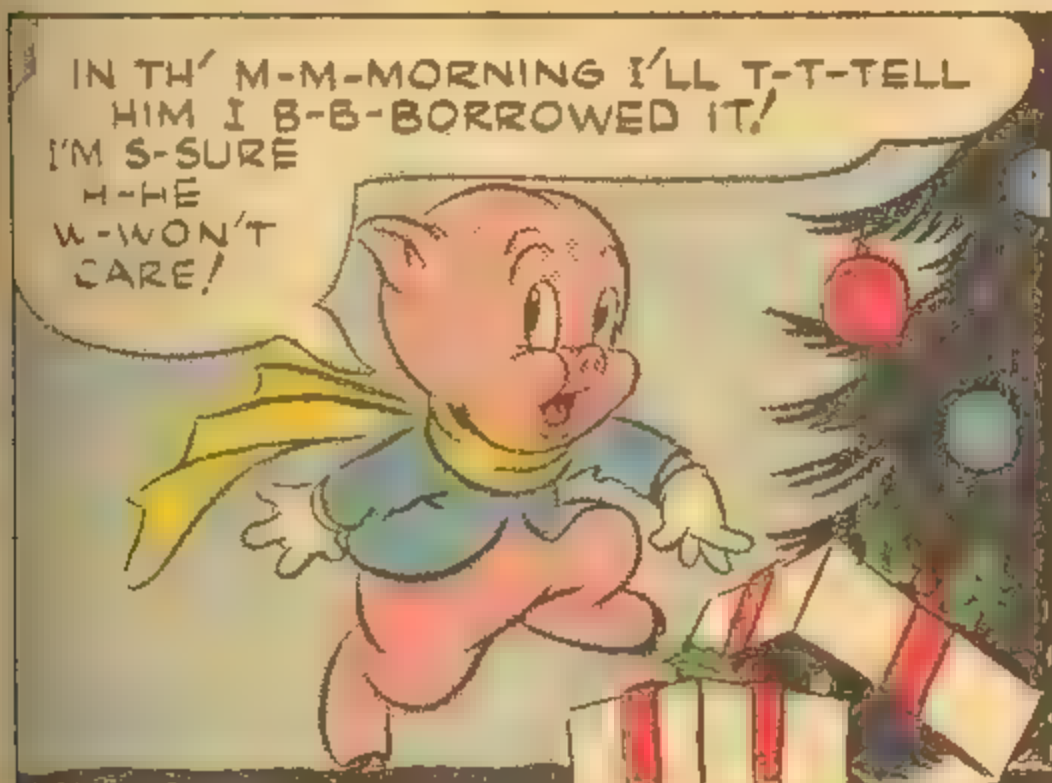
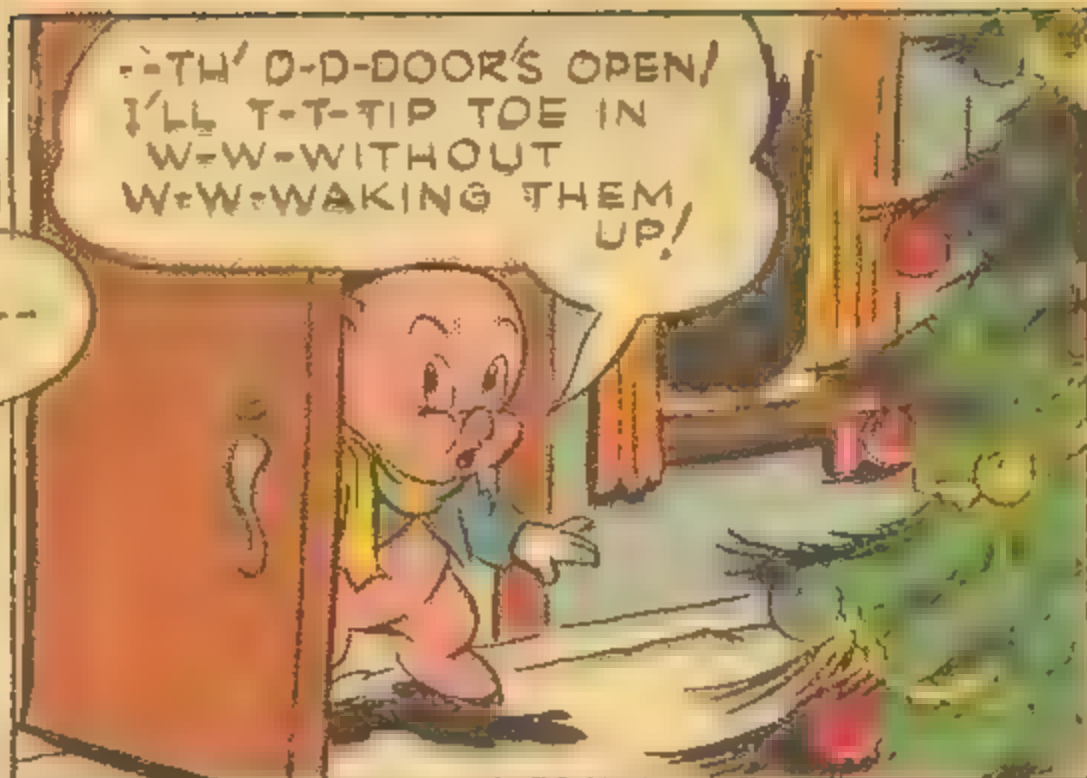


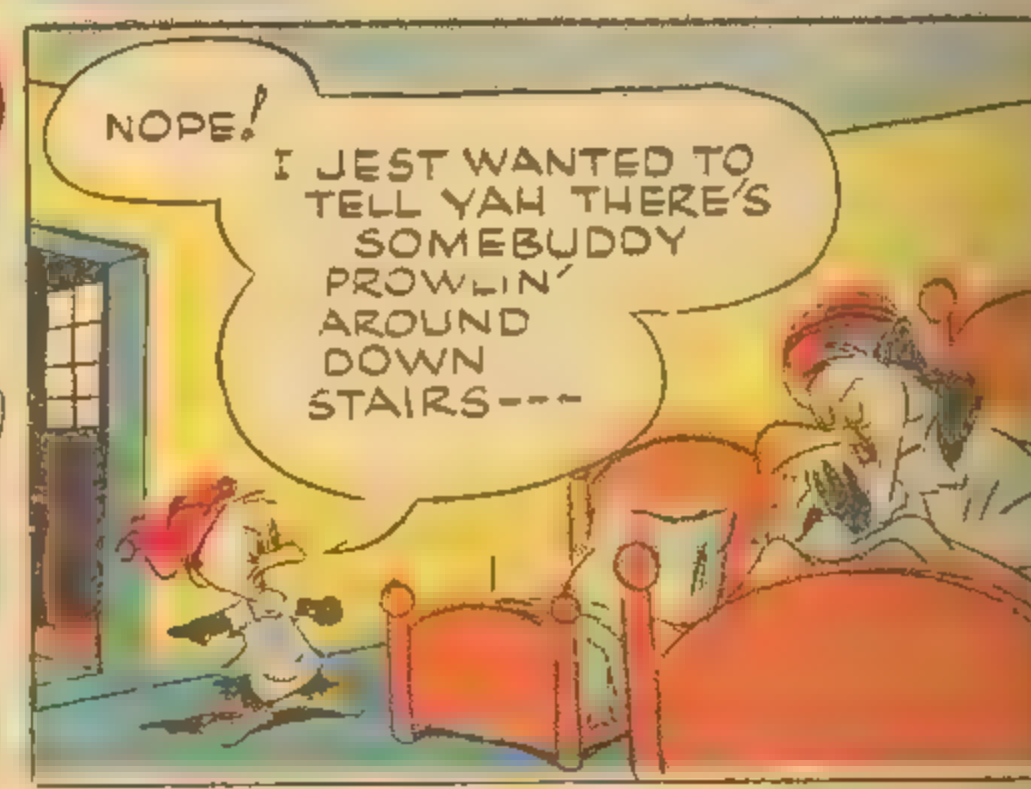
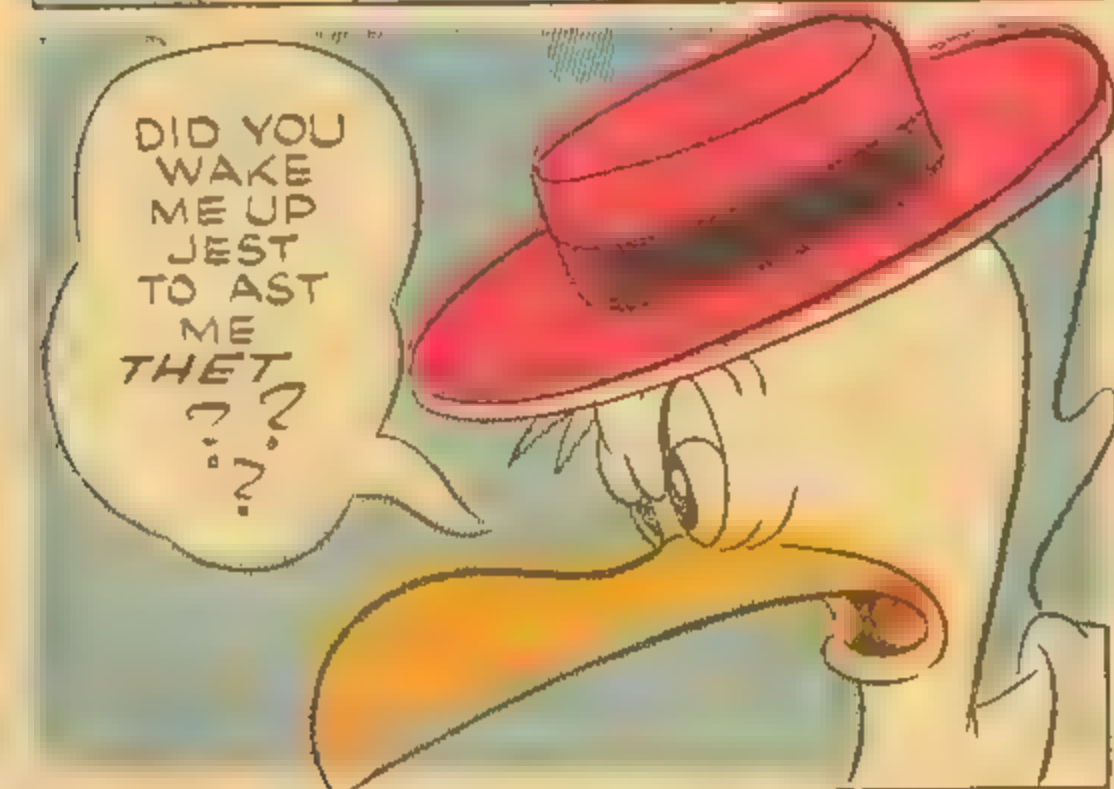
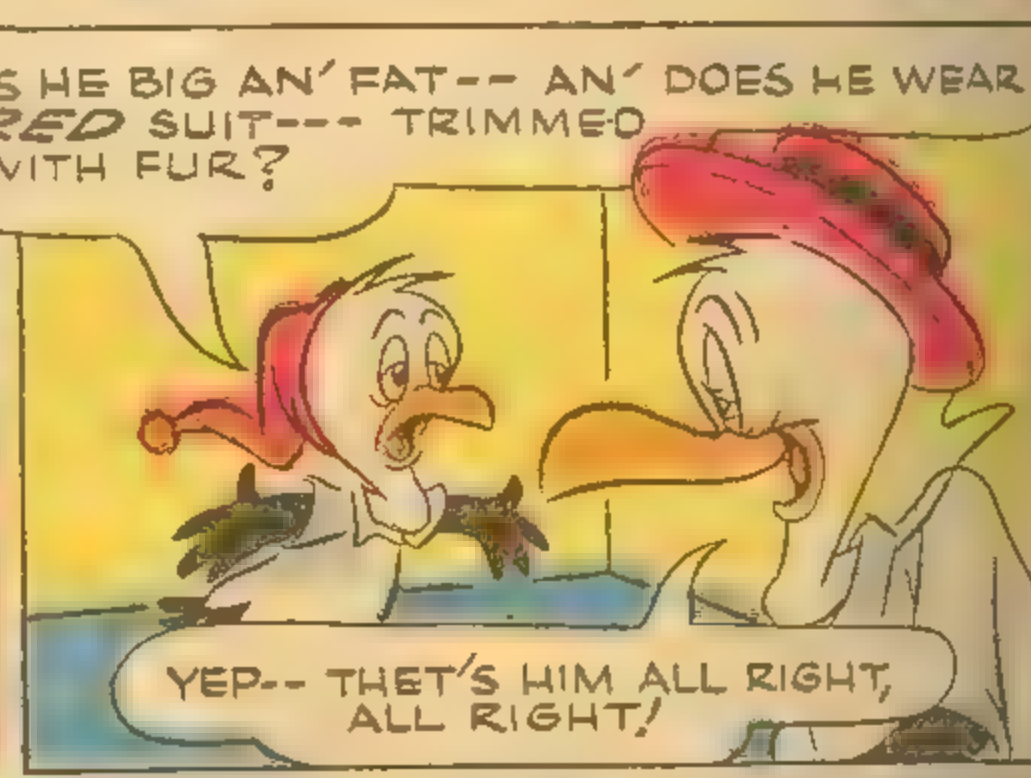
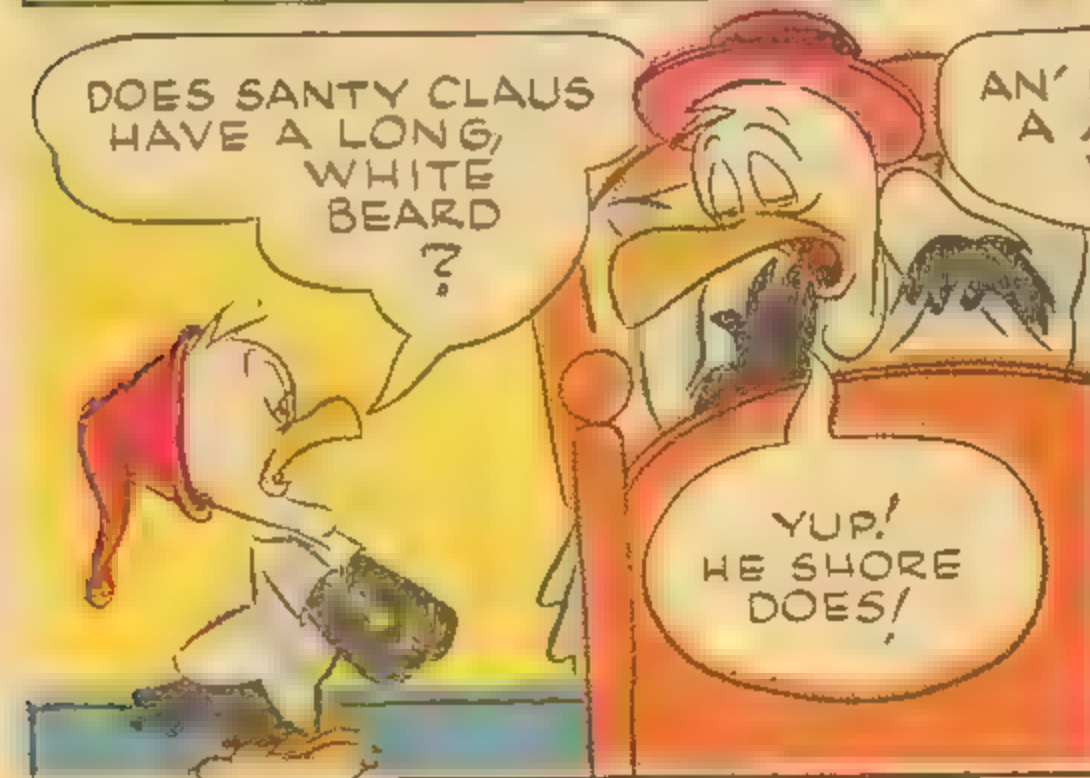
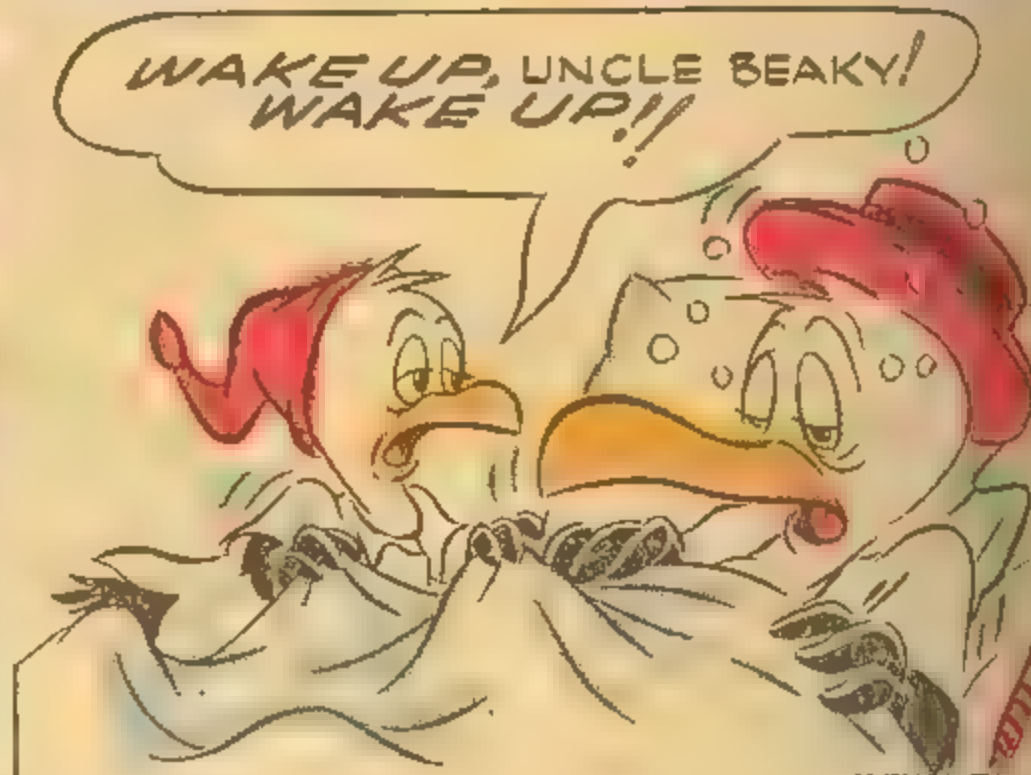
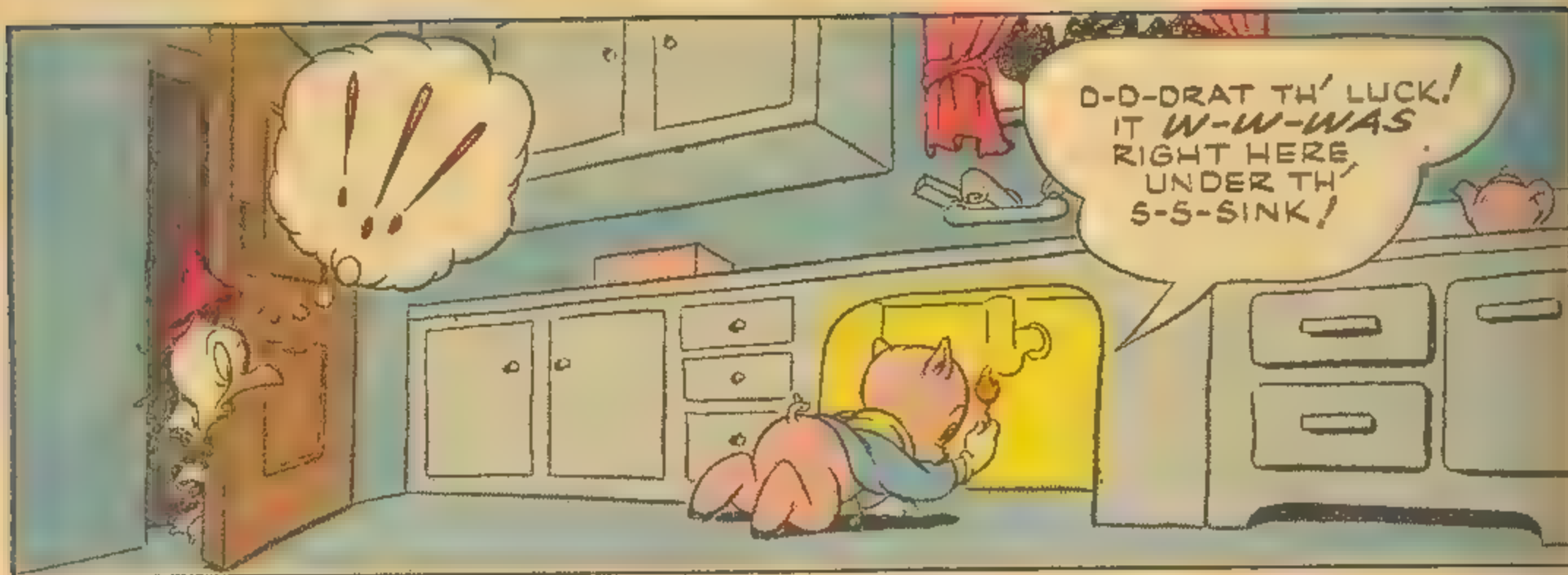


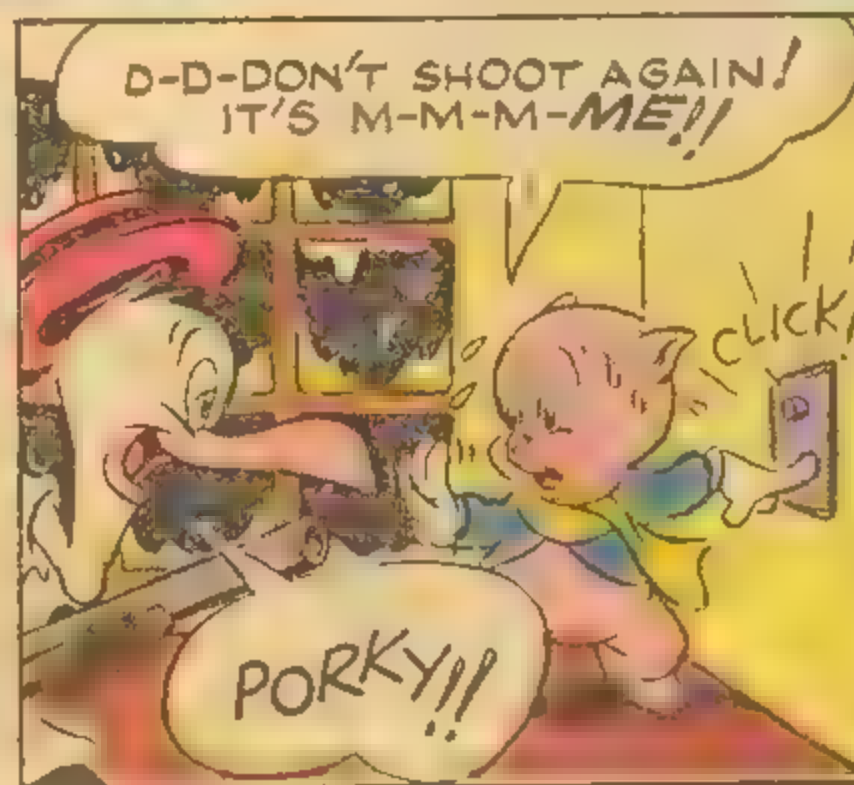
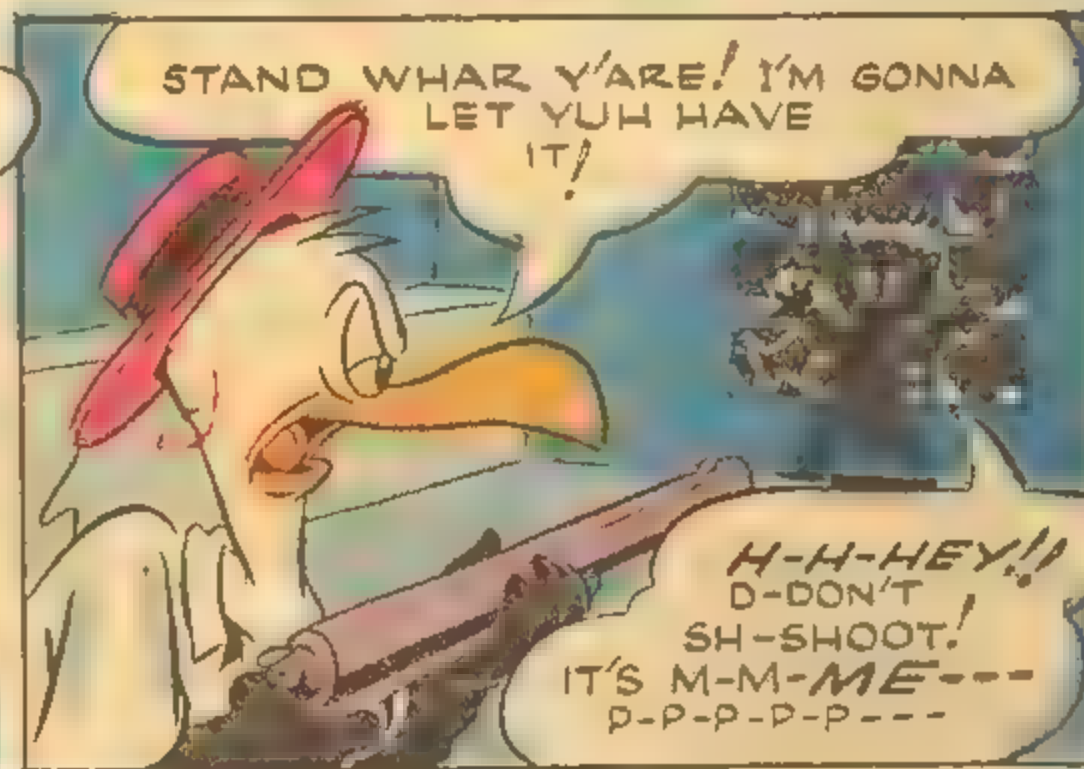
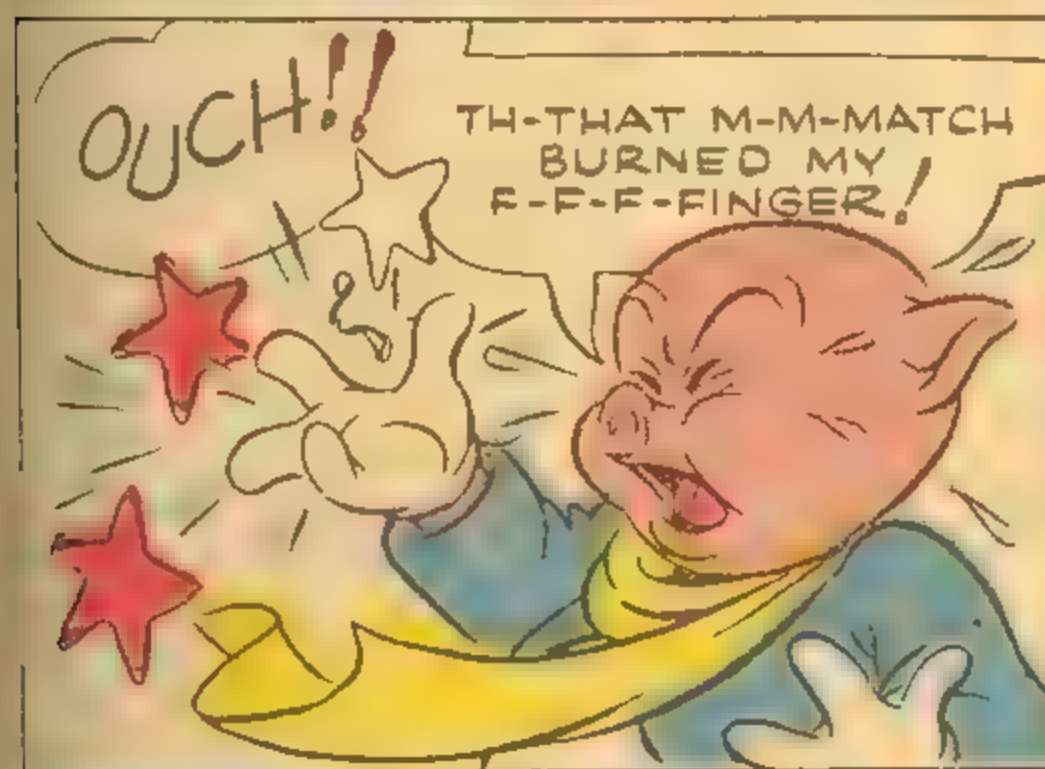
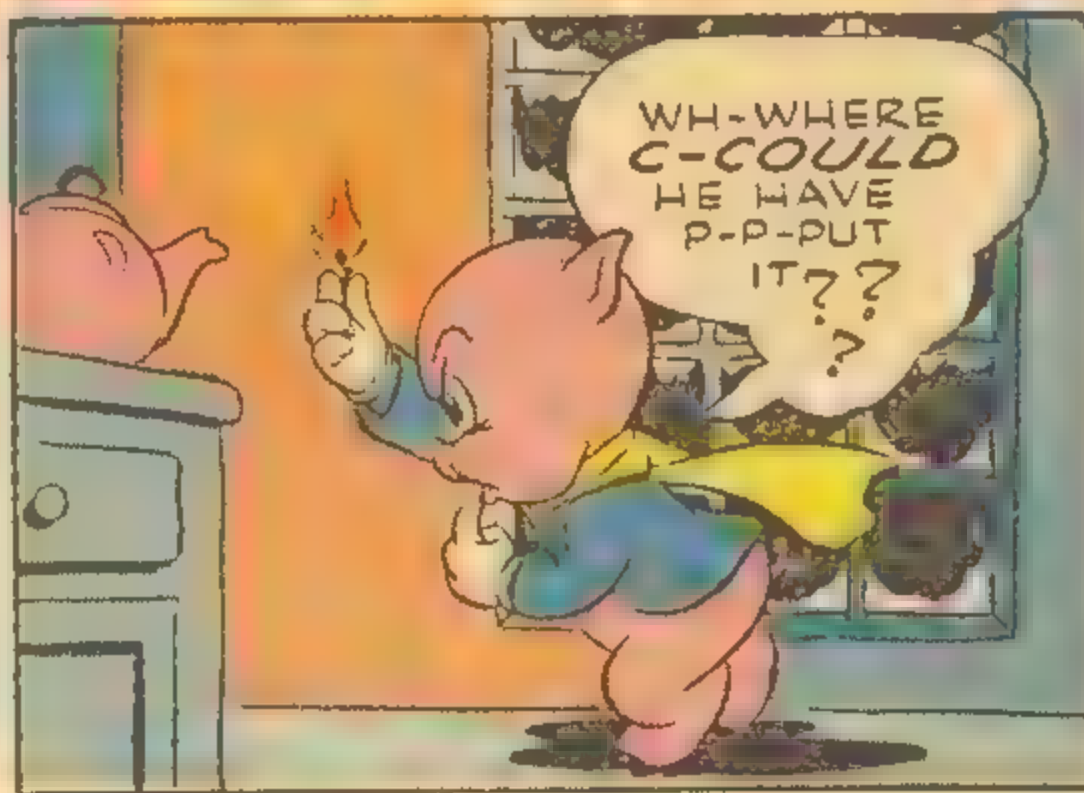
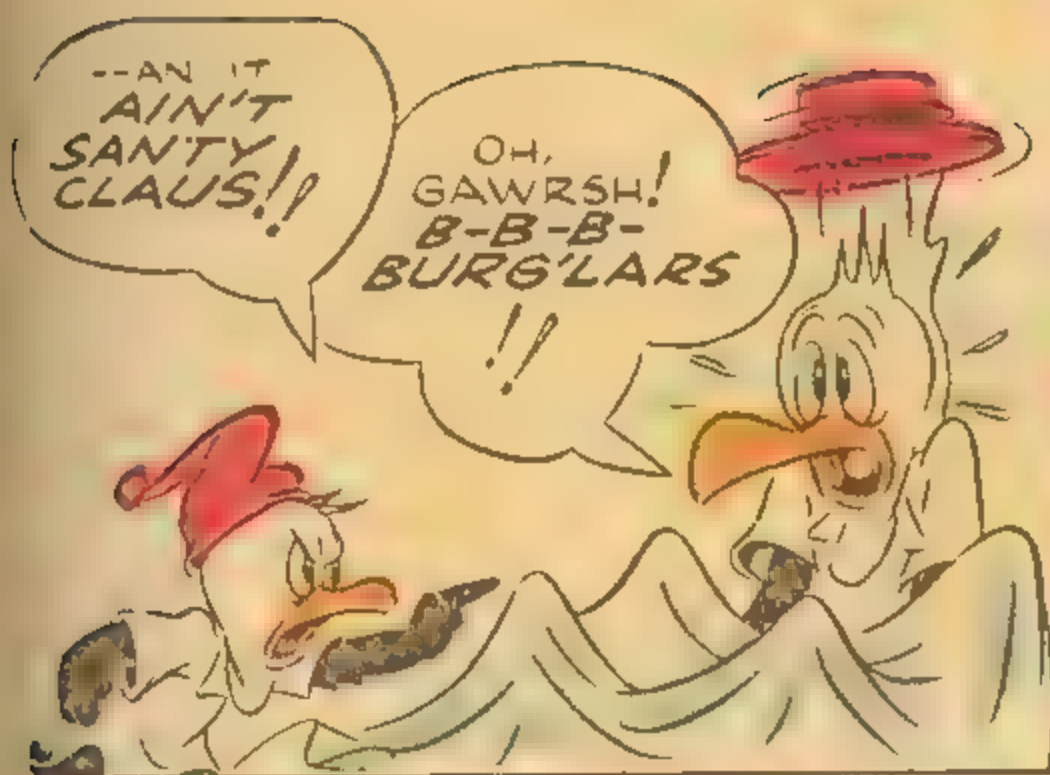


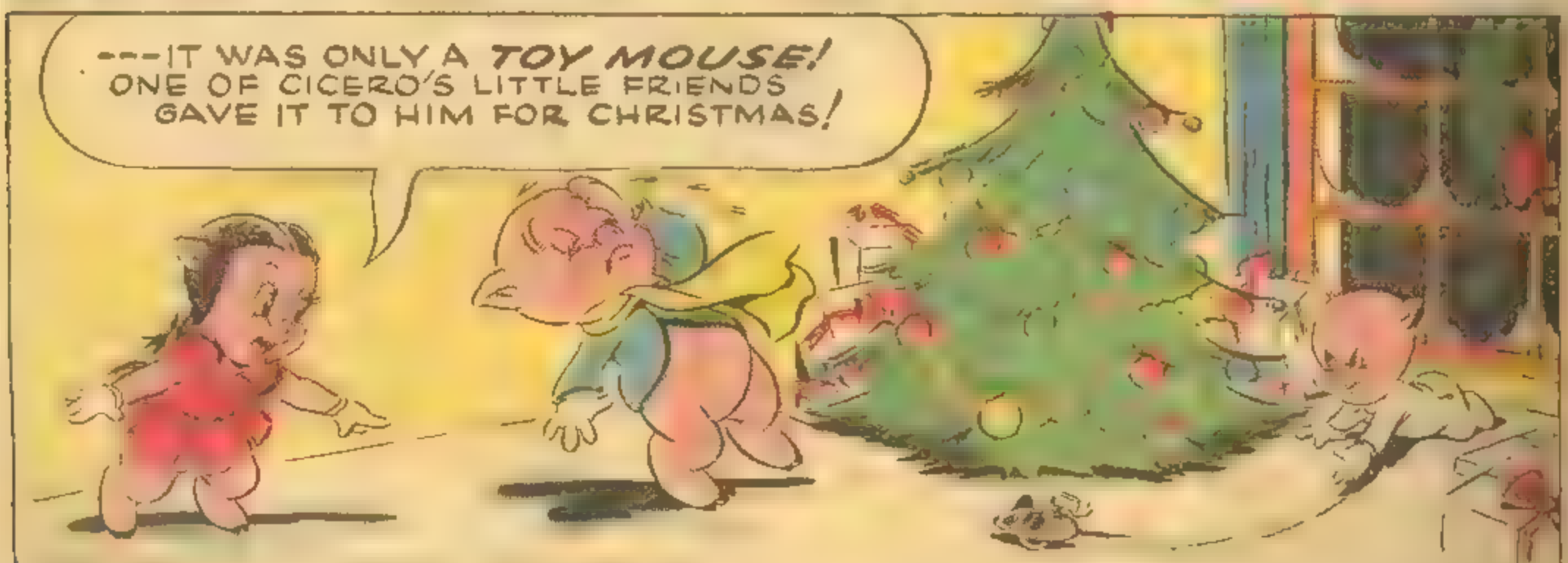
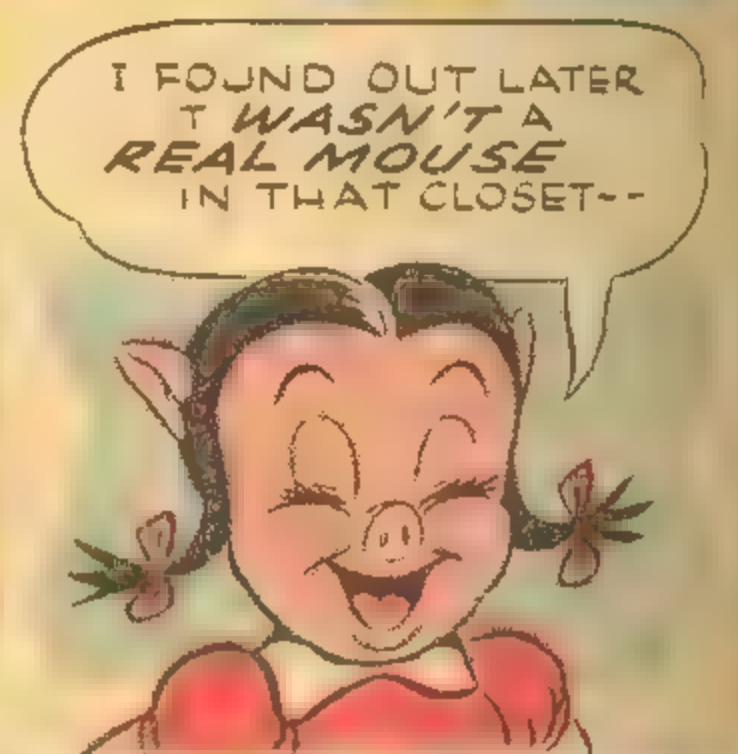
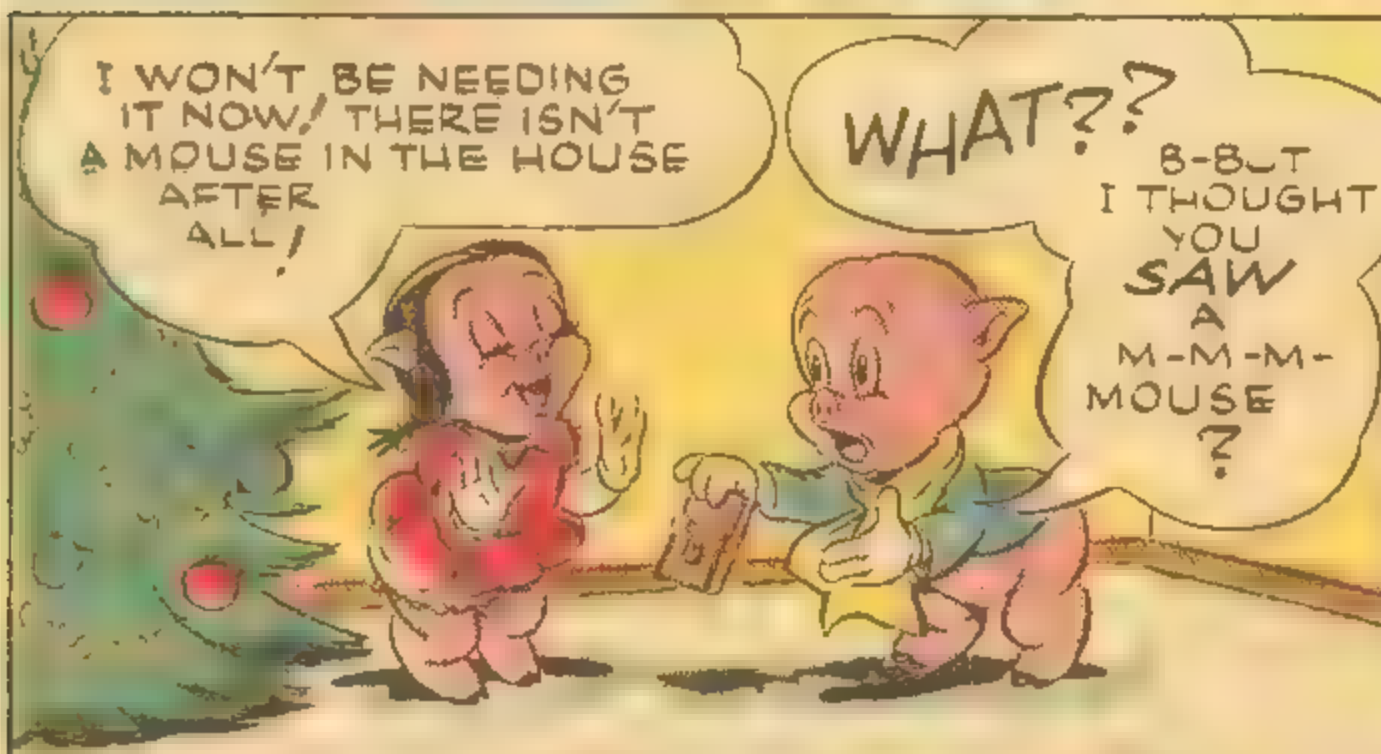
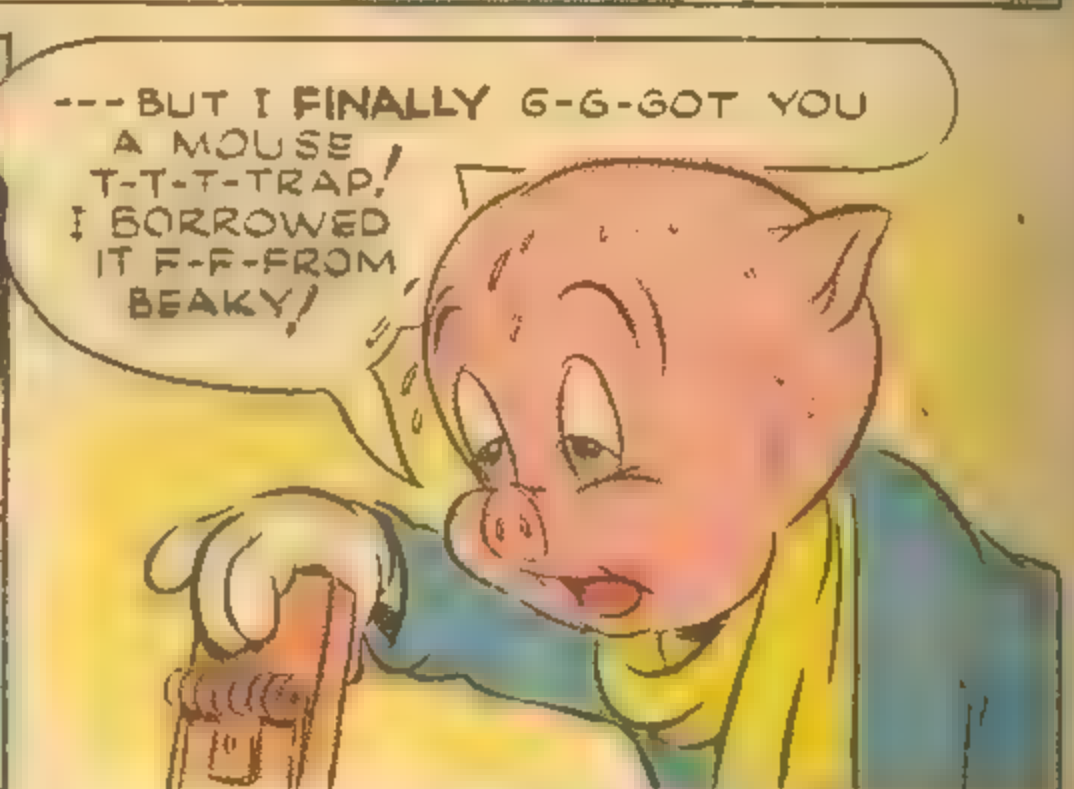
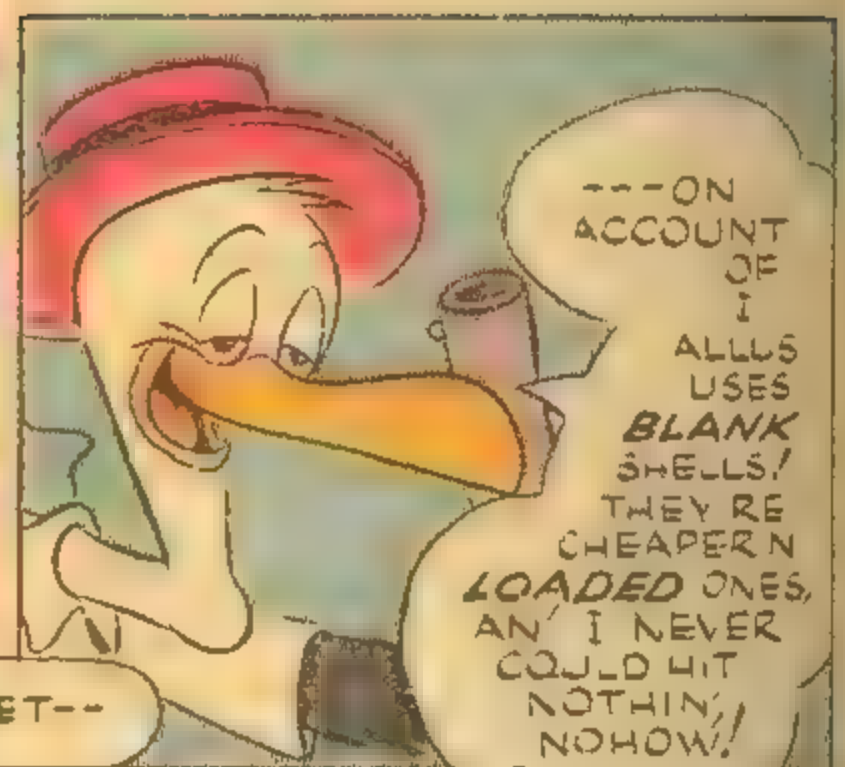
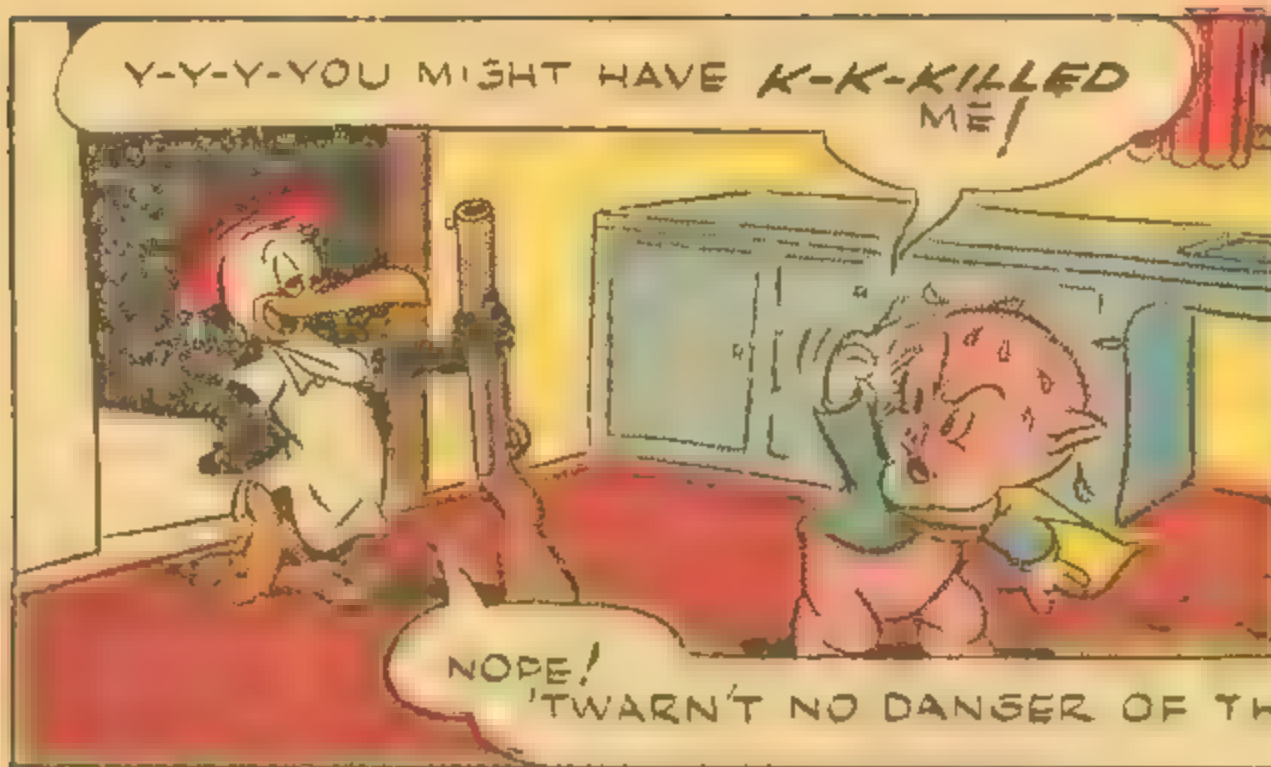










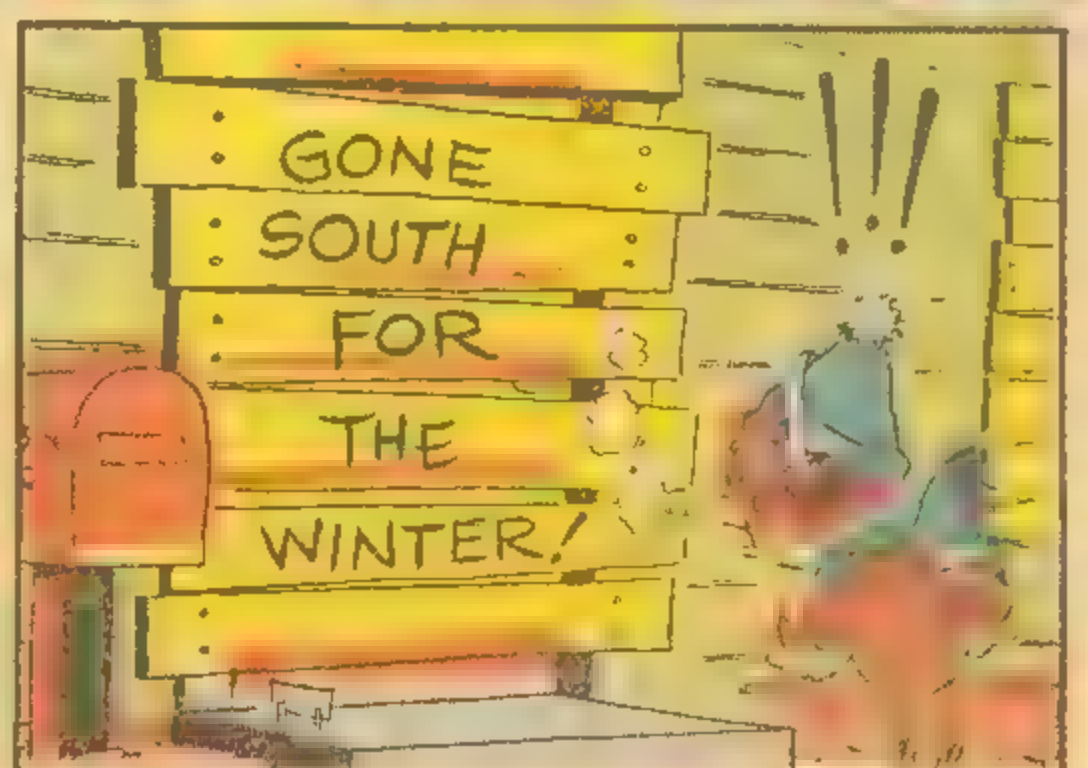
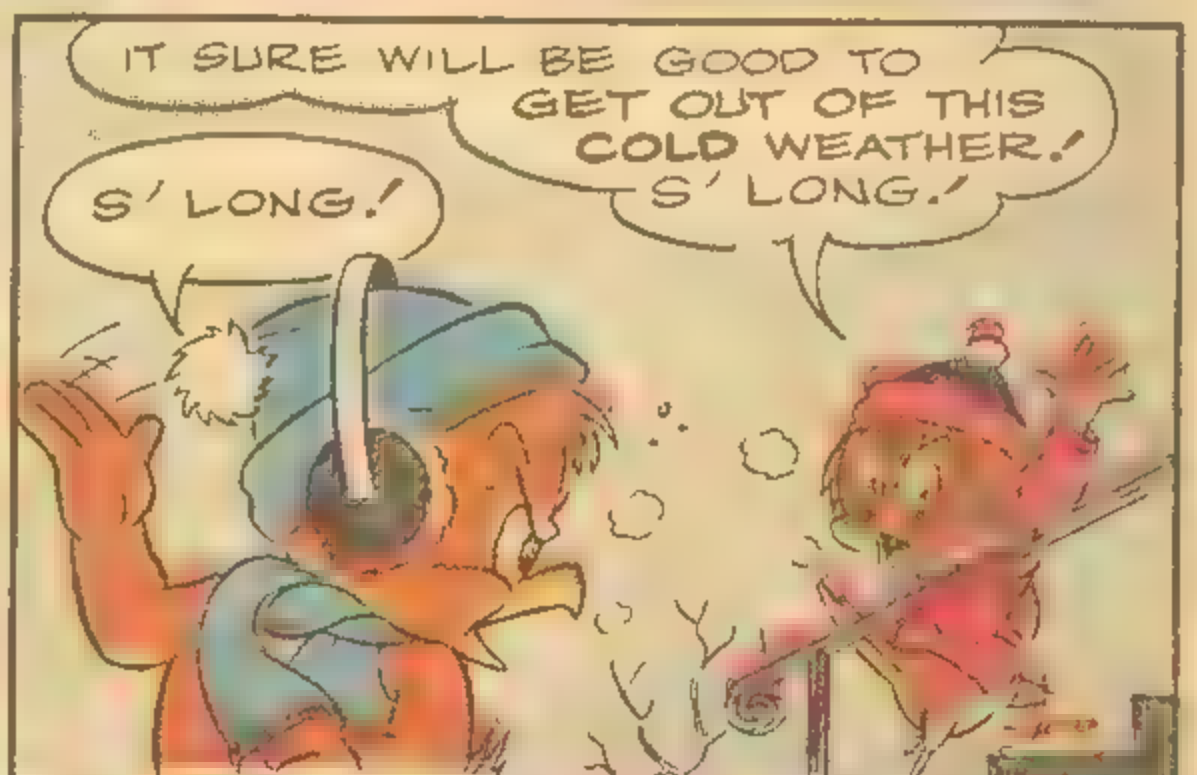
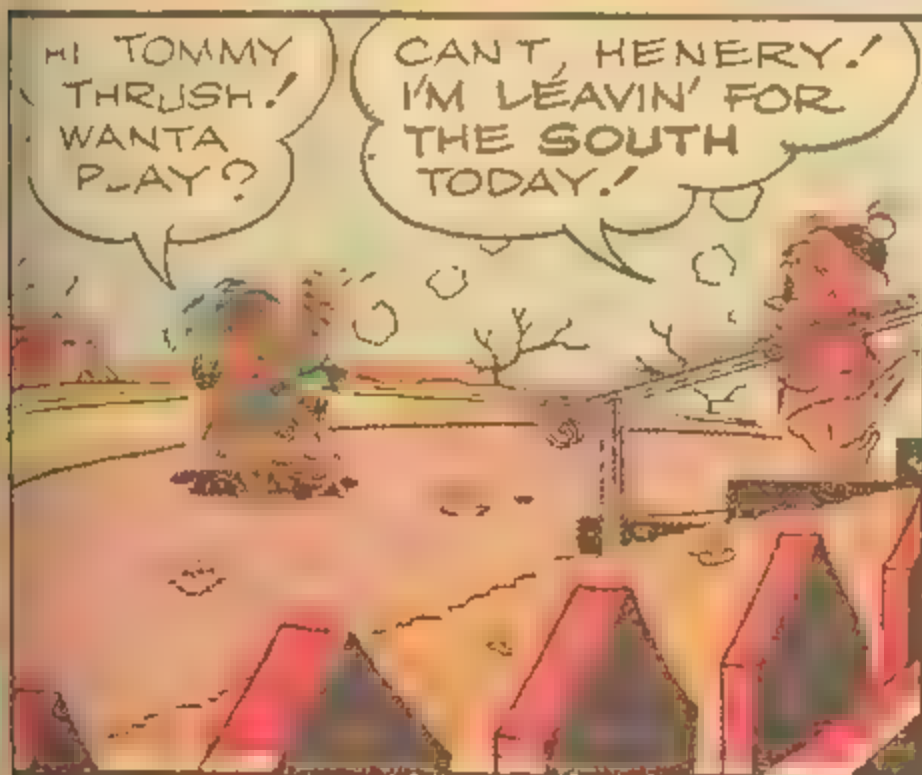
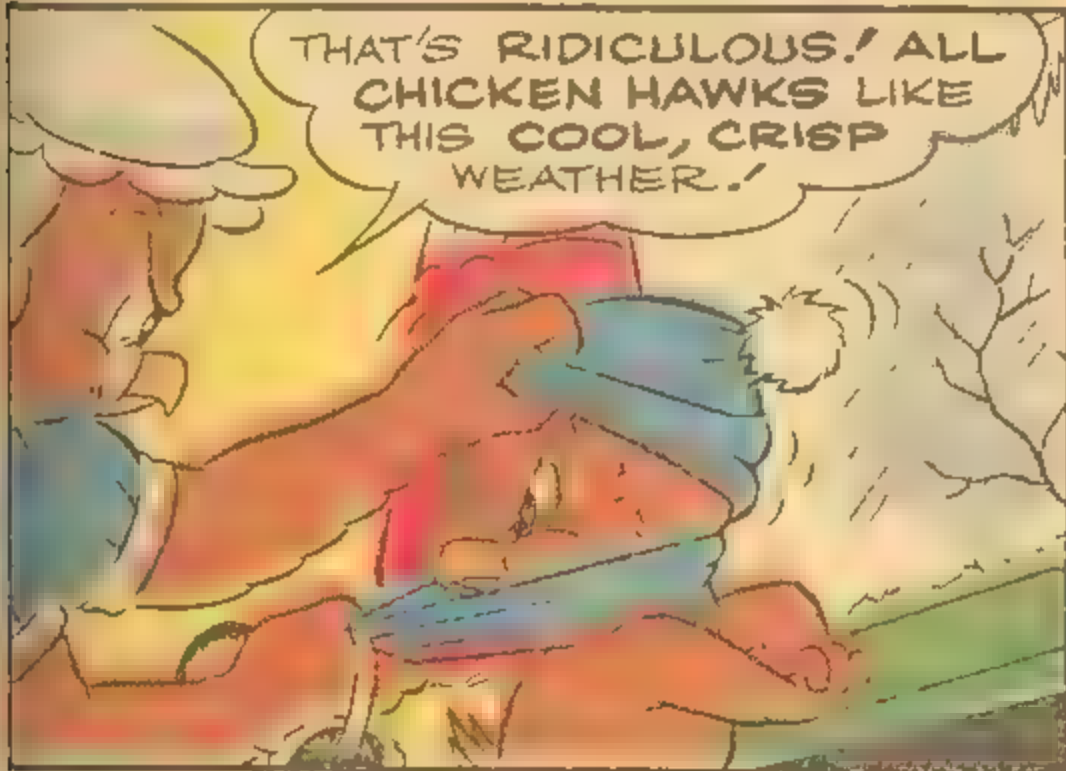


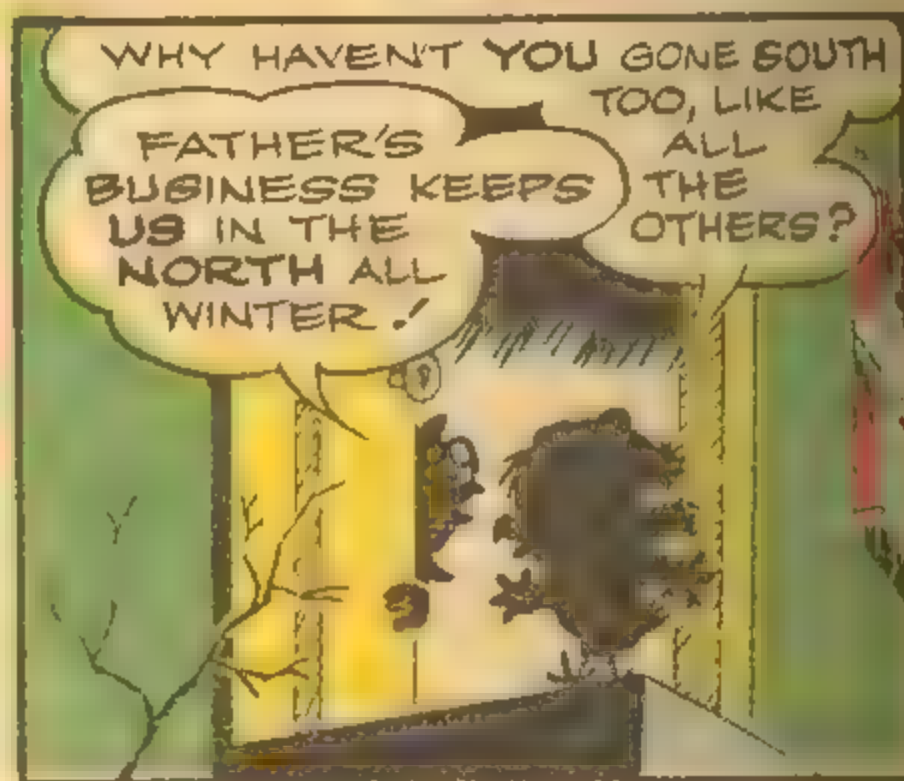
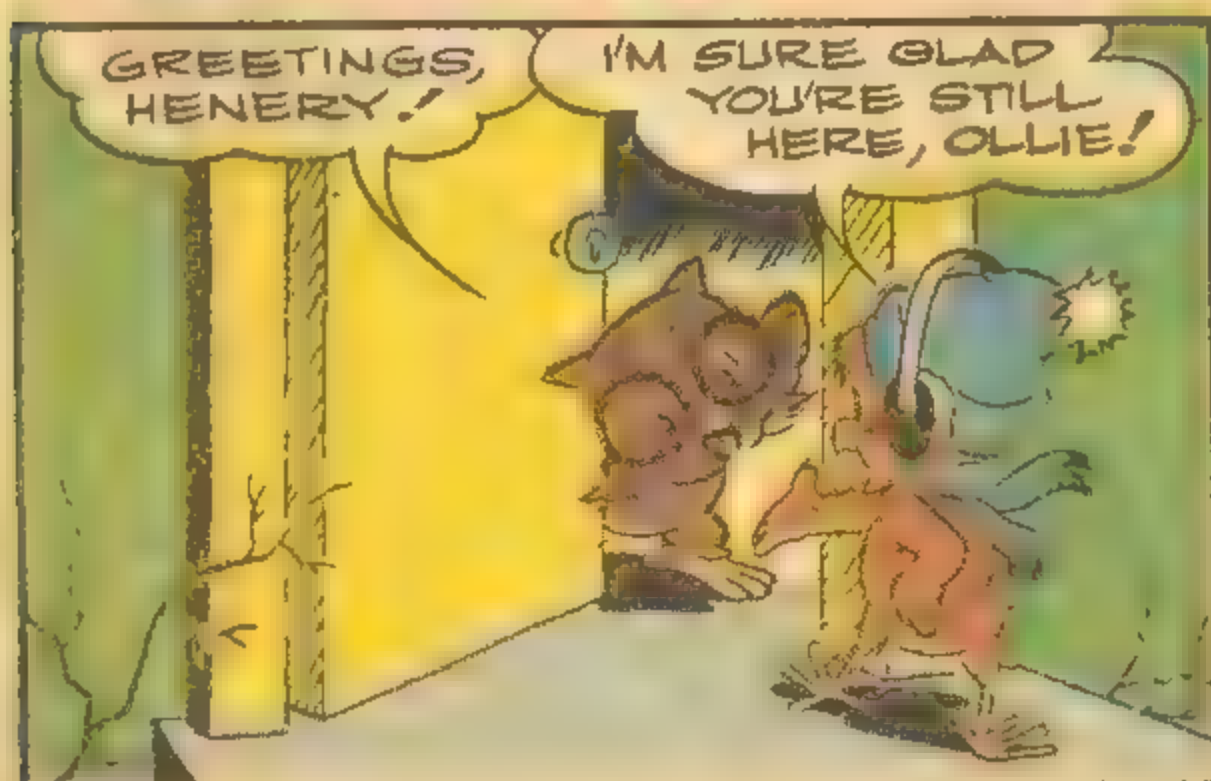
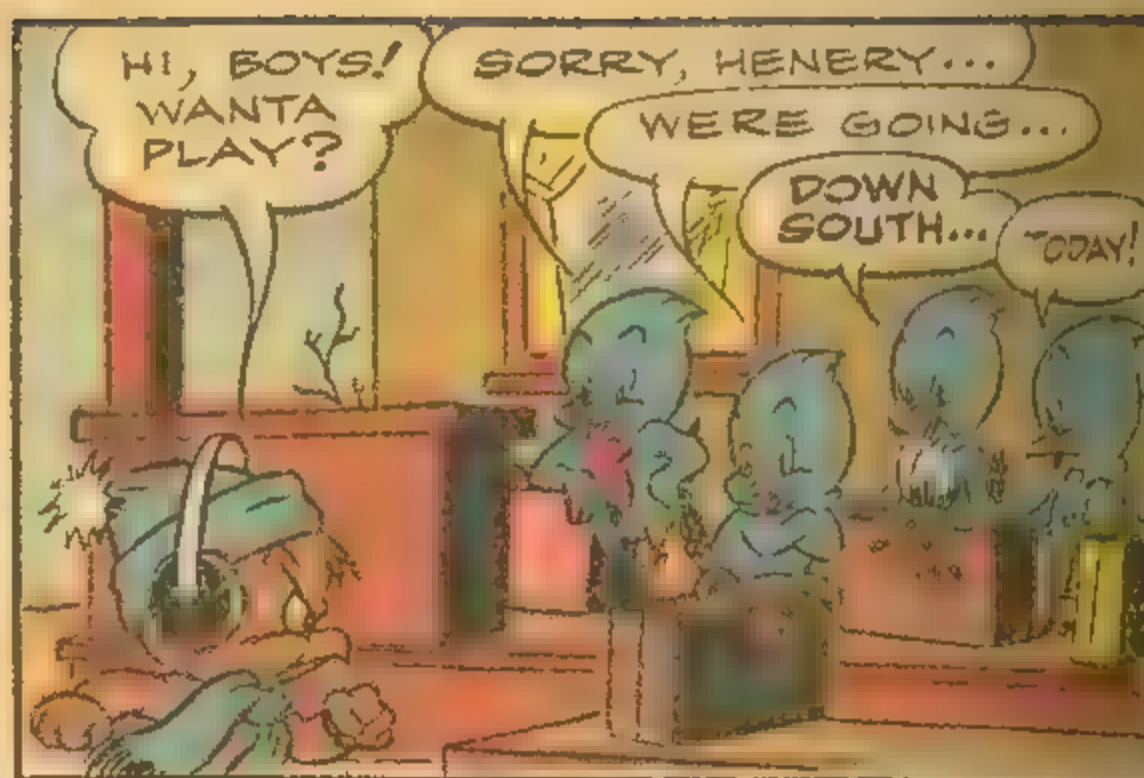
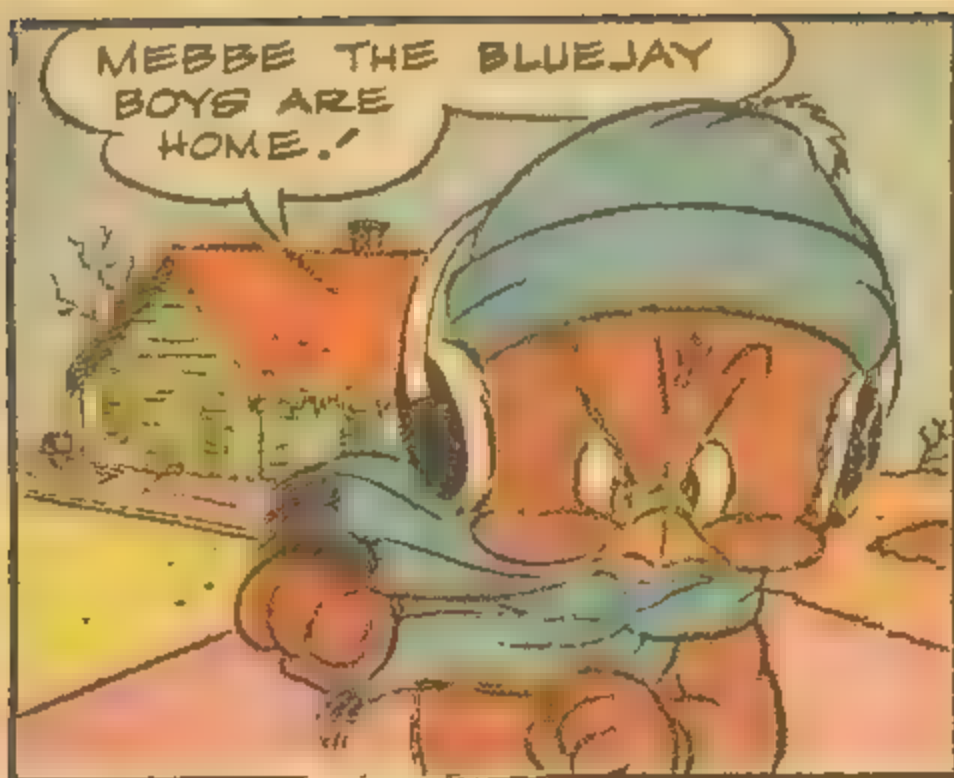
WARNER BROS.
CARTOONS, INC.
present

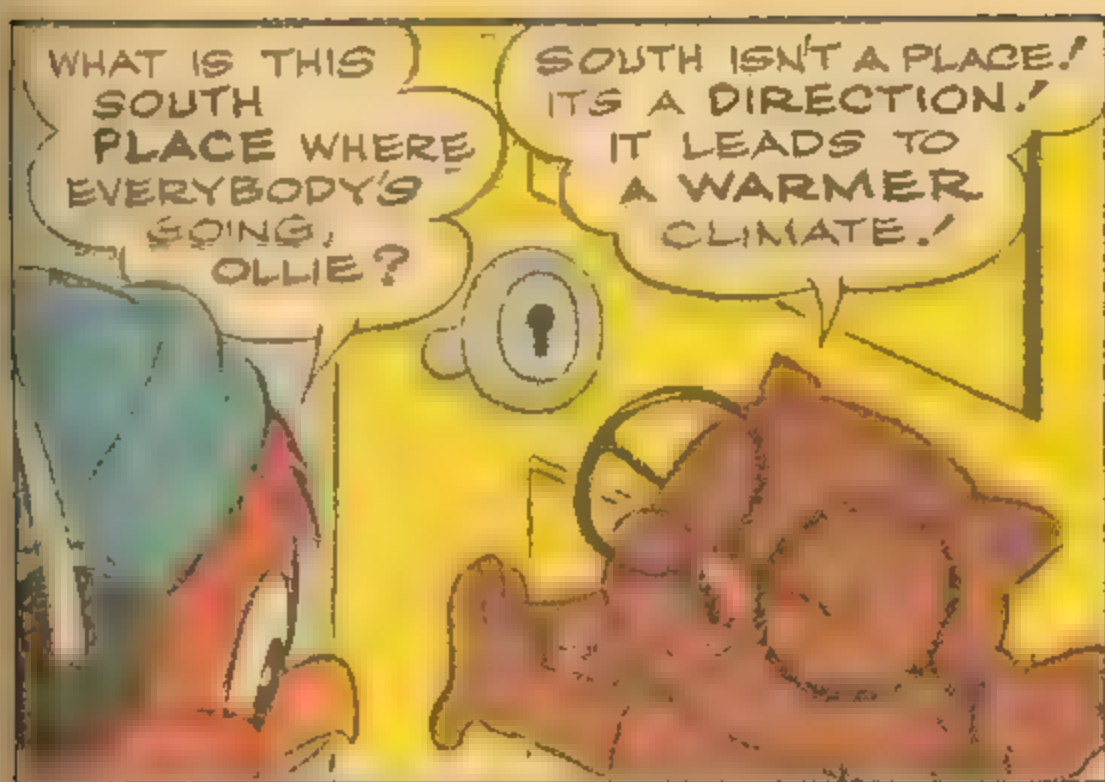
HENERY HAWK

WHY DON'T YOU GO
OUT AND PLAY,
HENERY?

IT'S
TOO
COLD!

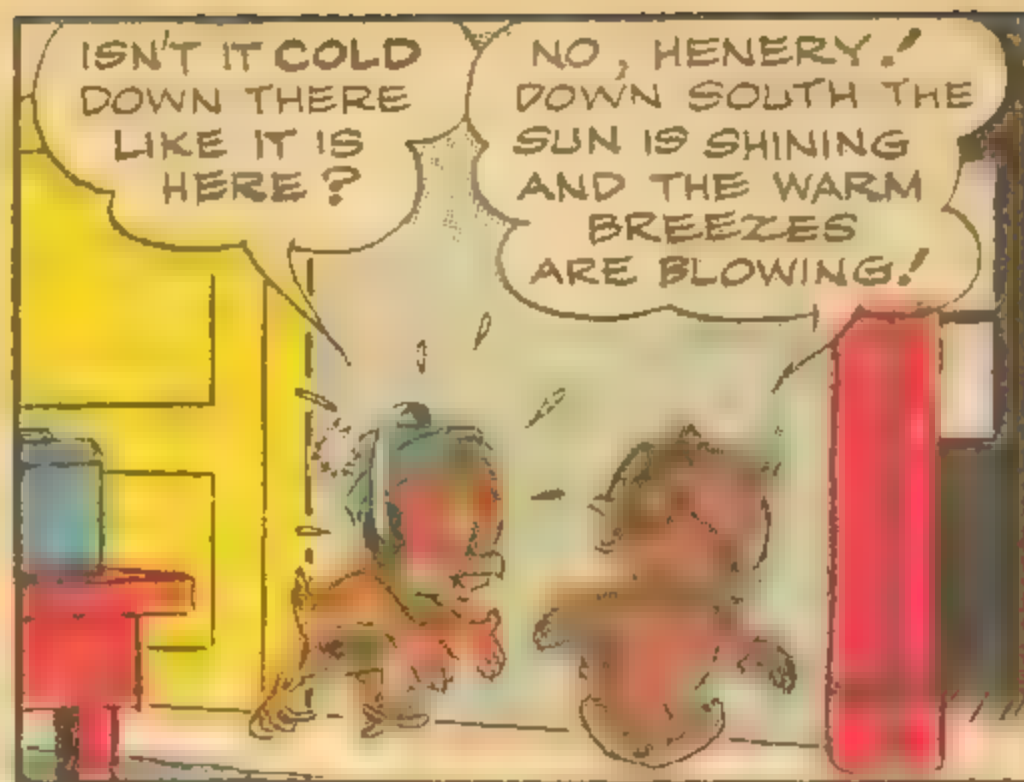






WHAT IS THIS SOUTH PLACE WHERE EVERYBODY'S GOING, OLLIE?

SOUTH ISN'T A PLACE! ITS A DIRECTION! IT LEADS TO A WARMER CLIMATE!



ISN'T IT COLD DOWN THERE LIKE IT IS HERE?

NO, HENERY! DOWN SOUTH THE SUN IS SHINING AND THE WARM BREEZES ARE BLOWING!



WHY DONT WE GO DOWN SOUTH, TOO! I'M SICK O' THIS COLD WEATHER!

I SHOULD LOVE TO GO, BUT MY MOTHER WOULD NEVER CONSENT..



HENERY PLEADS AND PLEADS... AND FINALLY...

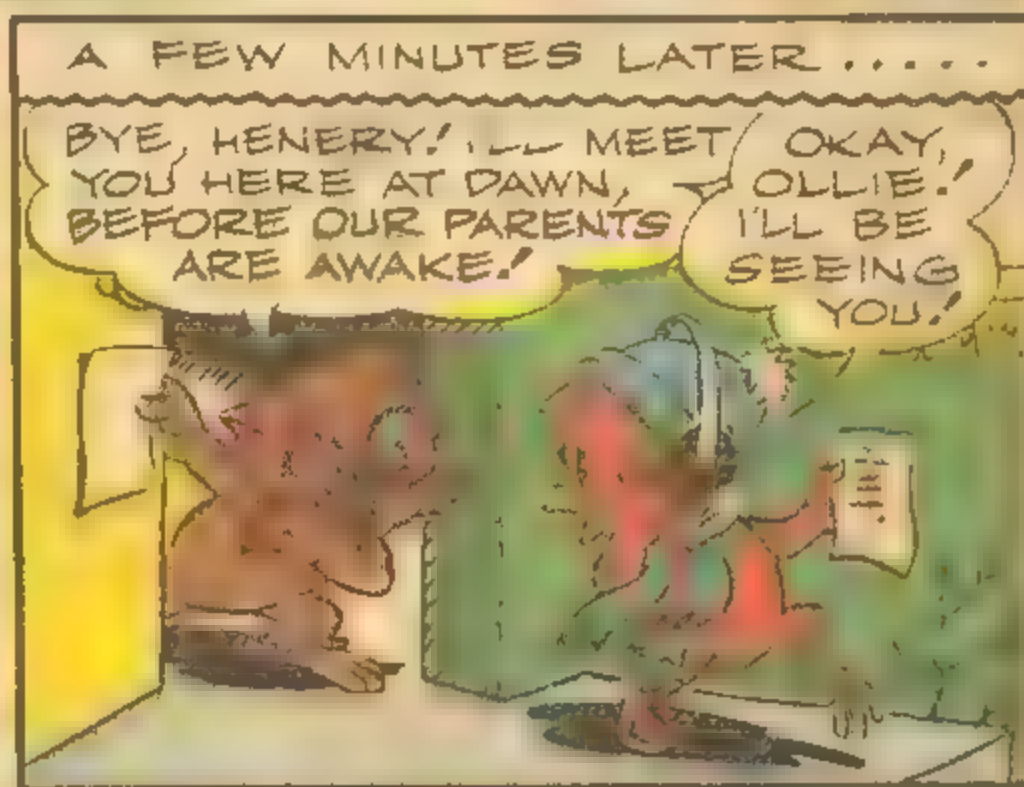
VERY WELL! I'LL GO, EVEN IF IT IS AGAINST MY BETTER

JUDGMENT! WE MUST MAKE A LIST OF WHAT WE'LL NEED!



.... AND WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A COMPASS!

I'VE GOT A SWELL ONE! I FOUND IT ON A JUNK PILE BUT IT WORKS GOOD!



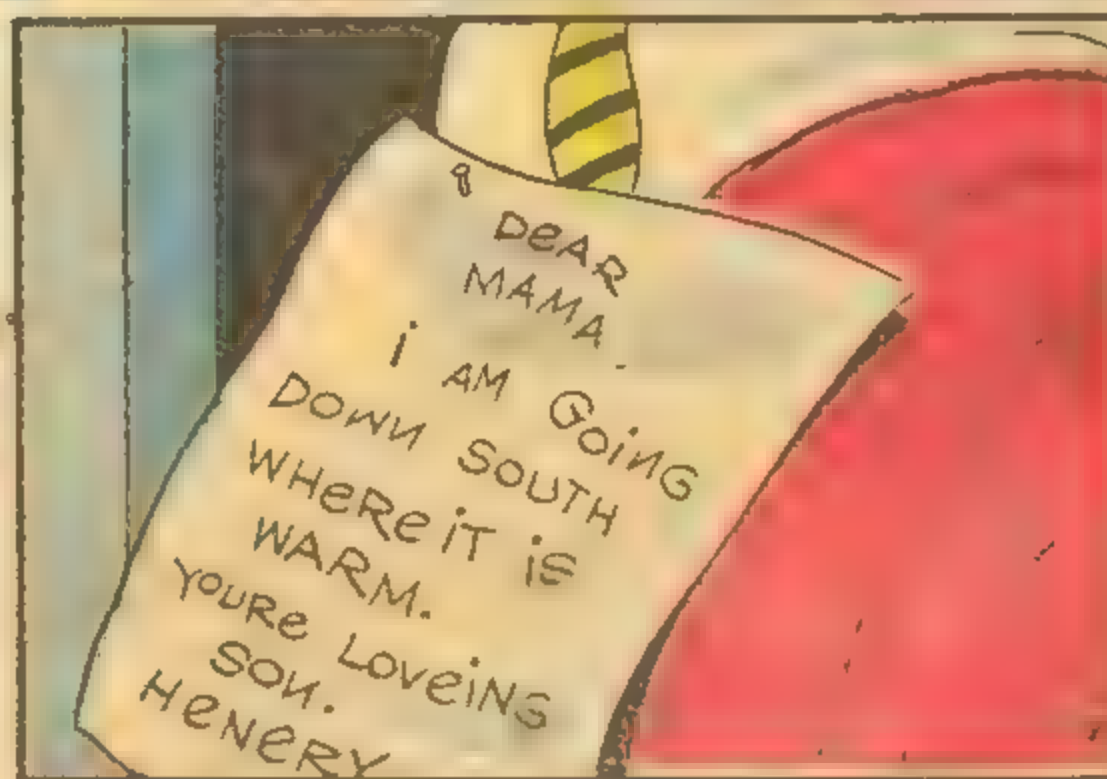
A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

BYE, HENERY! I'LL MEET YOU HERE AT DAWN, BEFORE OUR PARENTS ARE AWAKE!

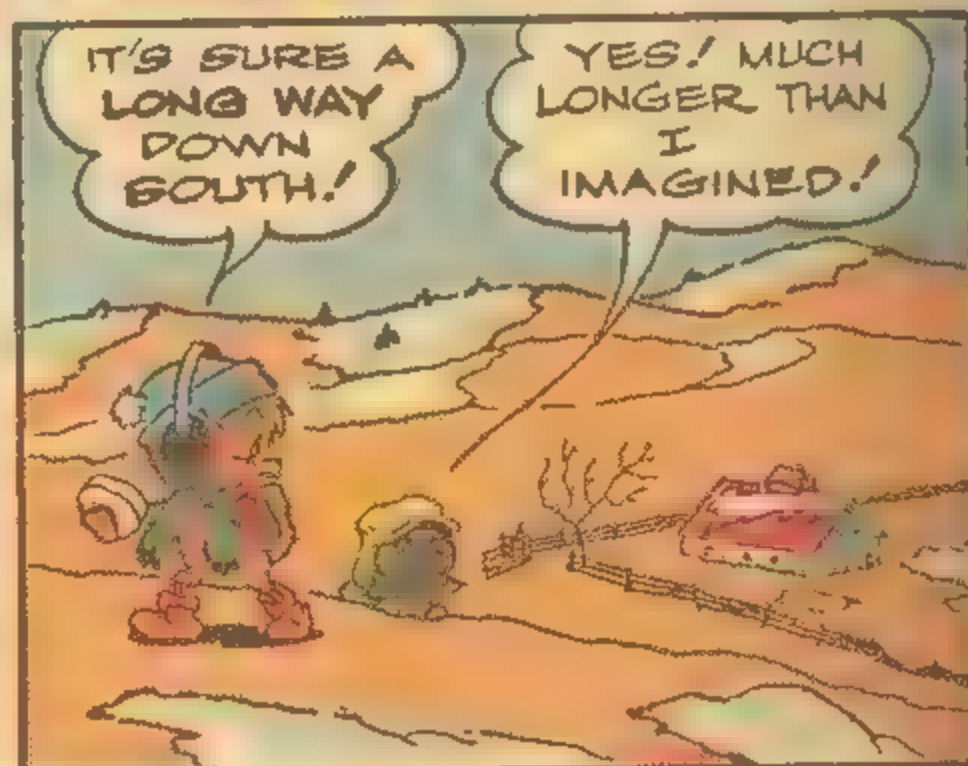
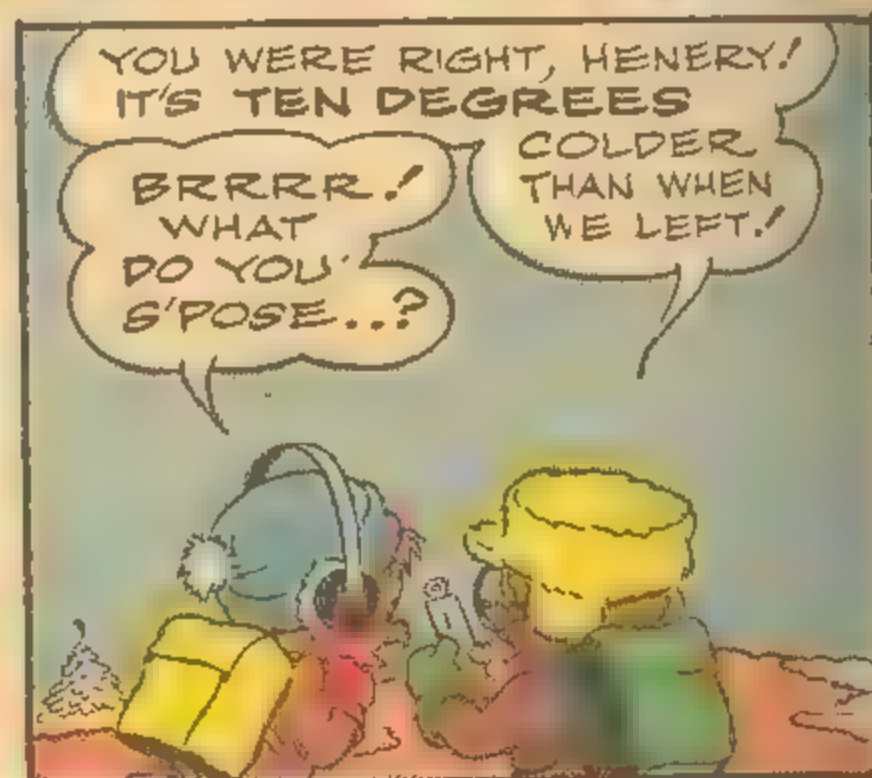
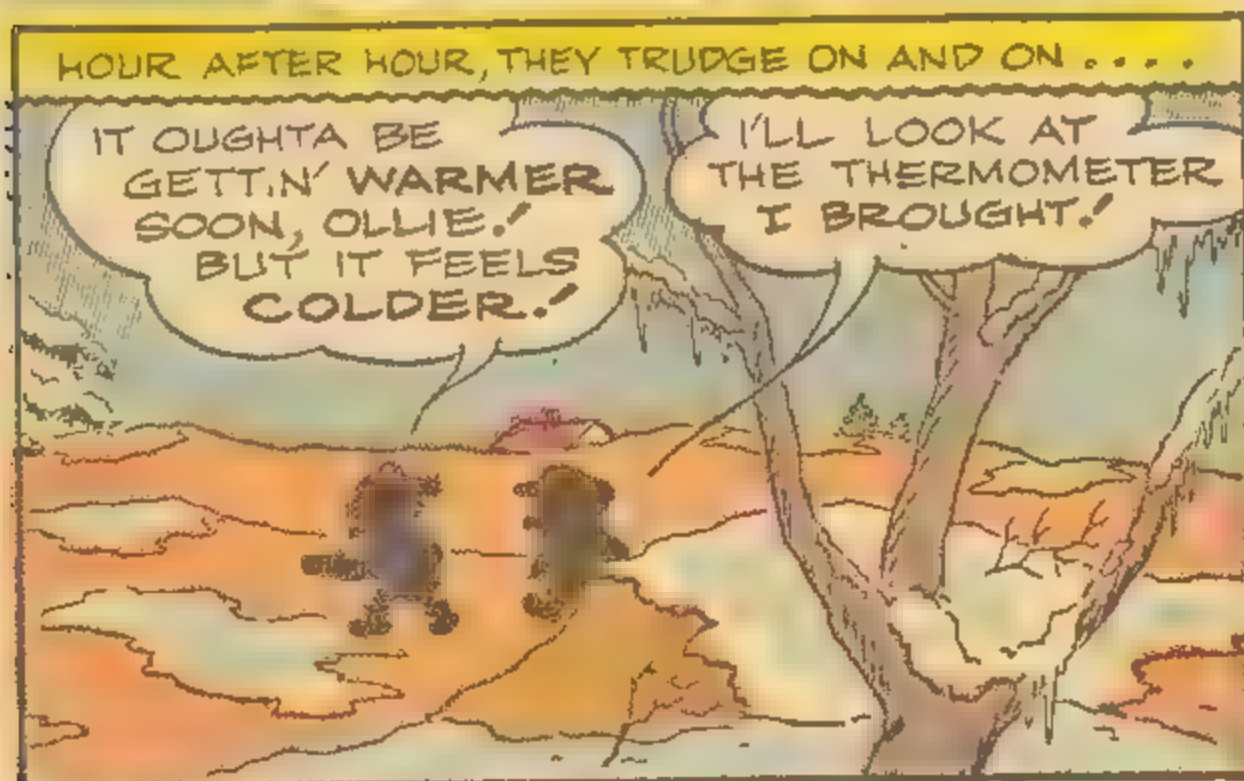
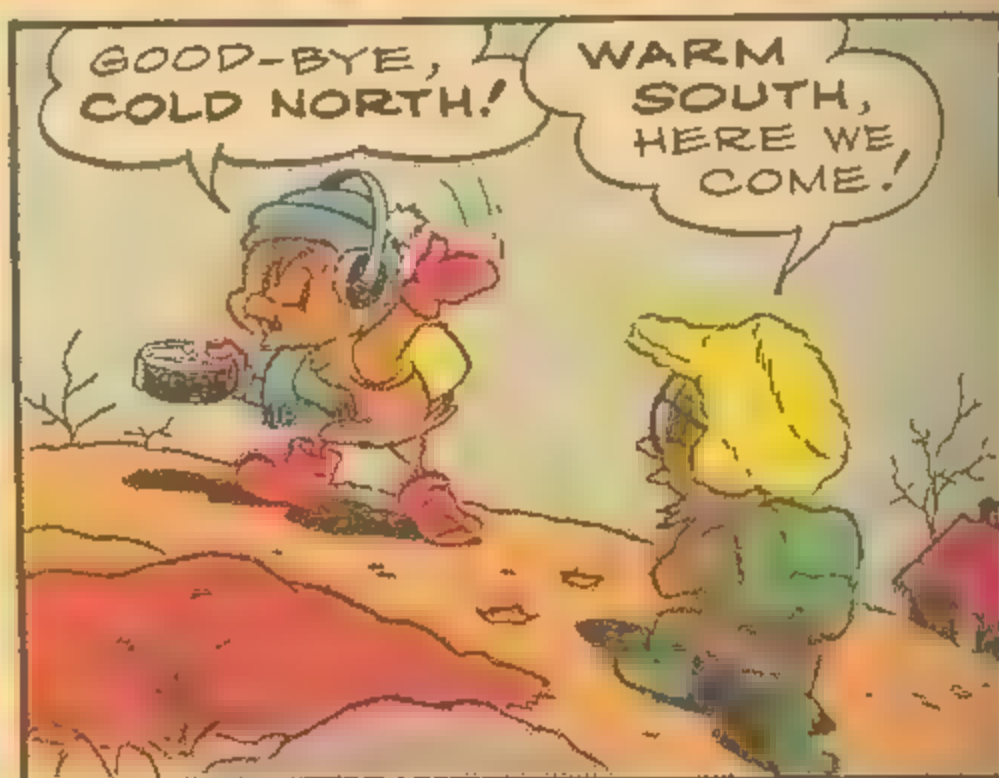
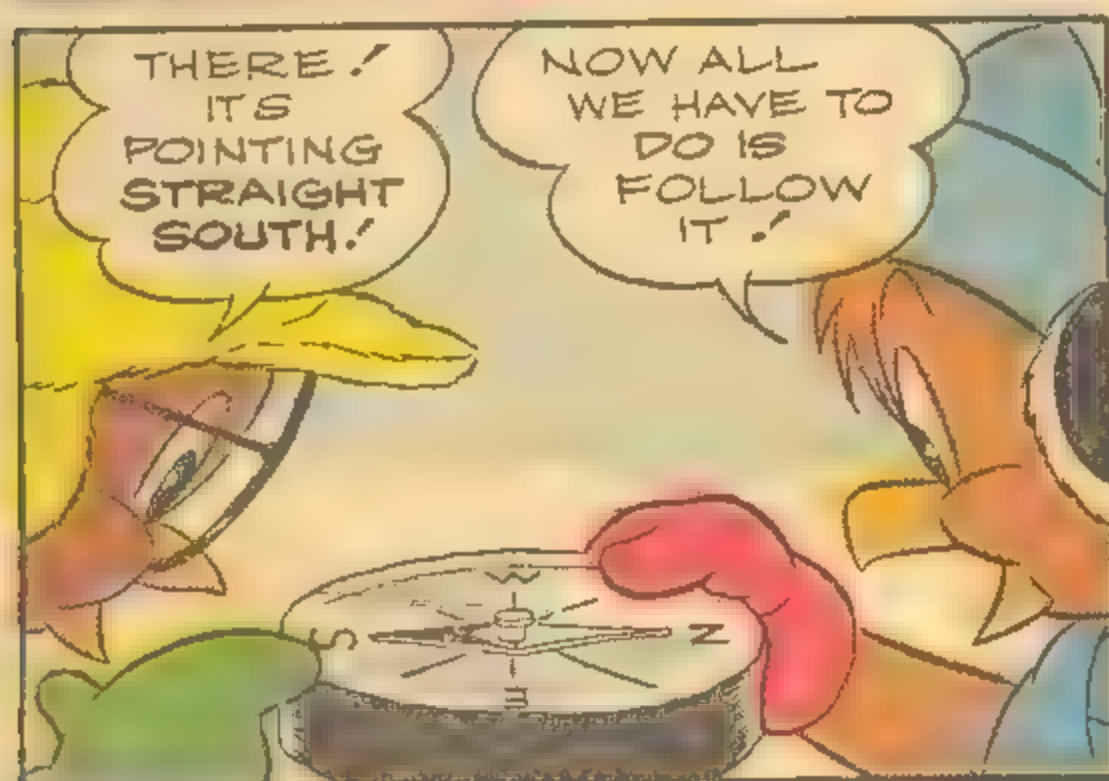
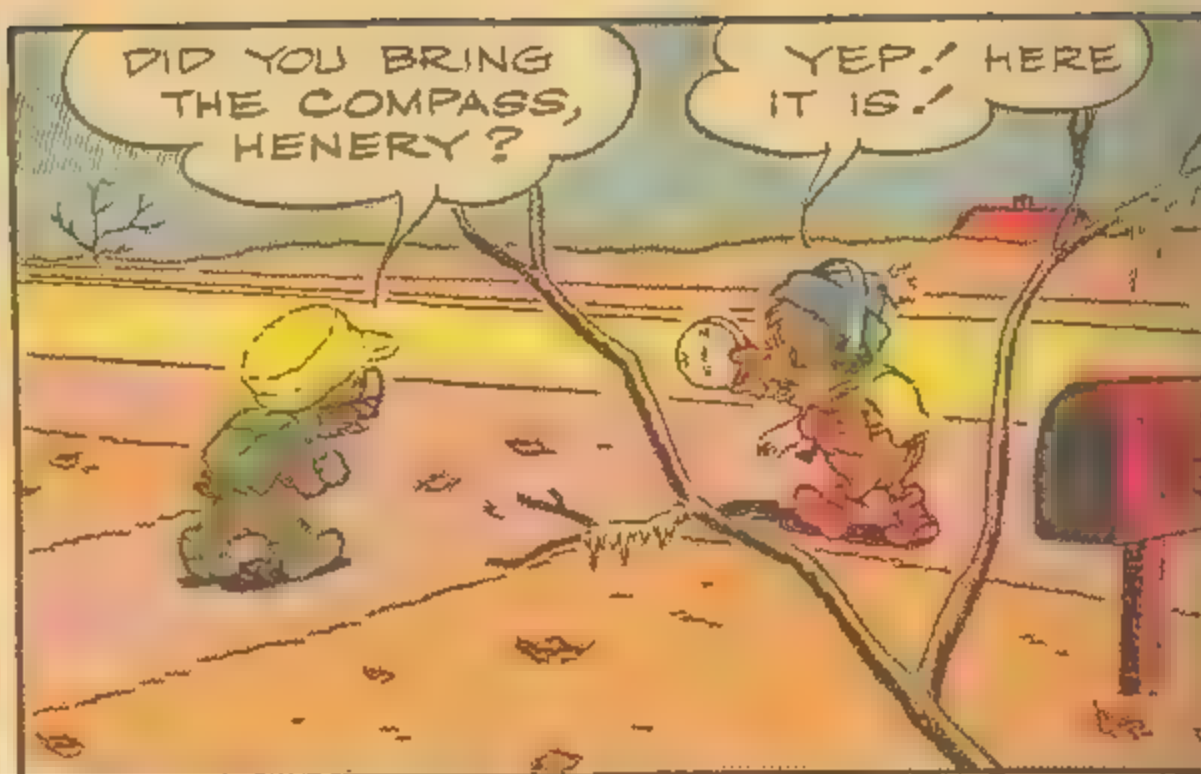
OKAY, OLLIE! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!



SO, VERY, VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...



DEAR MAMA.
I AM GOING DOWN SOUTH WHERE IT IS WARM.
YOU'RE LOVEING SON.
HENERY



DAY AFTER DAY, THEY TRUDGE ON AND ON..



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THEY FIND SHELTER...



AND FINALLY....

IT'S GETTING
COLDER
AND
COLDER, OLLIE!

AND THE SNOW'S
GETTING DEEPER
AND DEEPER!

I KNOW! AND I DON'T
UNDERSTAND! THE
SOUTH MUST BE
HAVING A PHENOMENAL
COLD WAVE!



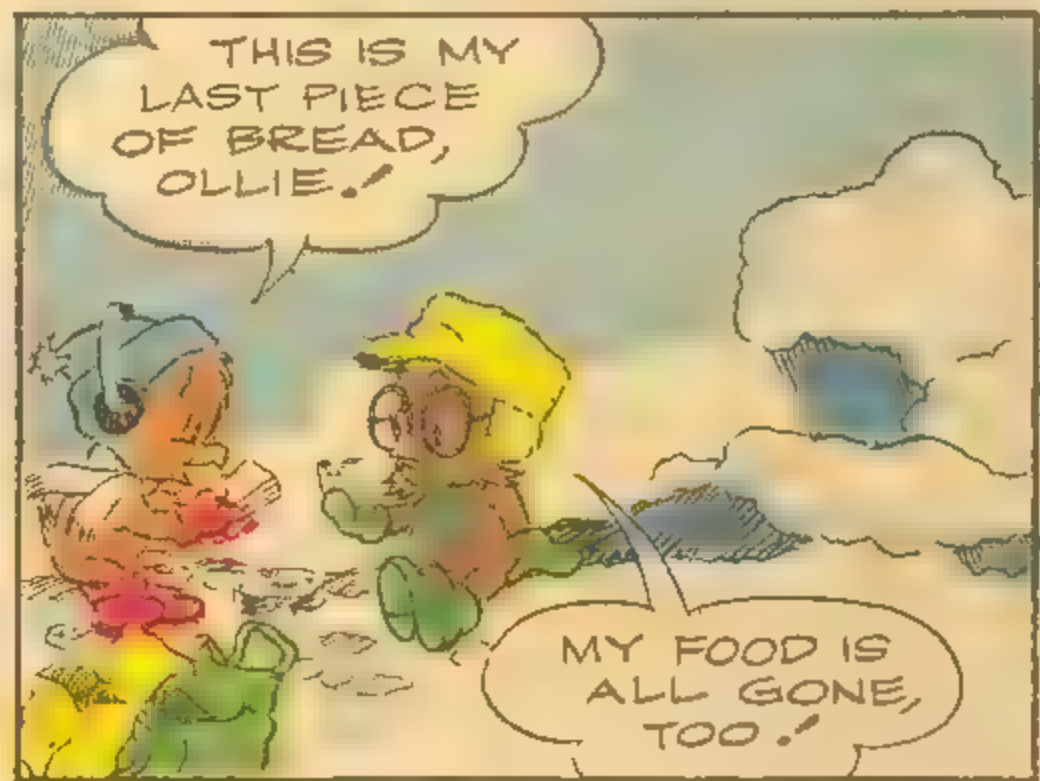
MAYBE WE'RE
L-LOST,
OLLIE!

WE CAN'T BE LOST!
WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING
THE COMPASS AND
AND WE'RE GOING
DIRECTLY SOUTH! LET'S
STOP AND
EAT!



THIS IS MY
LAST PIECE
OF BREAD,
OLLIE!

MY FOOD IS
ALL GONE,
TOO!



OUR FLIGHT IS SERIOUS, HENERY!
THERE AIN'T NO CIVI...
CIVI... YOU KNOW WHAT!
THERE'S NOTHIN' BUT
SNOW IN FRONT OF
US, BEHIND US, AND ALL
AROUND US!

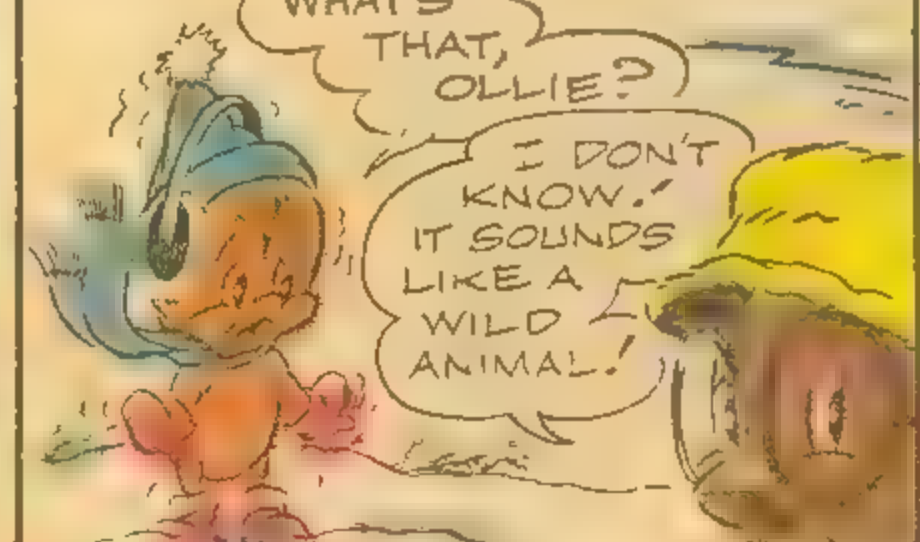
LET'S SEARCH
FOR SIGNS
OF
CIVILIZATION!

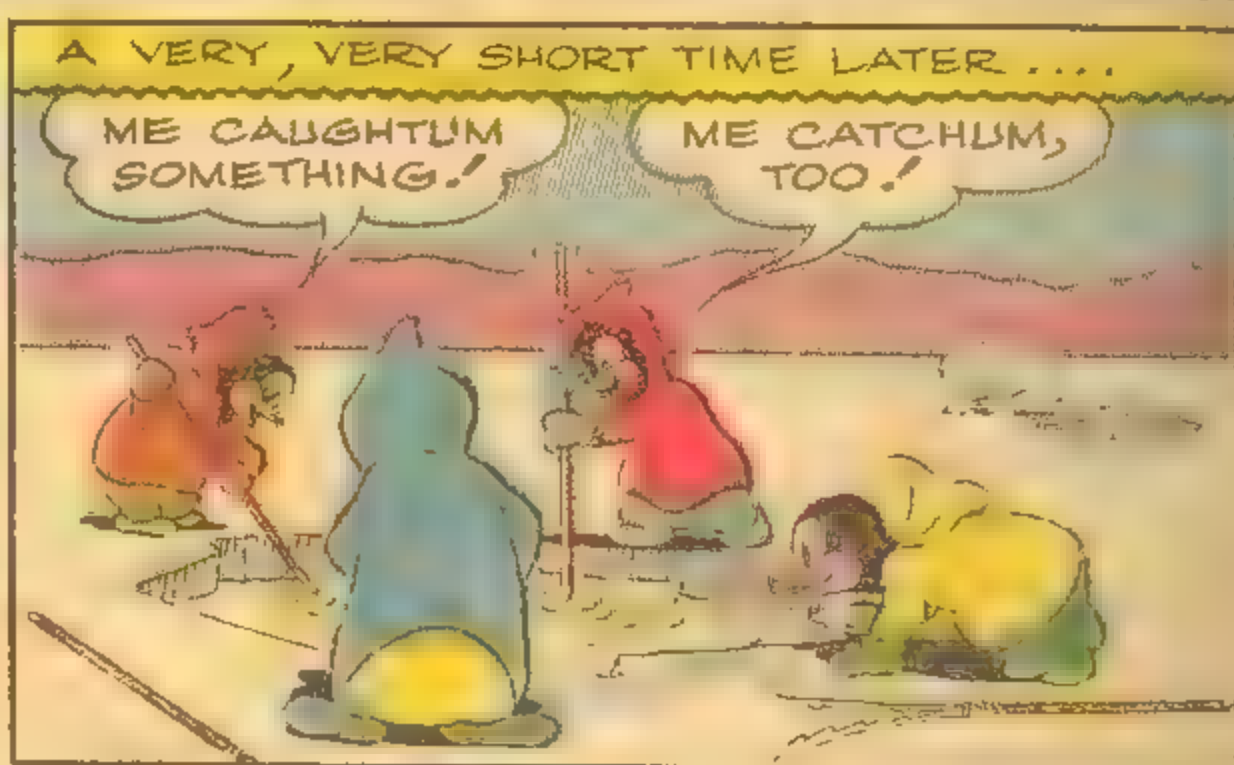
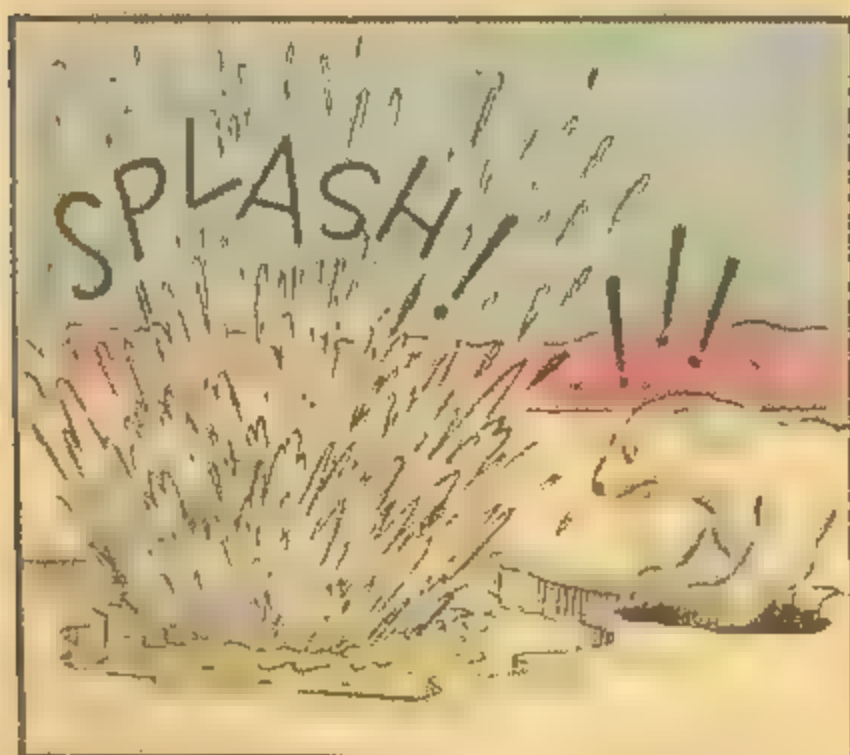
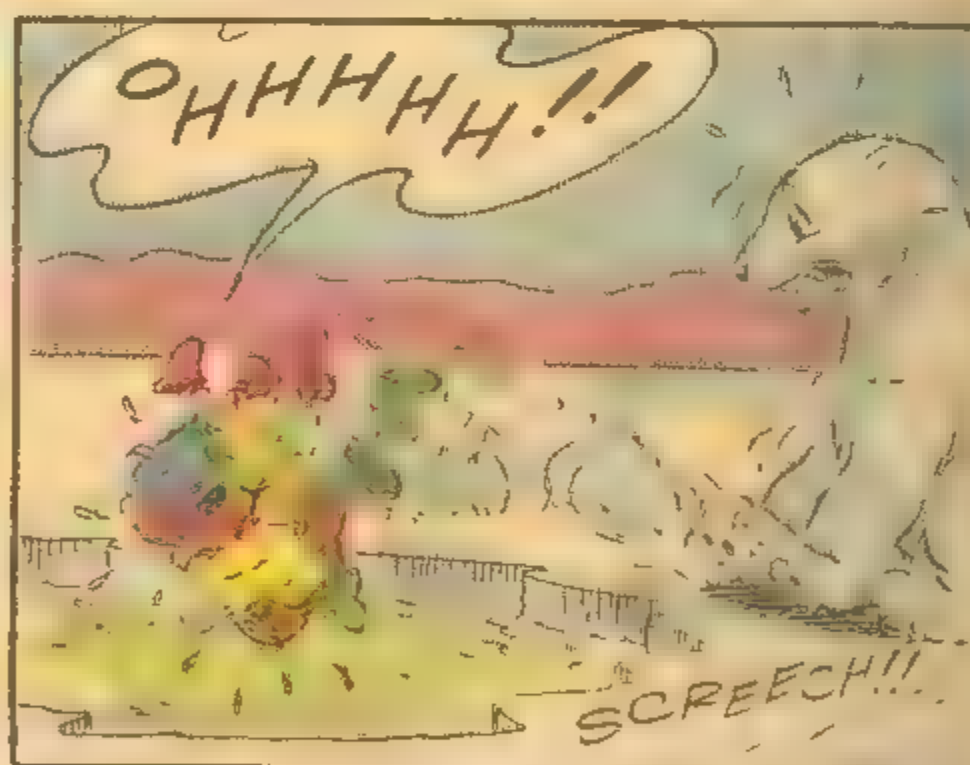
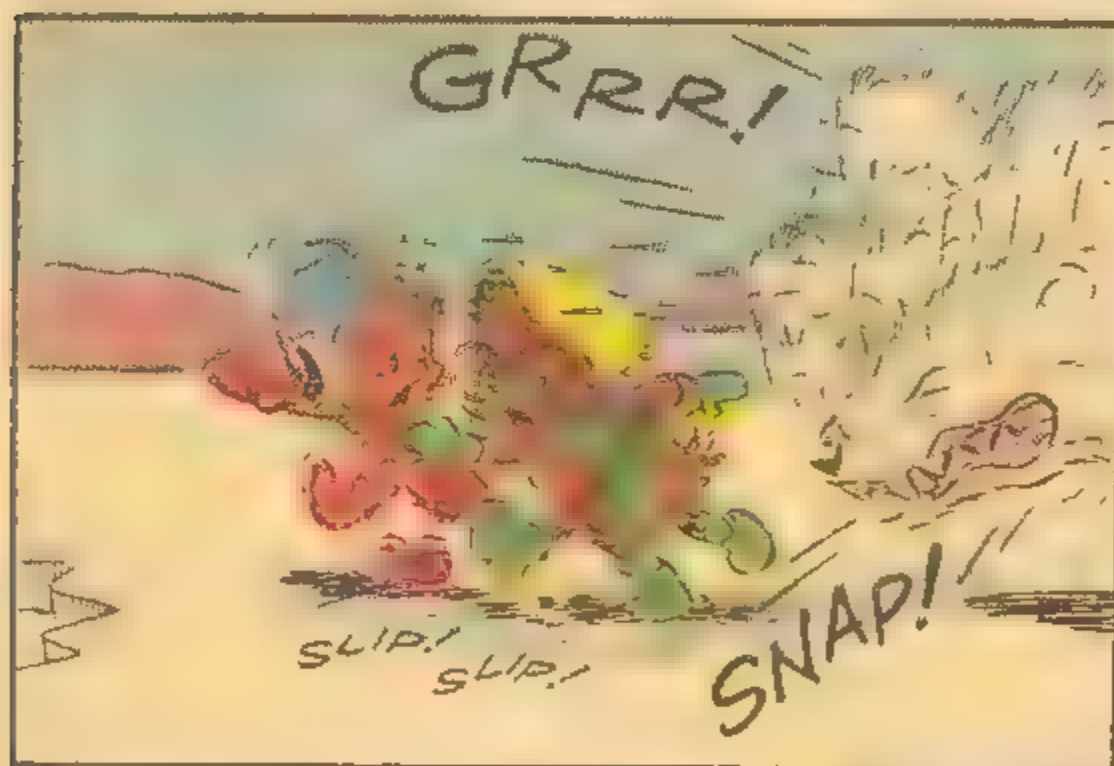
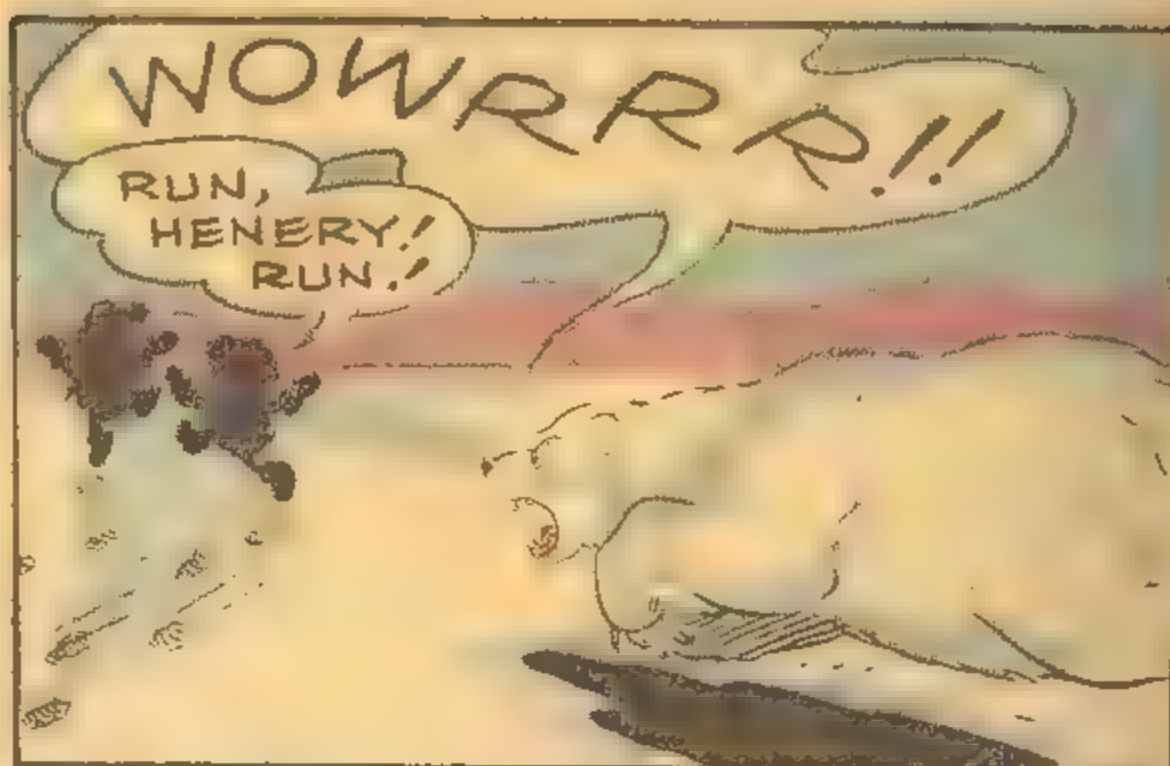


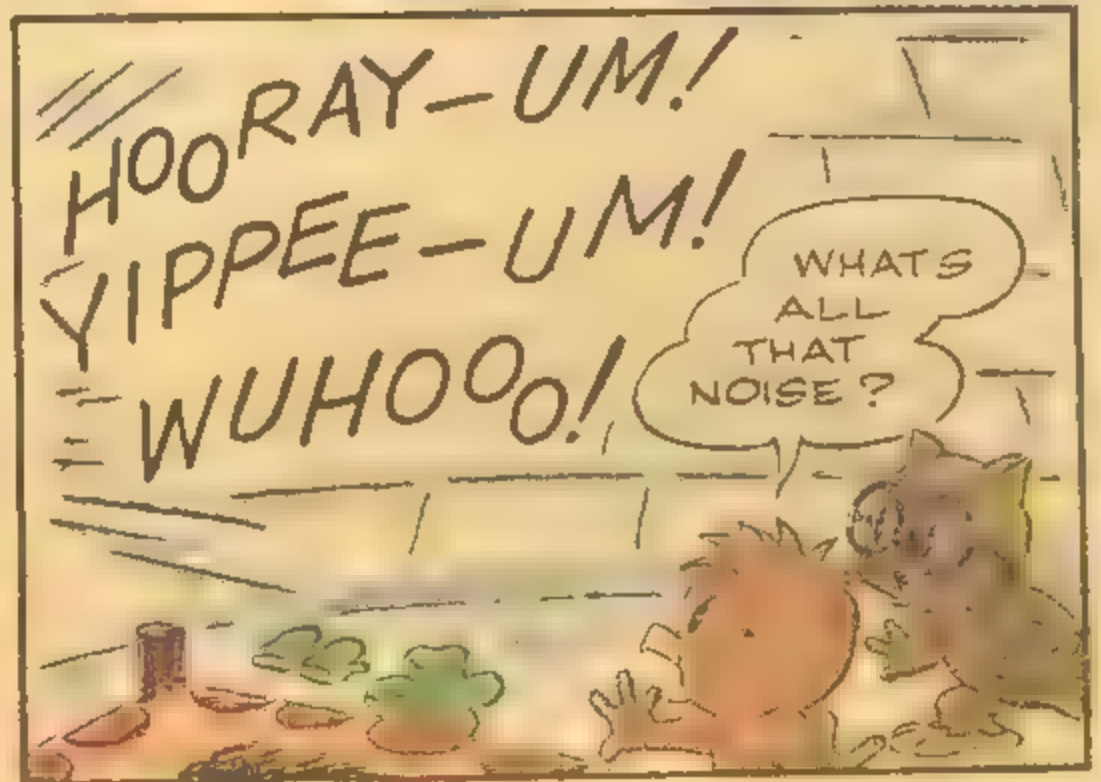
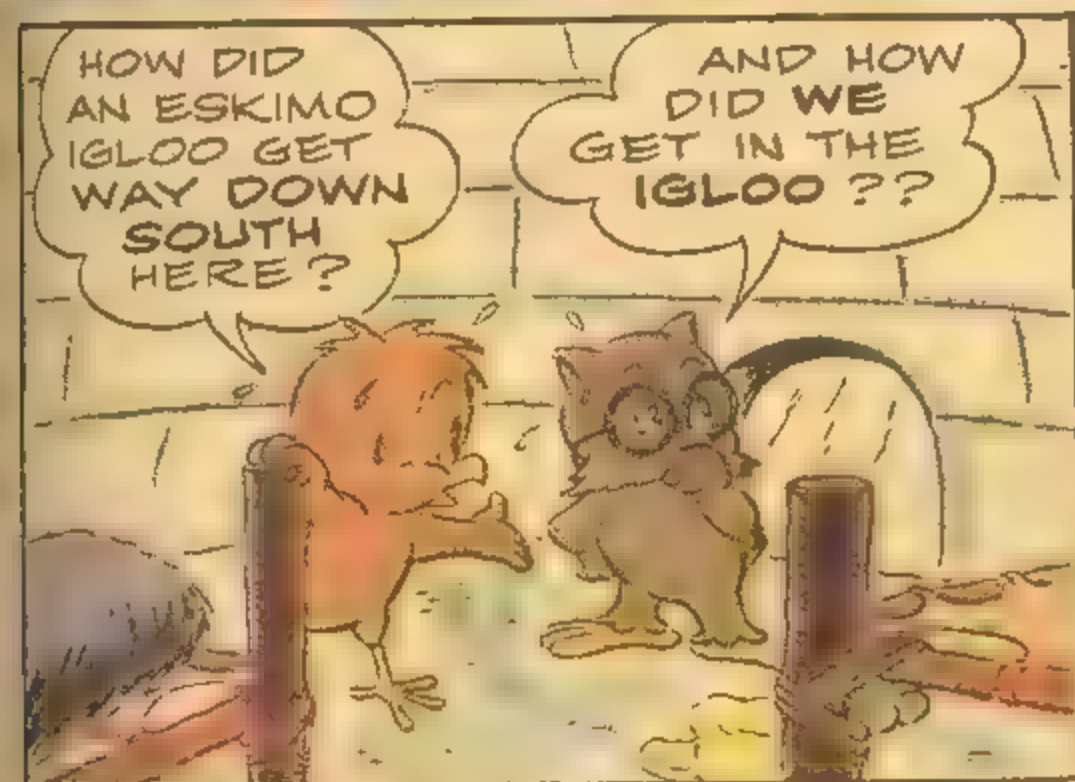
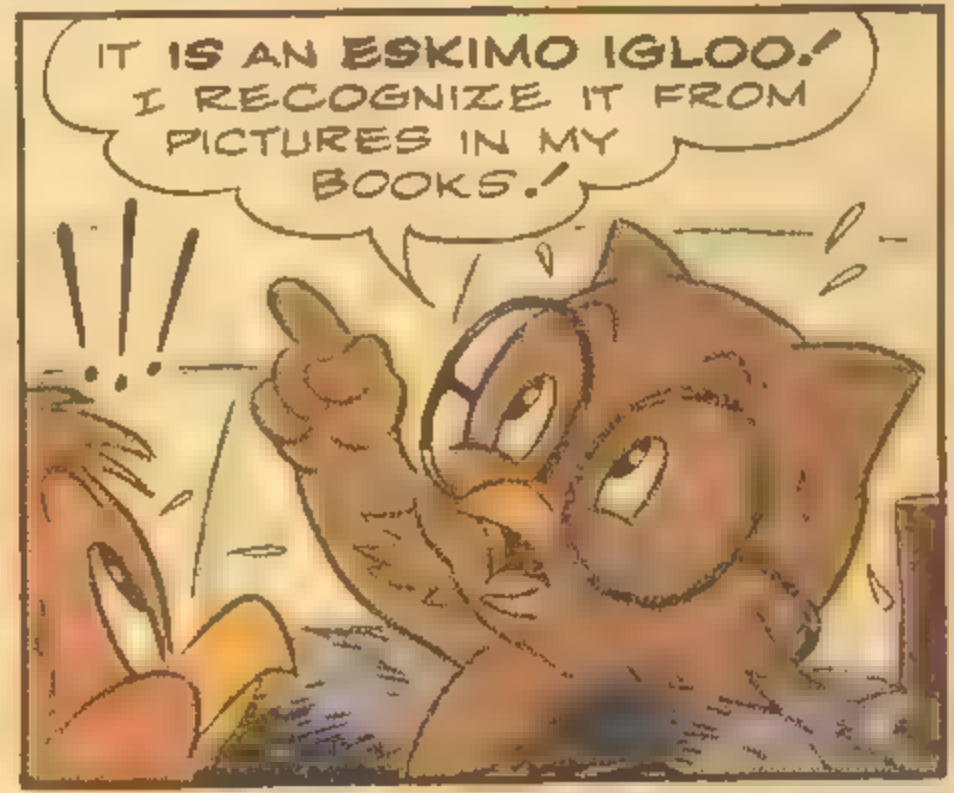
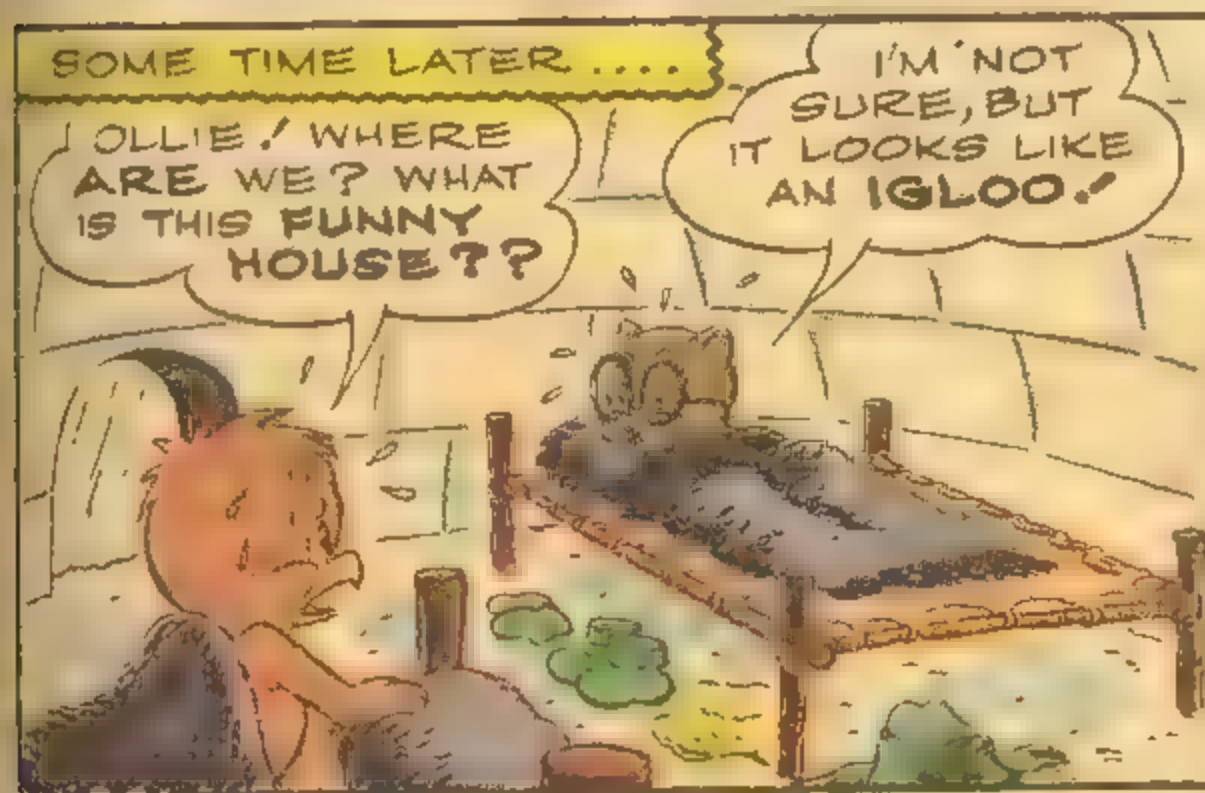
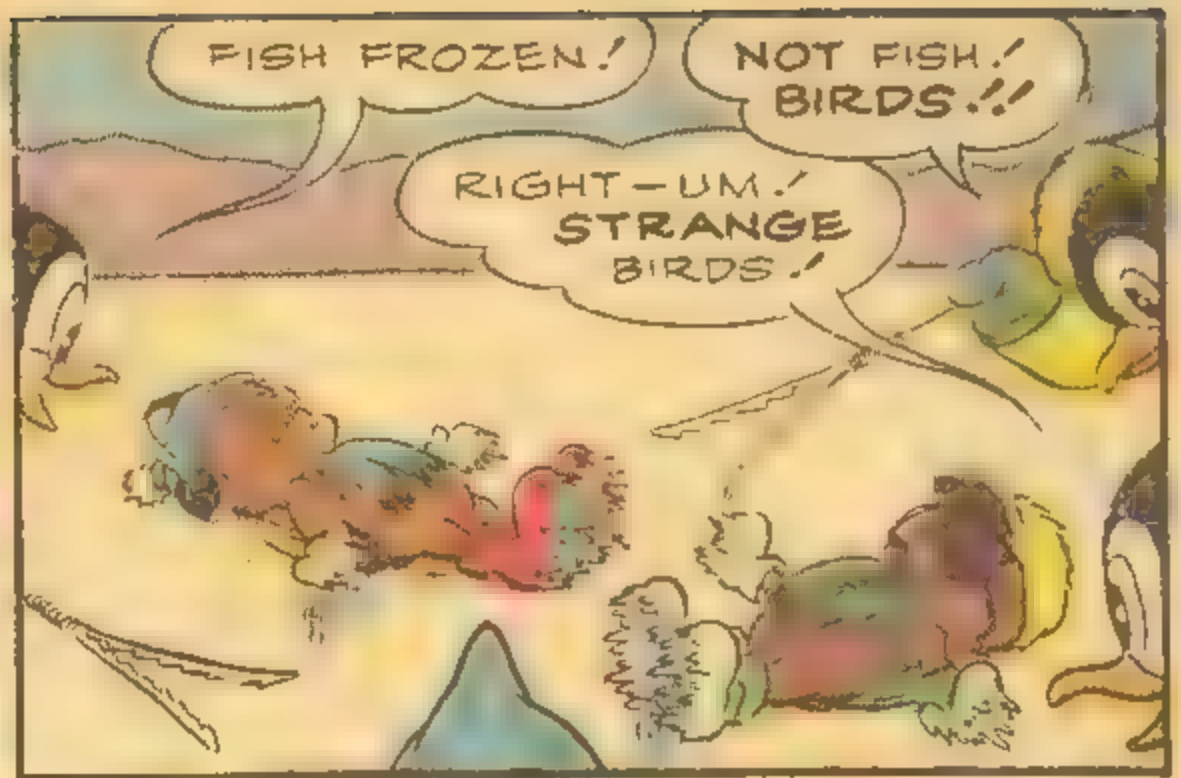
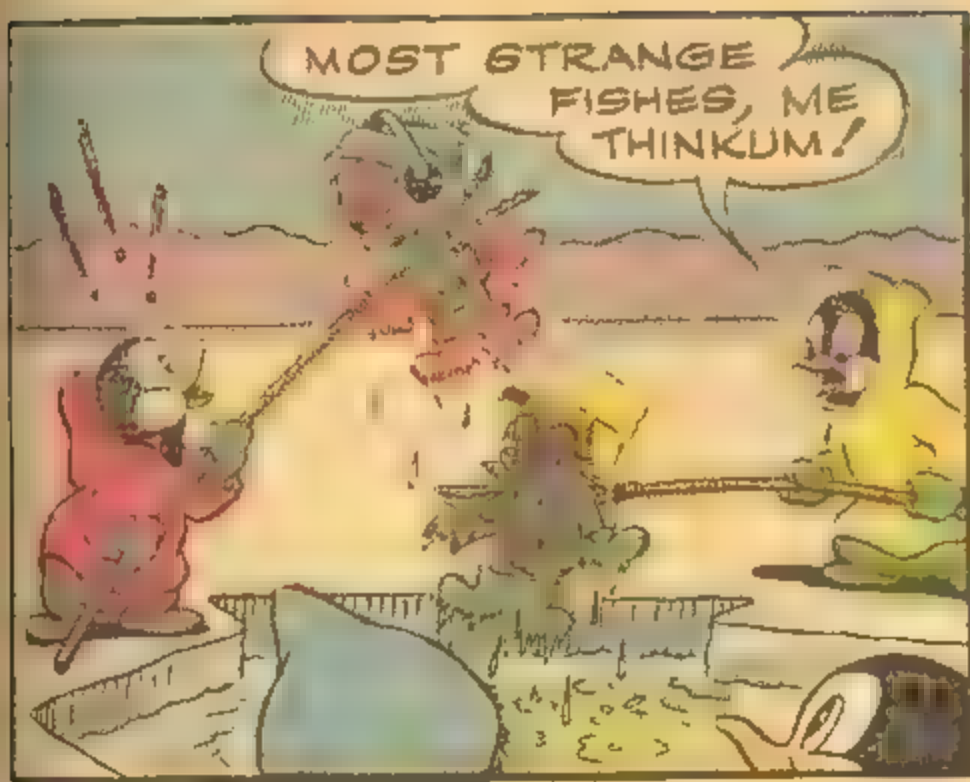
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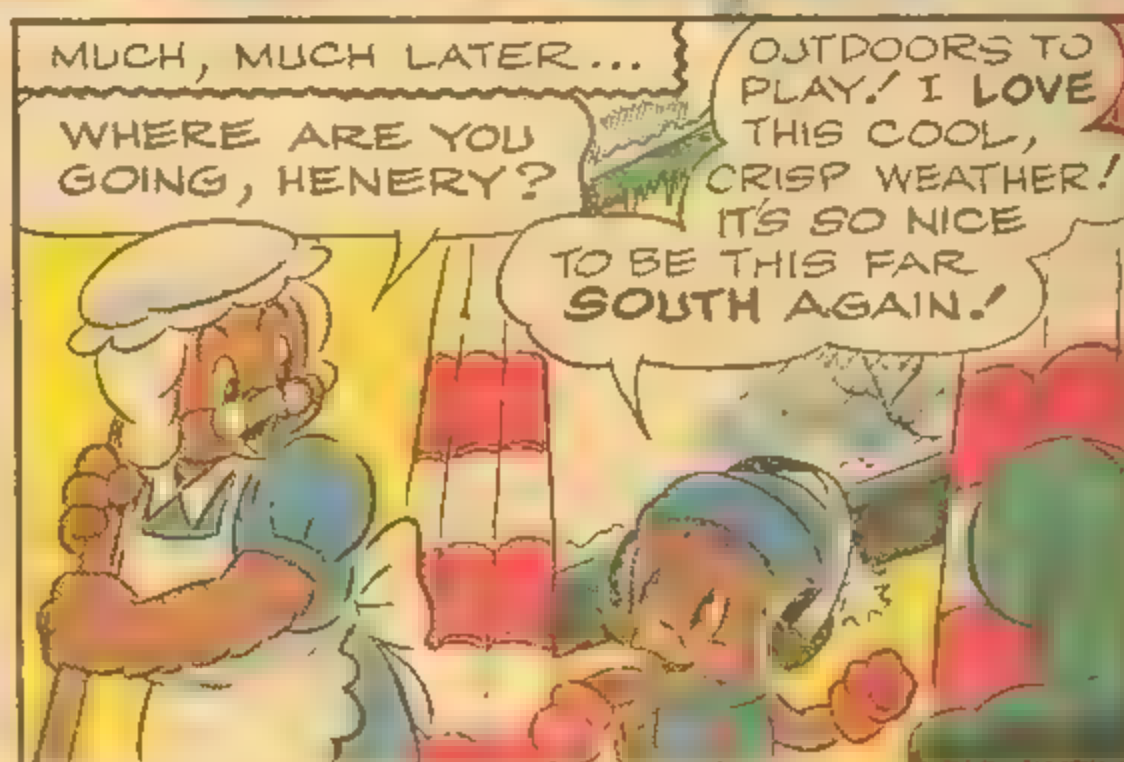
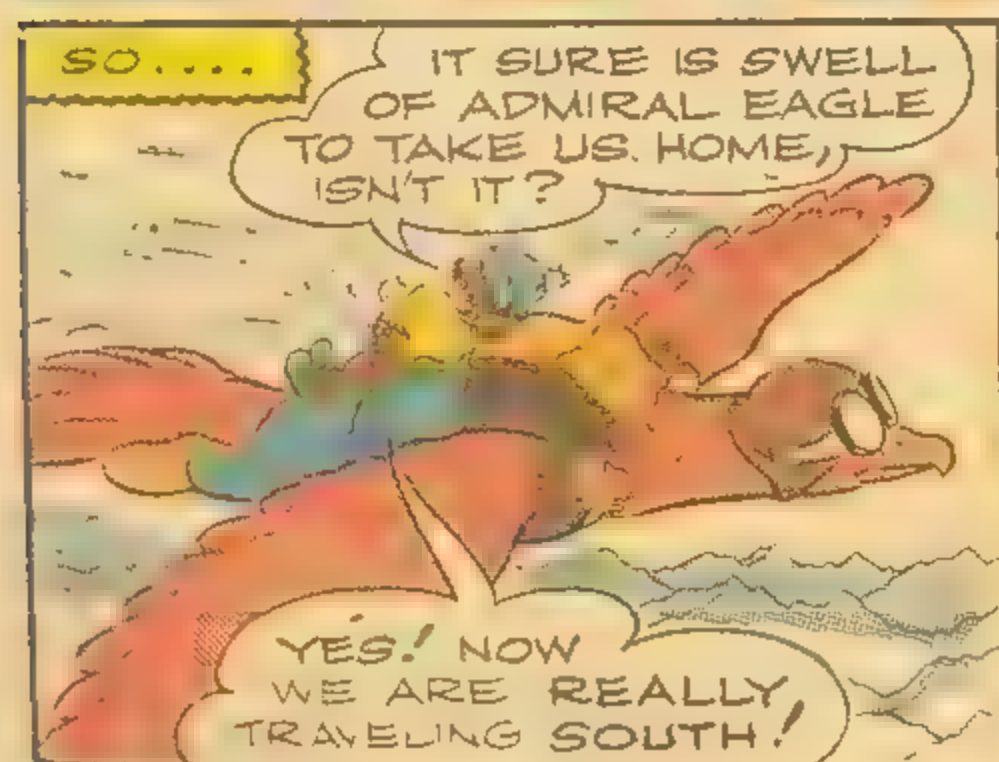
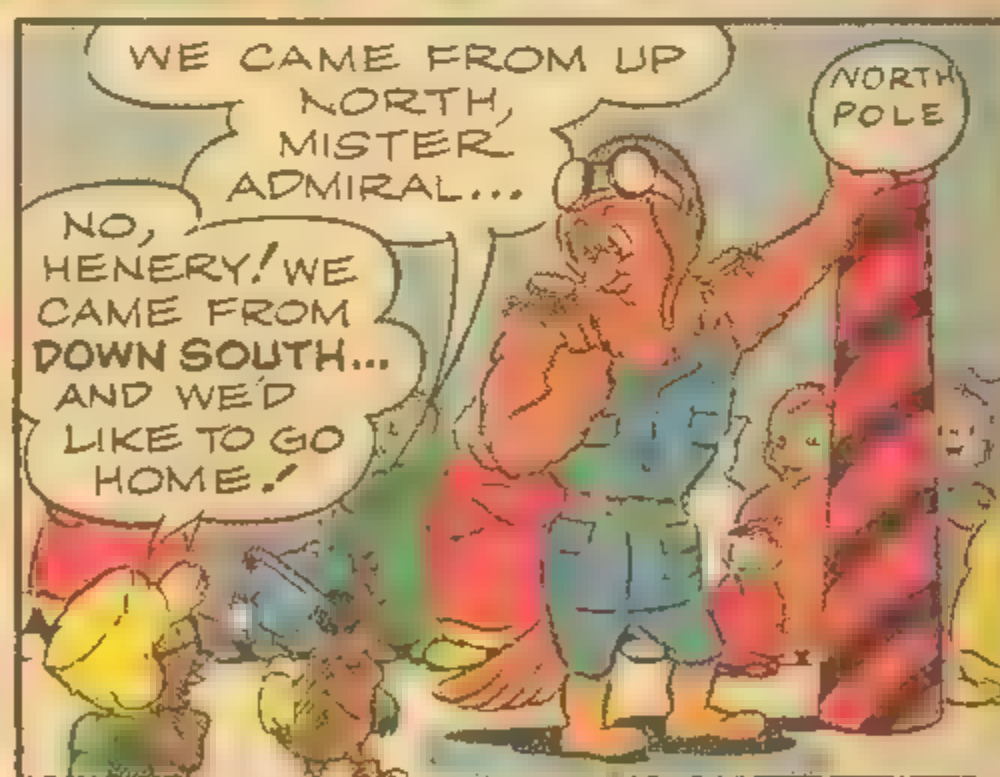
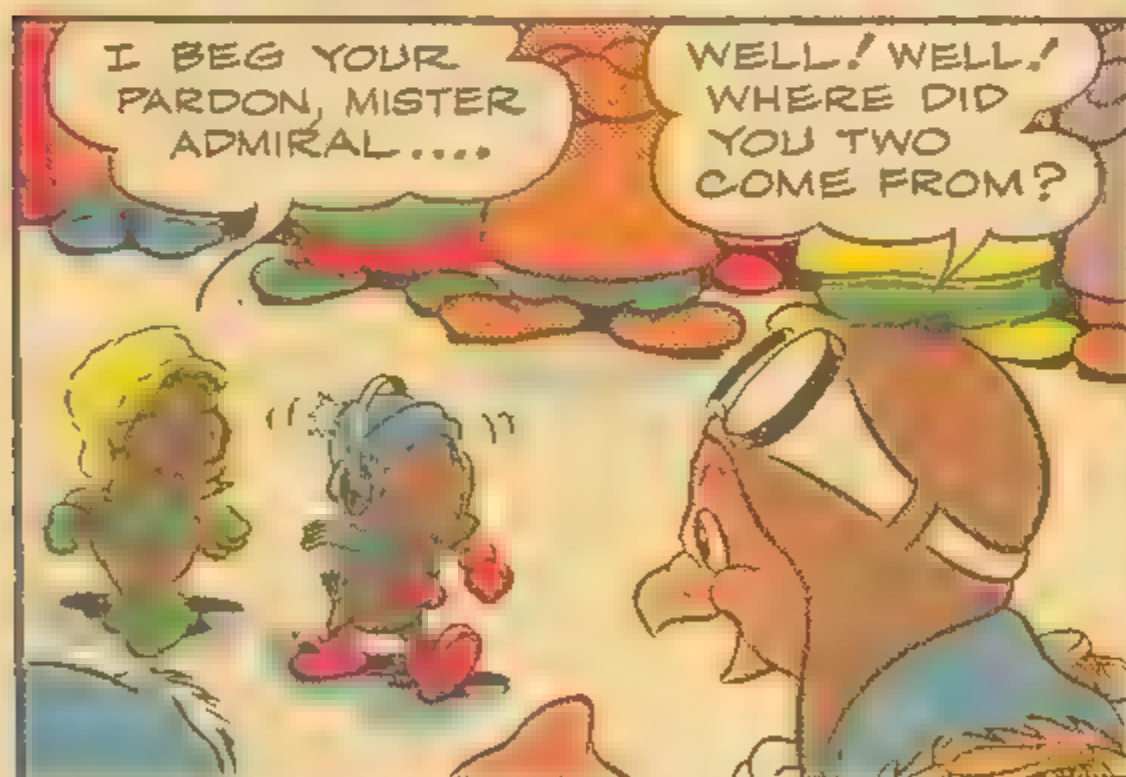
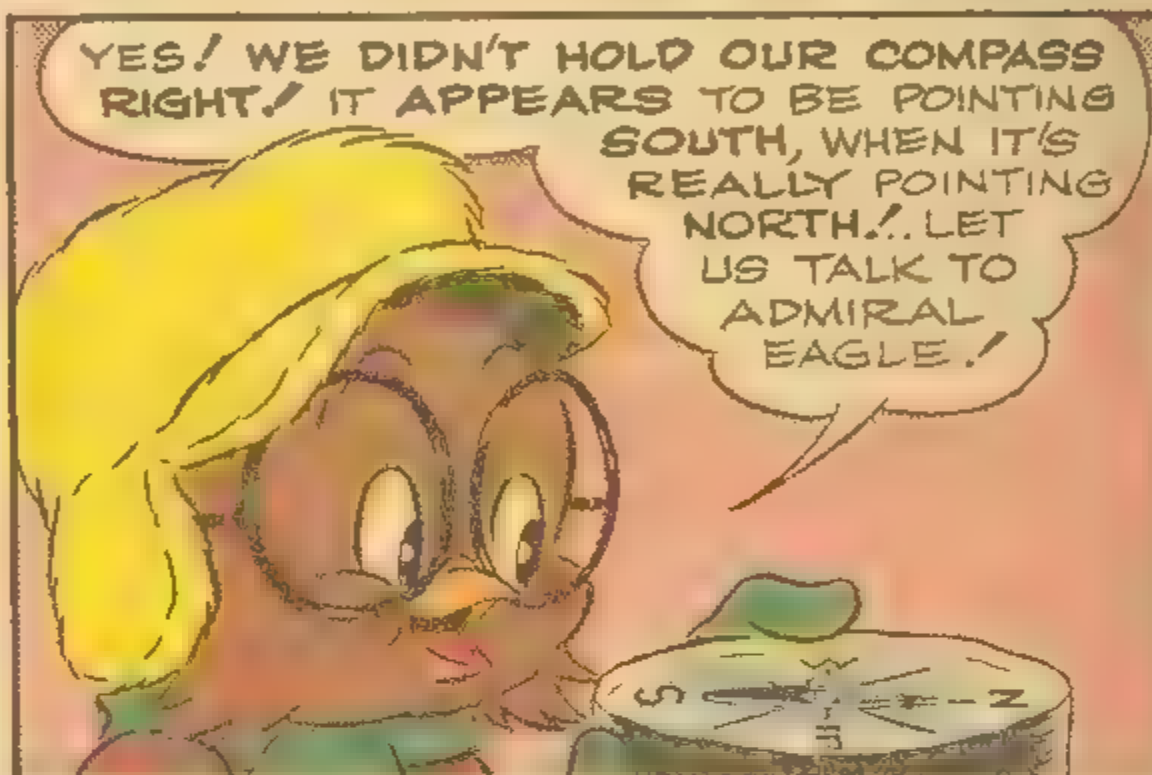
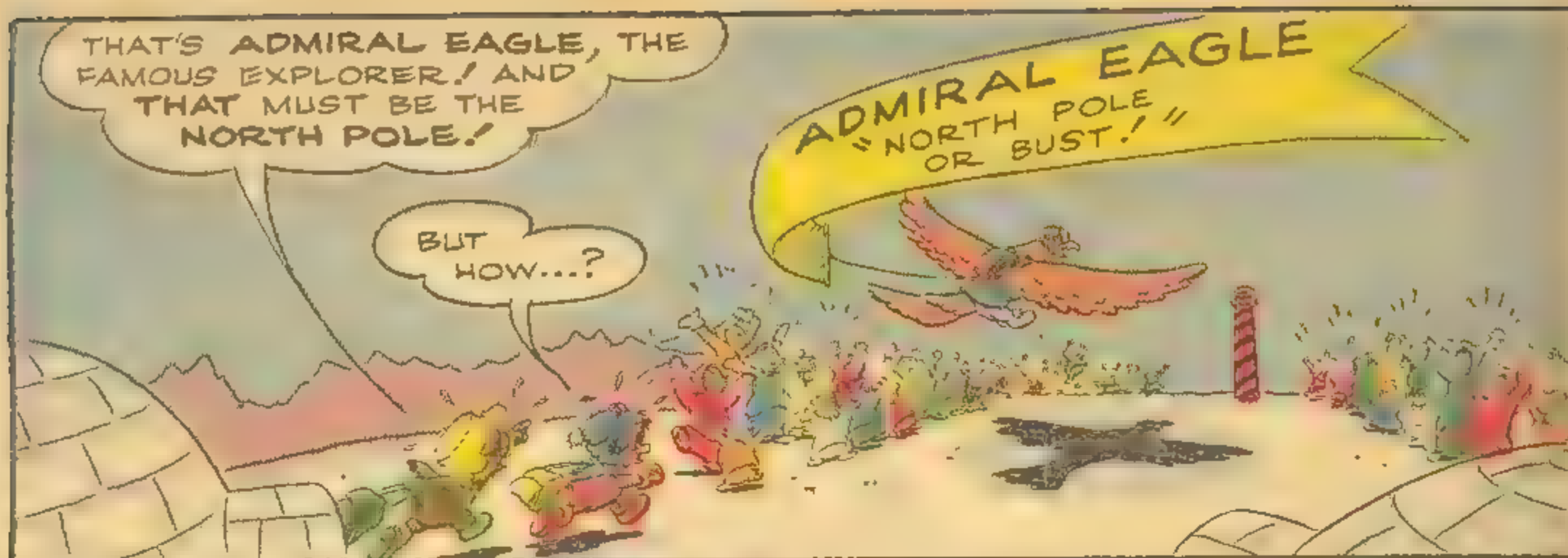
WHAT'S
THAT,
OLLIE?

I DON'T
KNOW!
IT SOUNDS
LIKE A
WILD
ANIMAL!



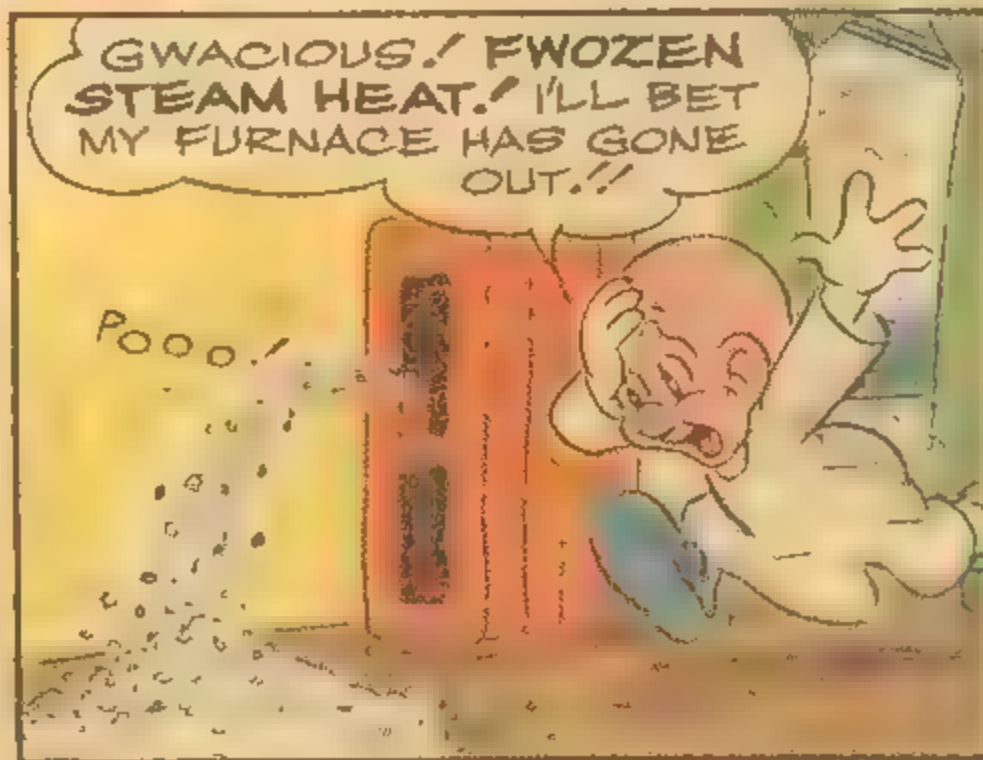
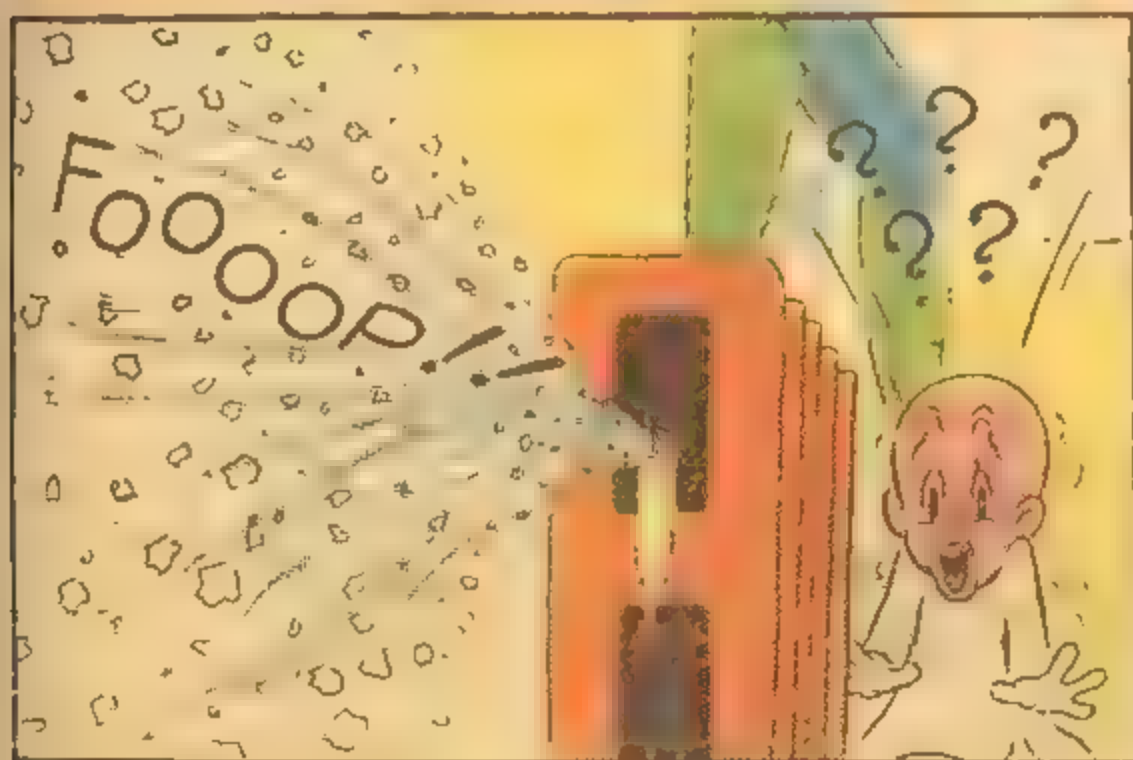
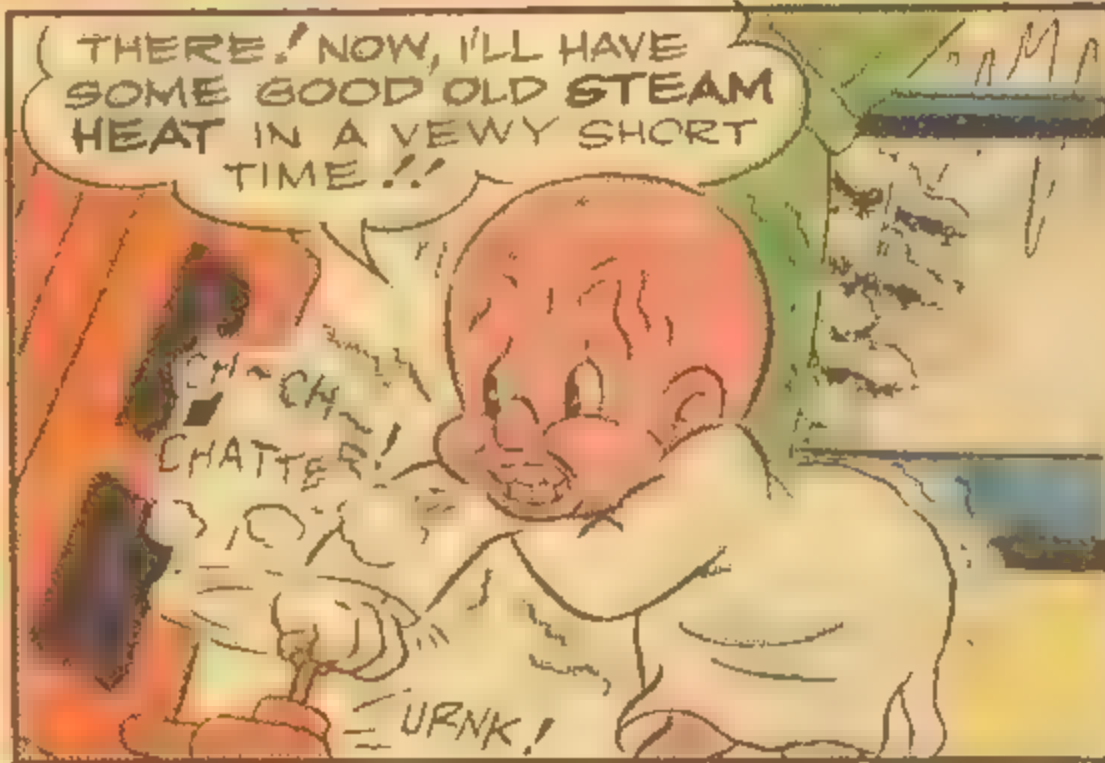
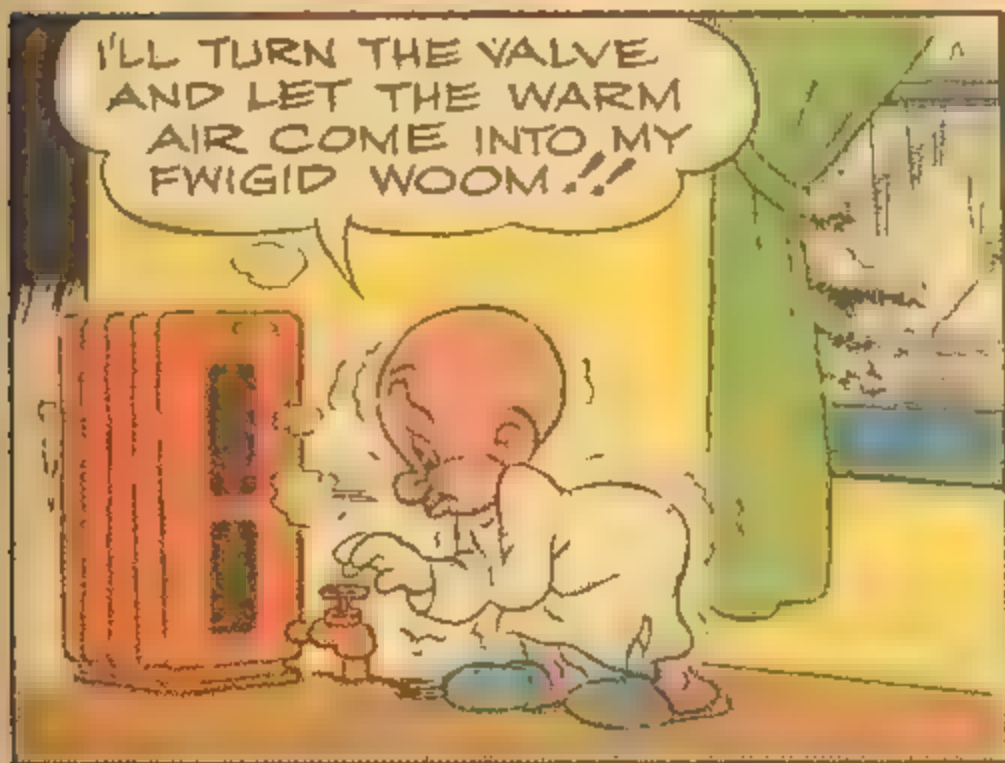
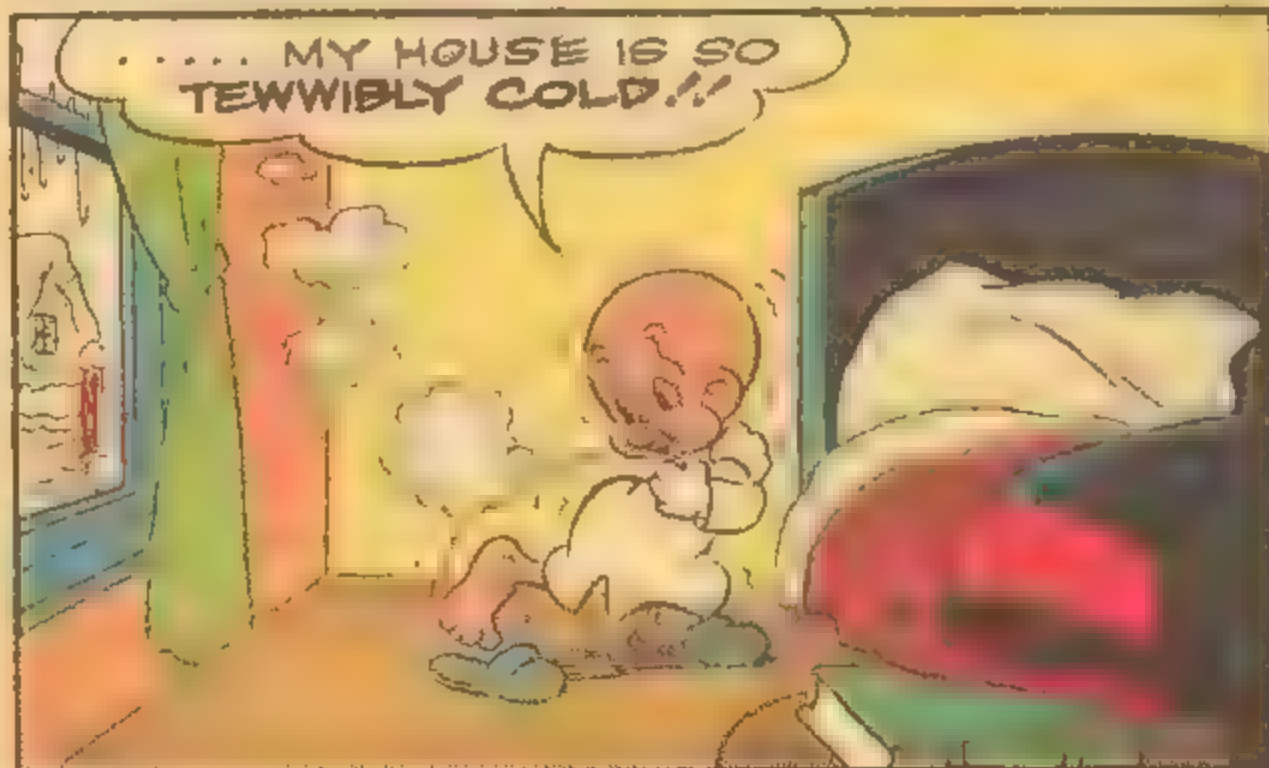
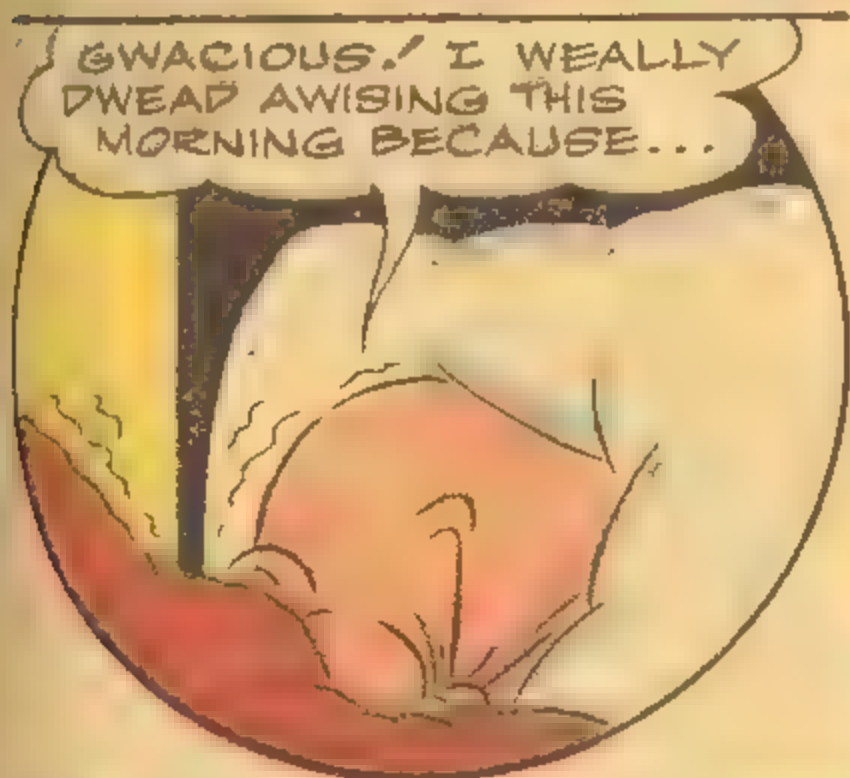


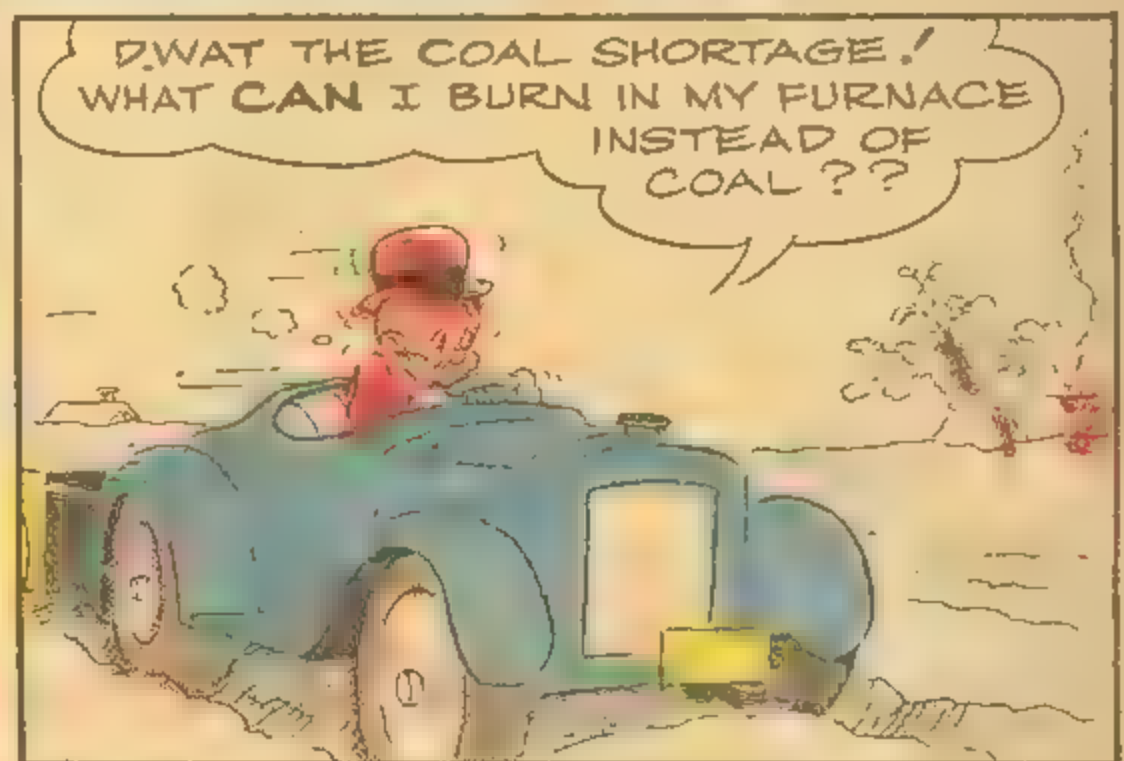
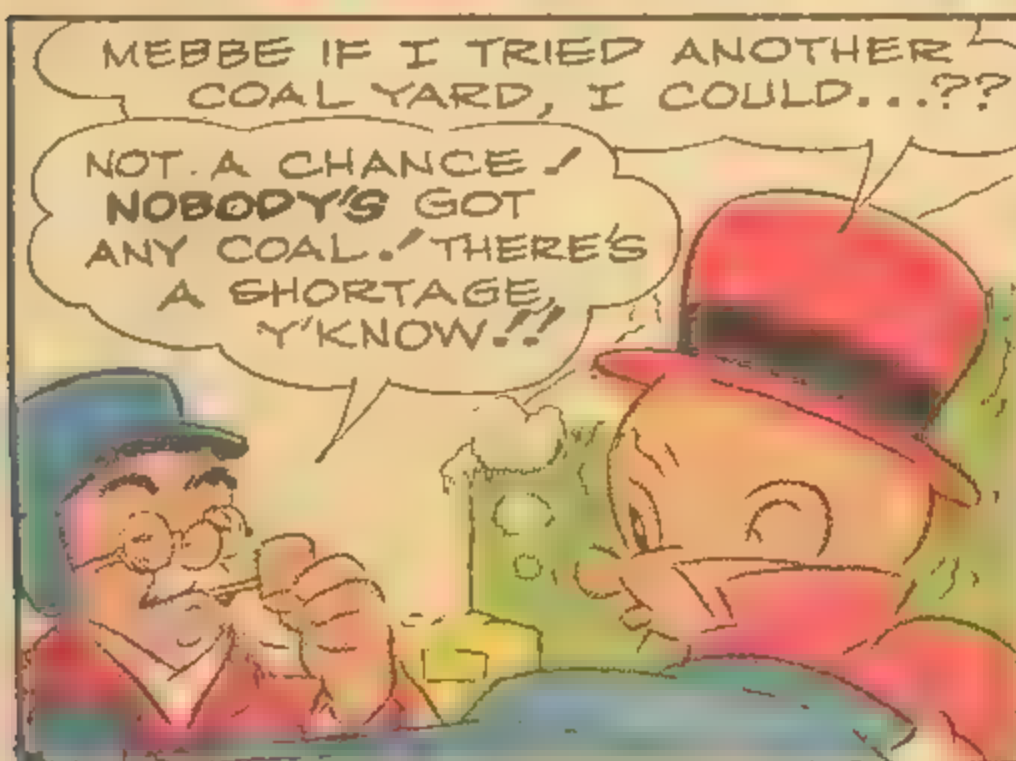
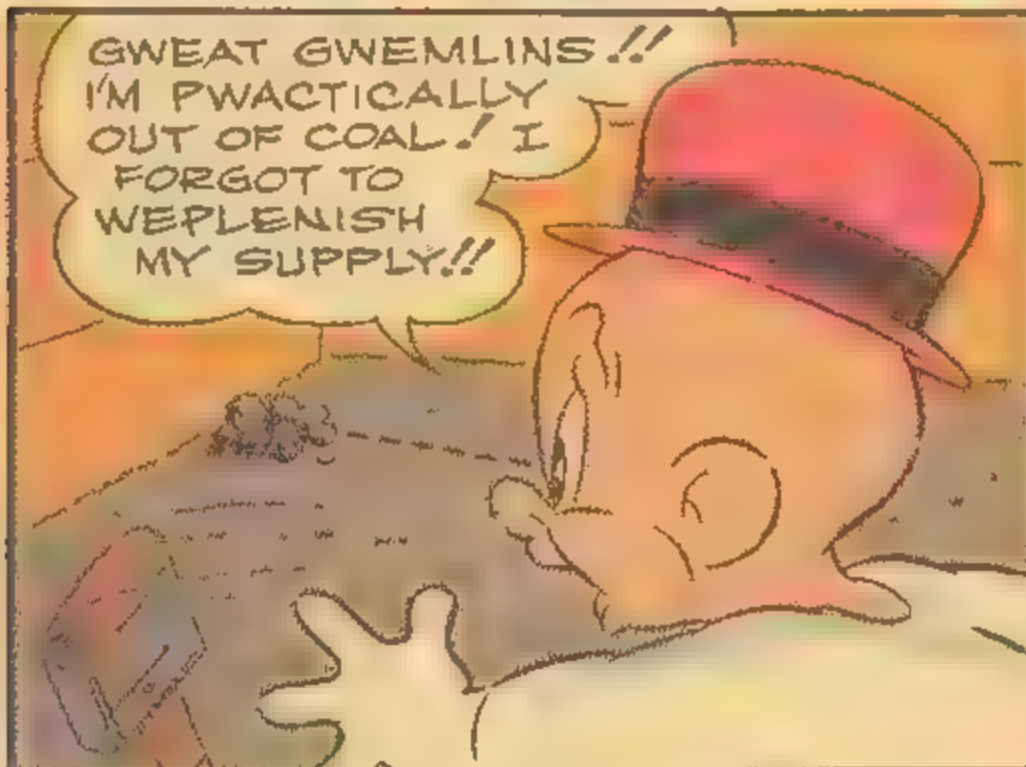


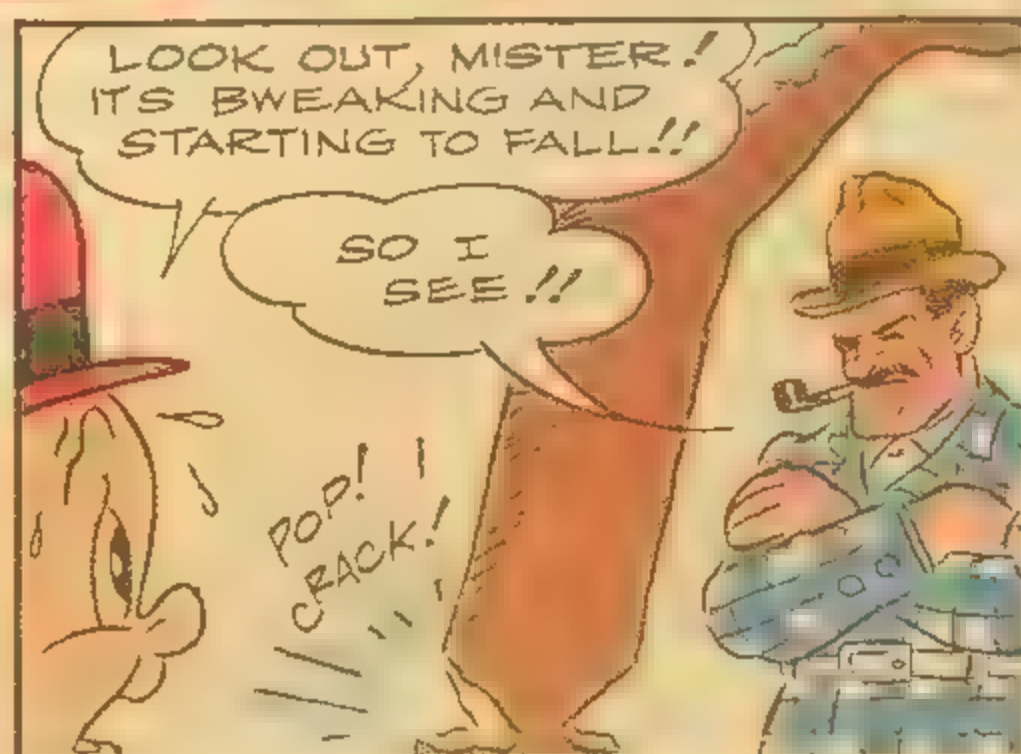
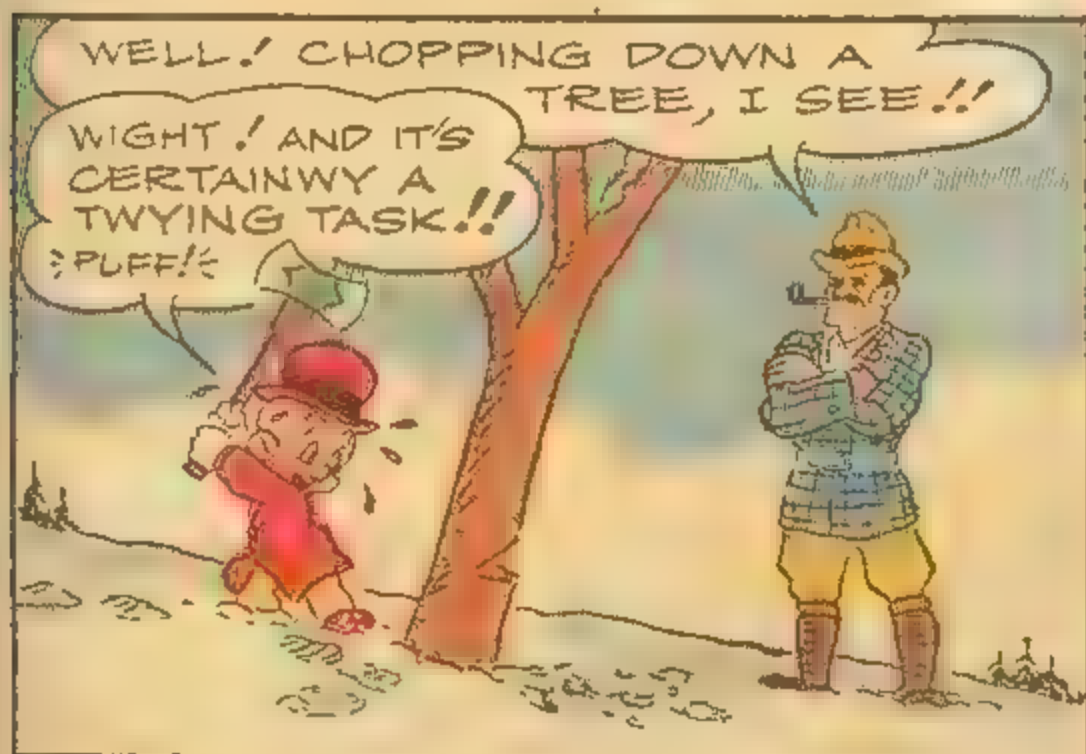
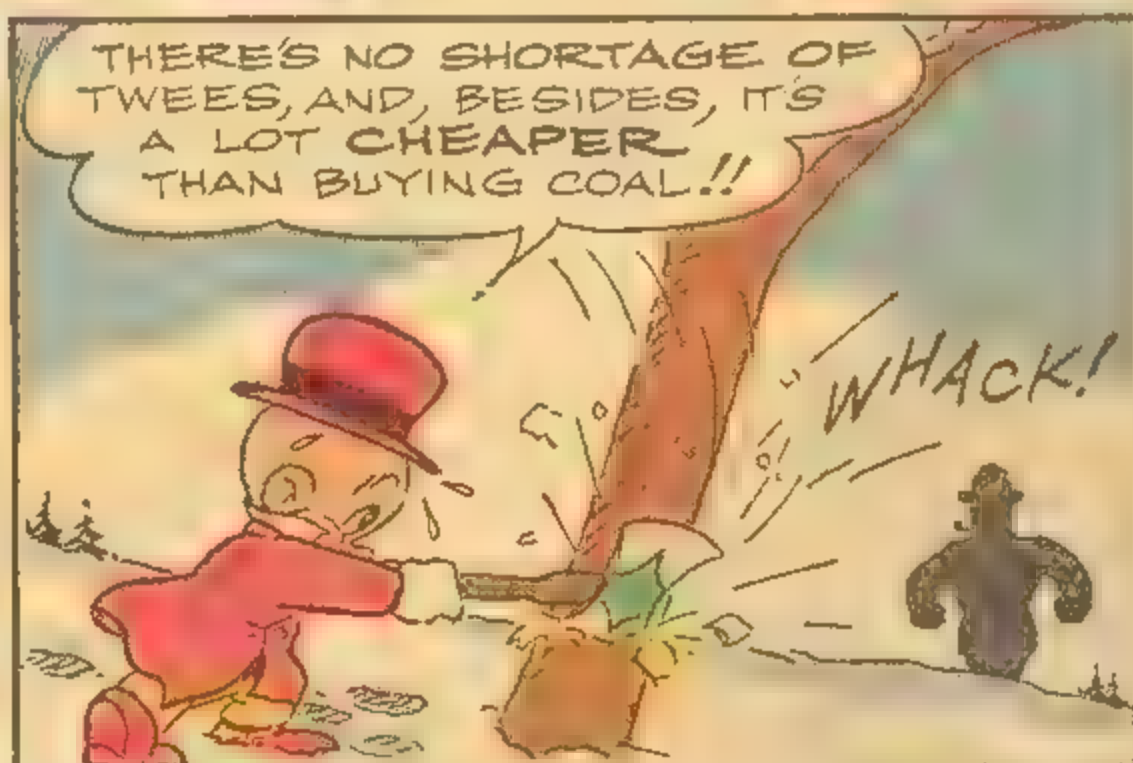
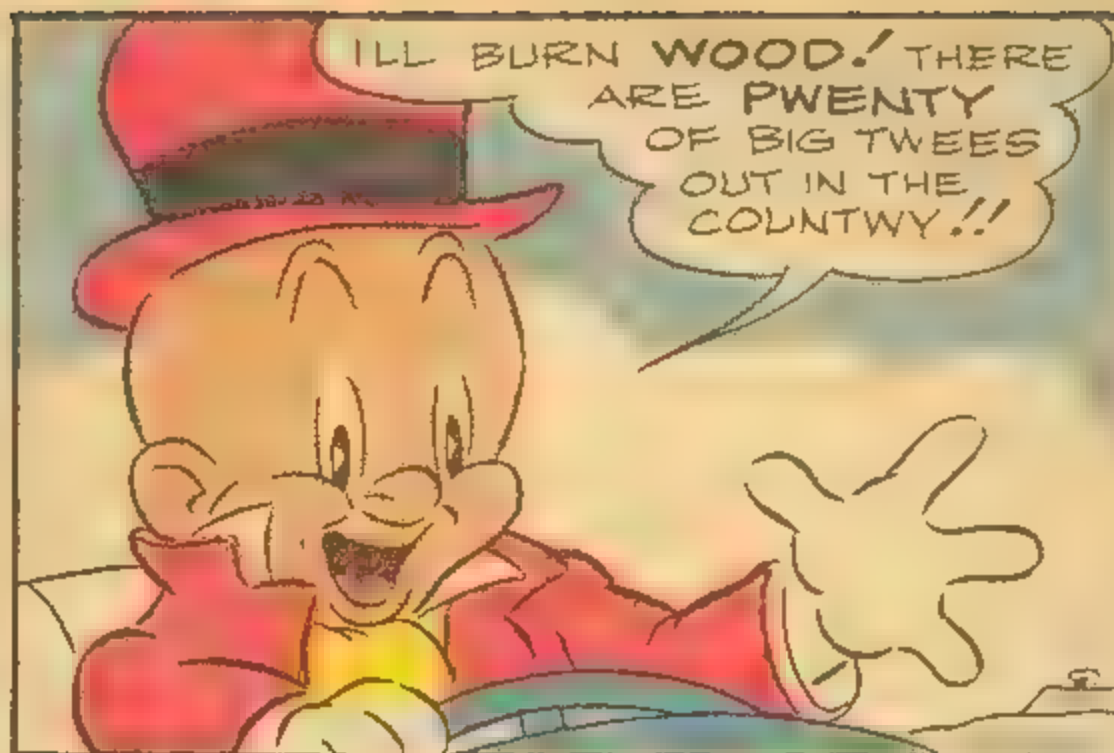
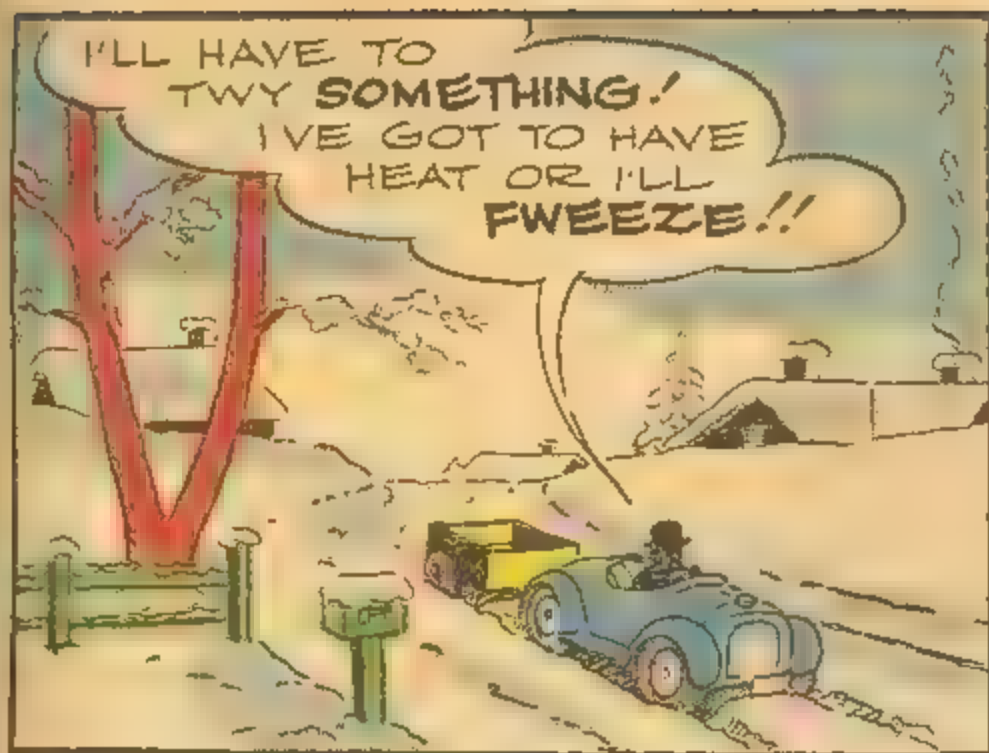


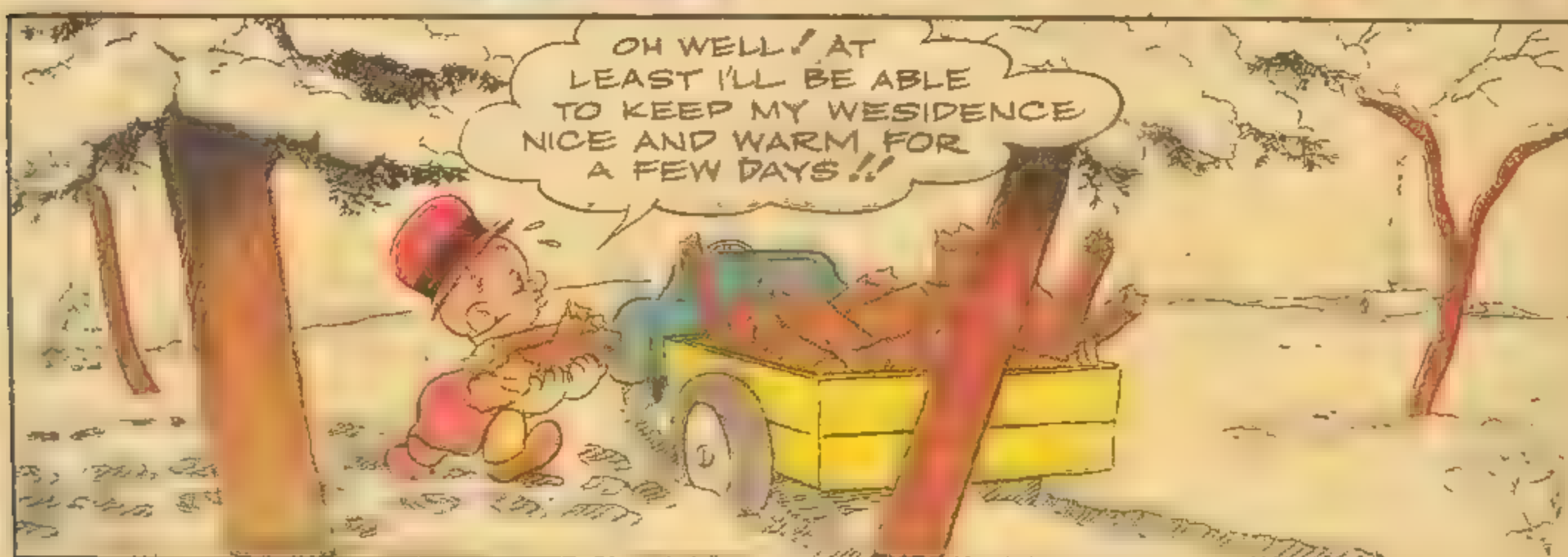
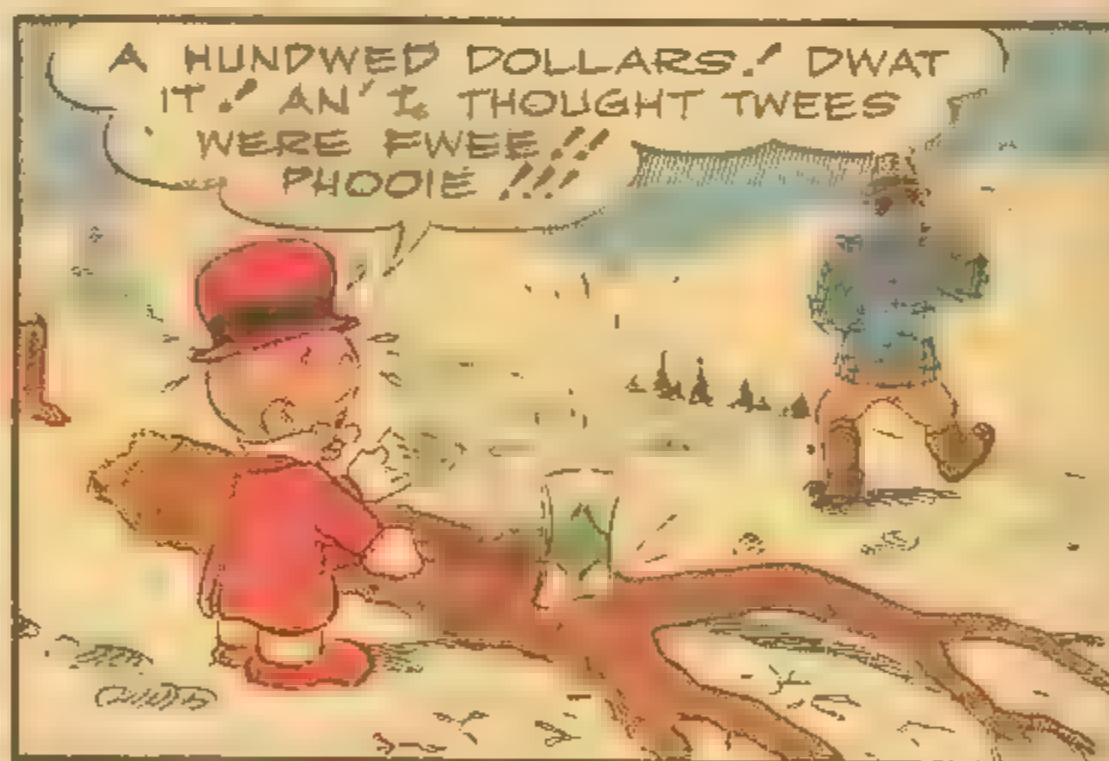
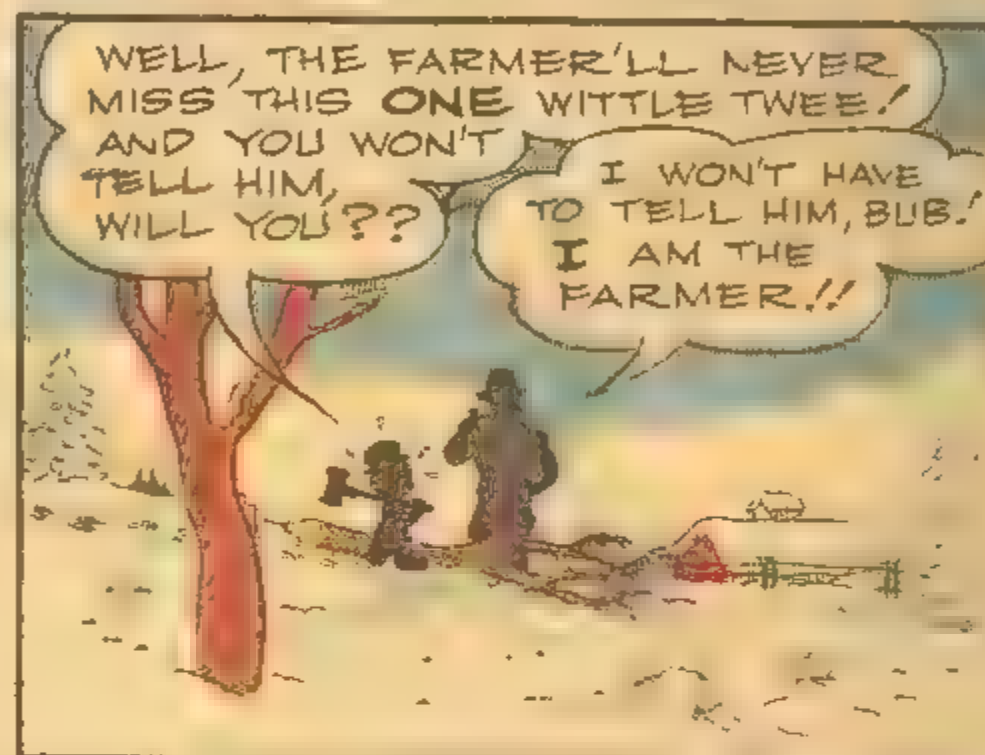
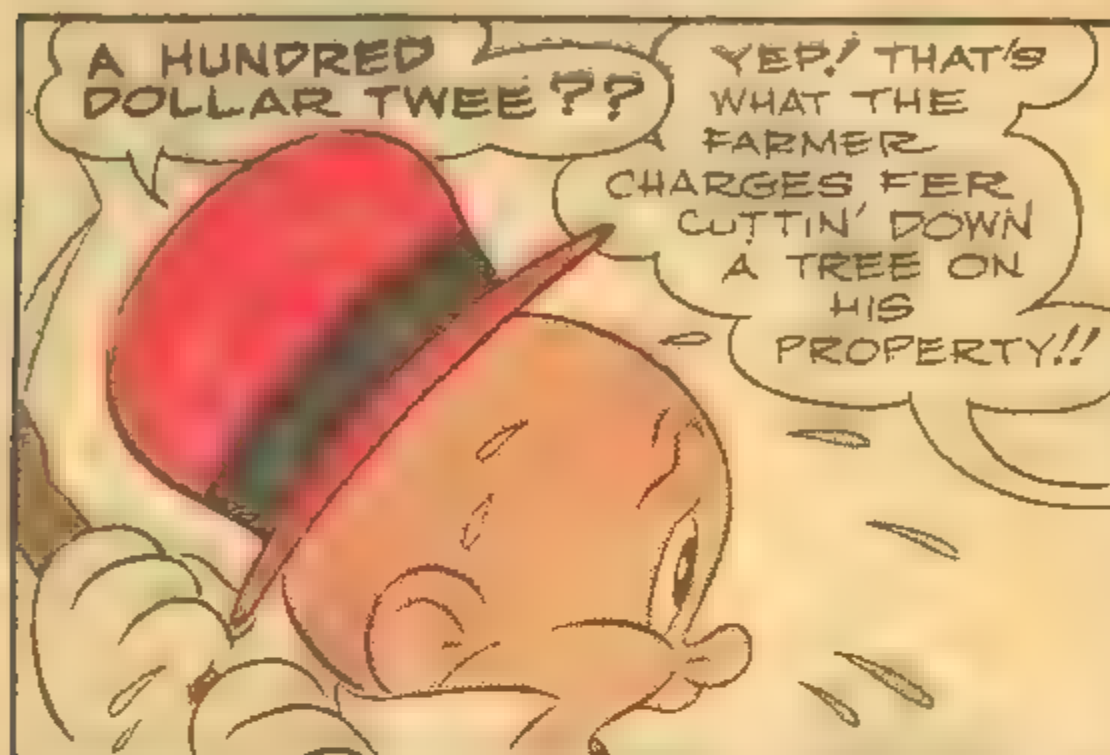
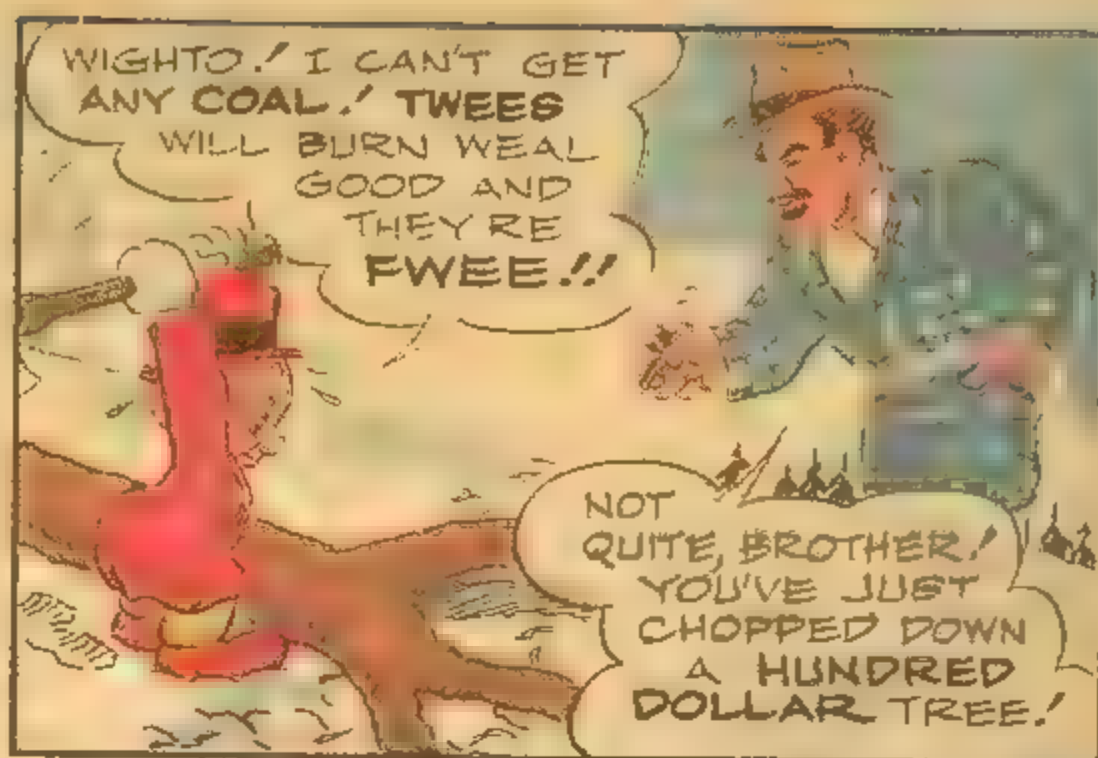
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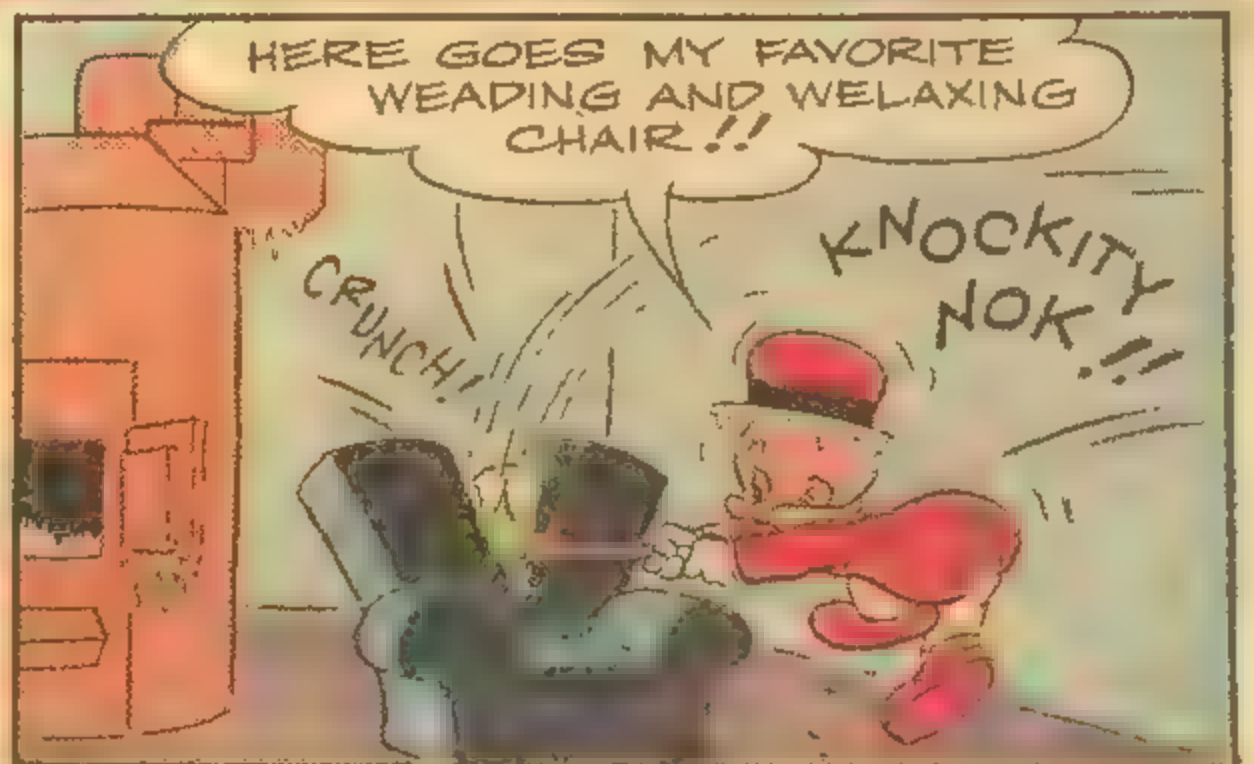
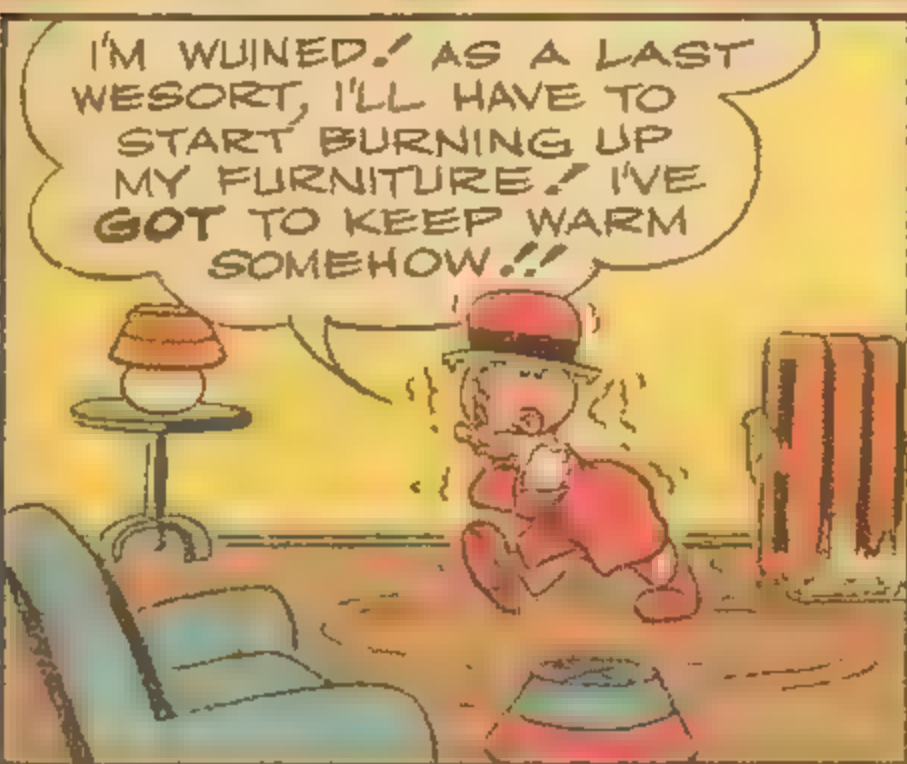
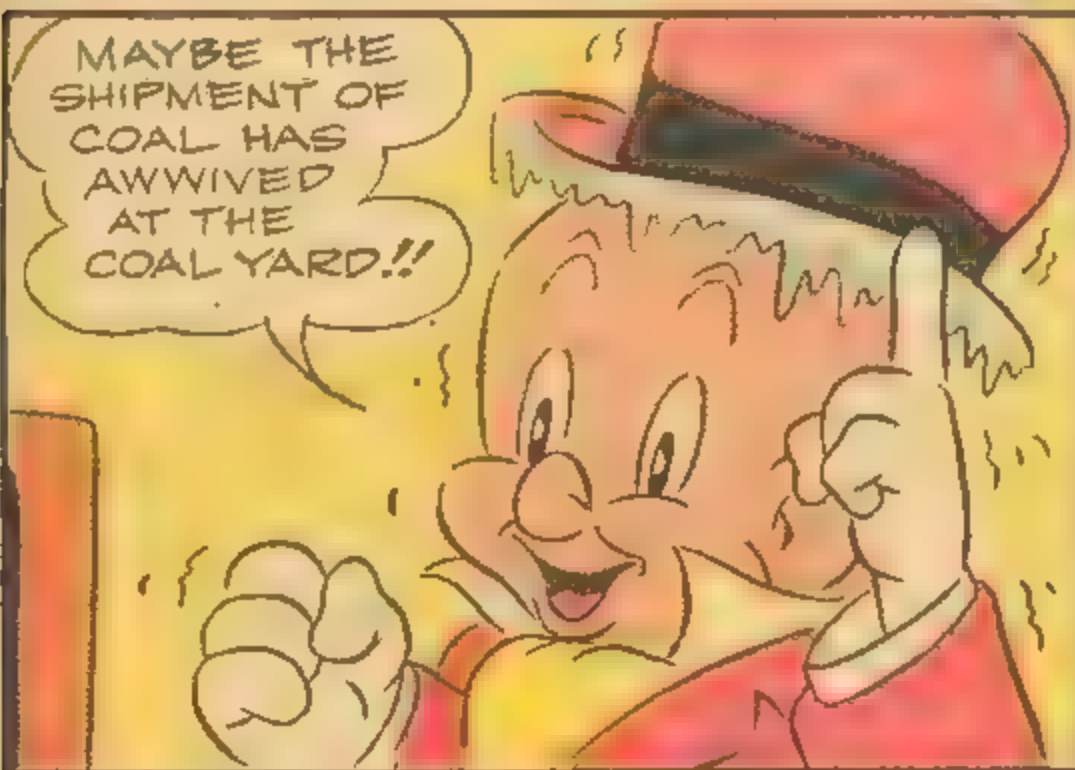
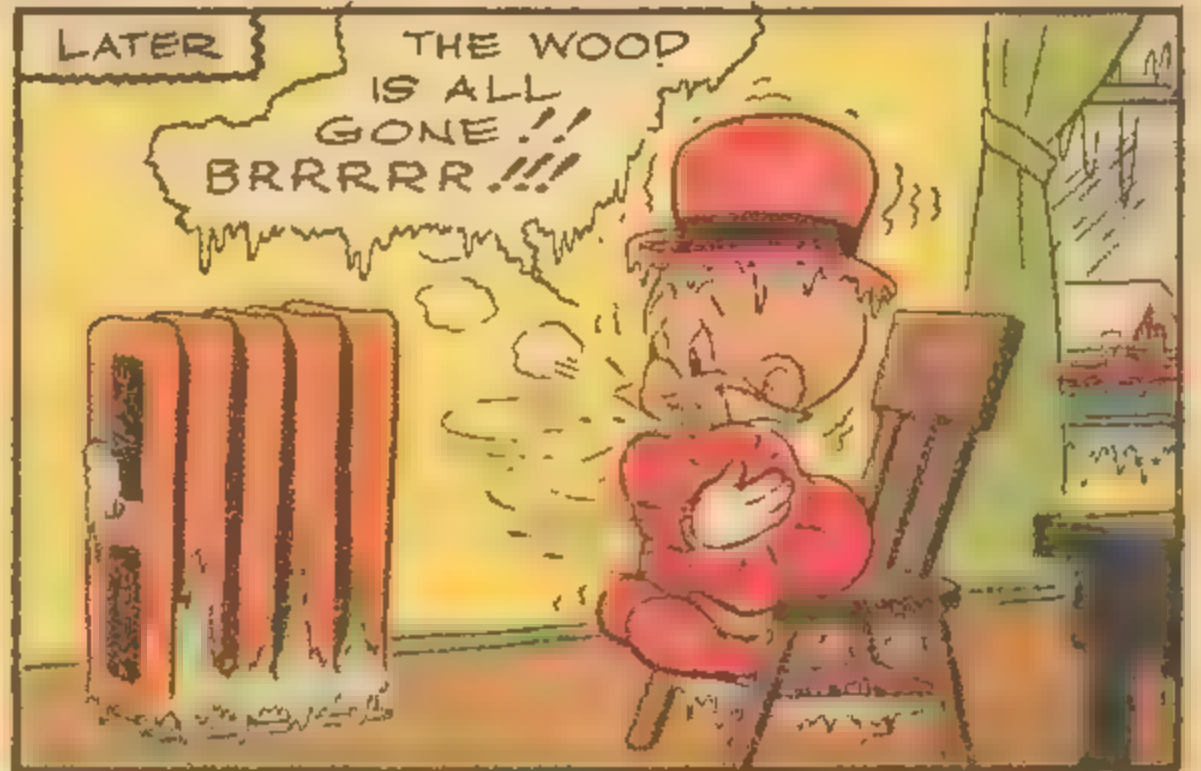
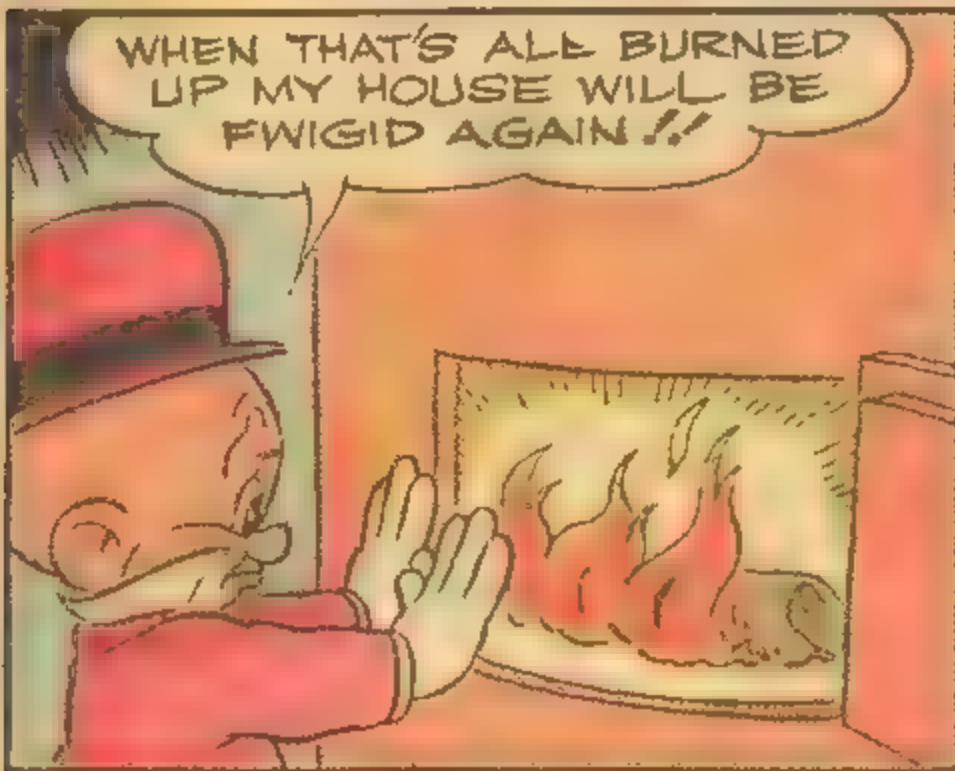
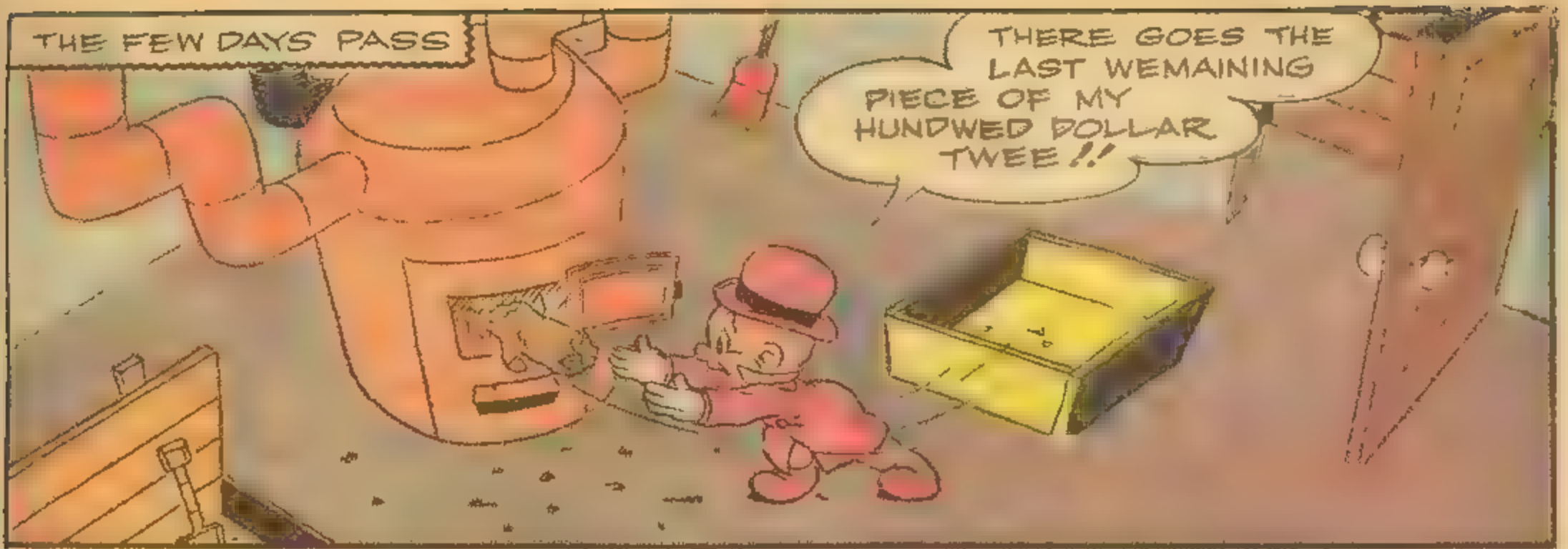
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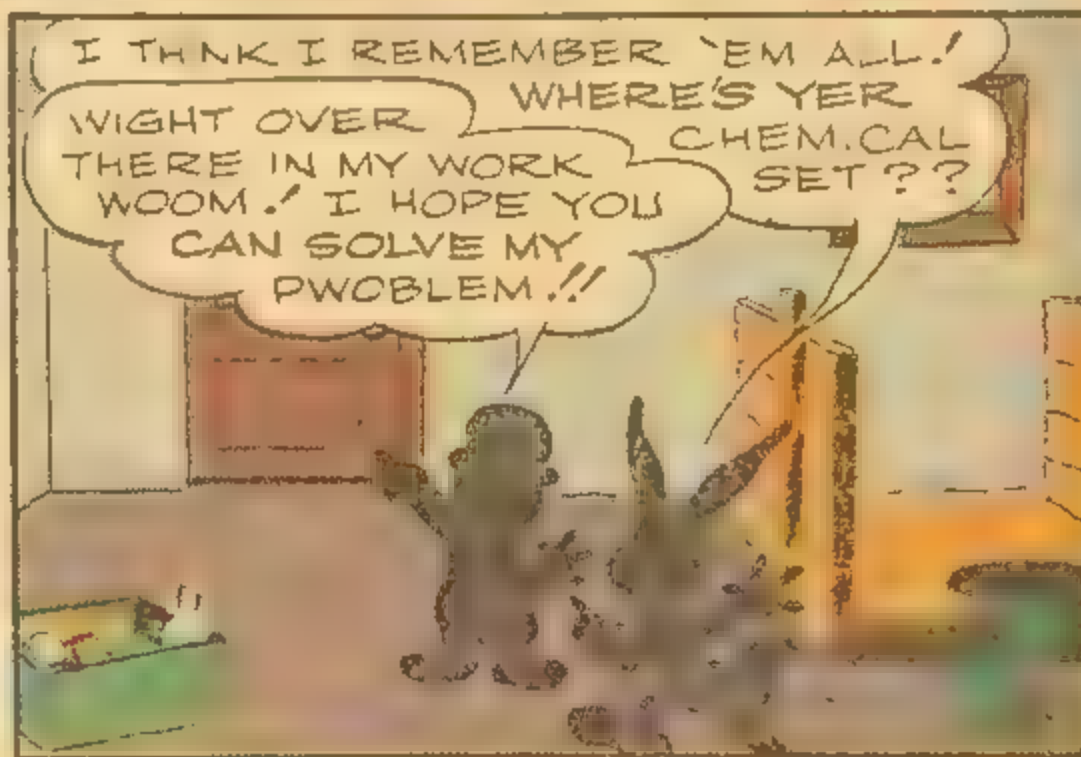
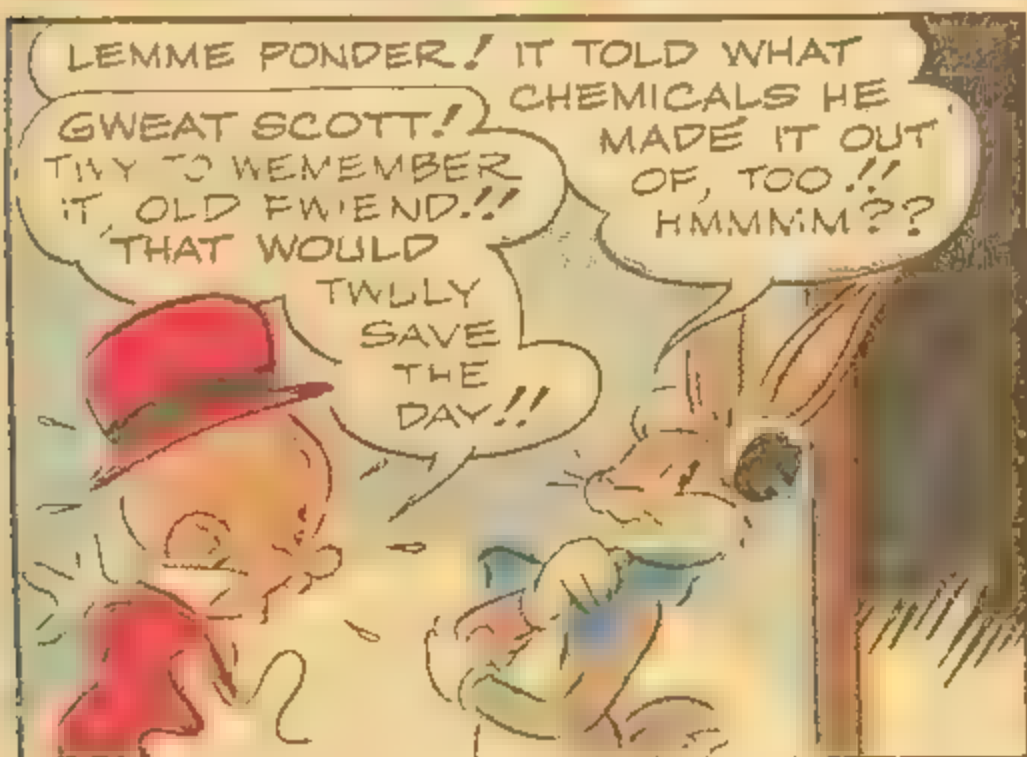
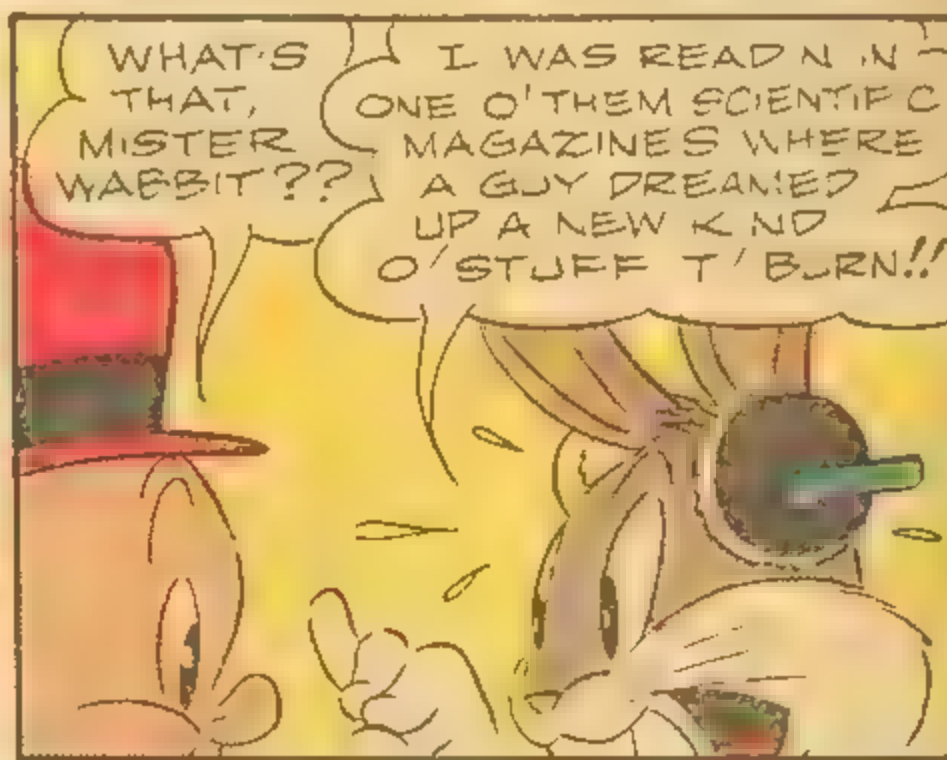
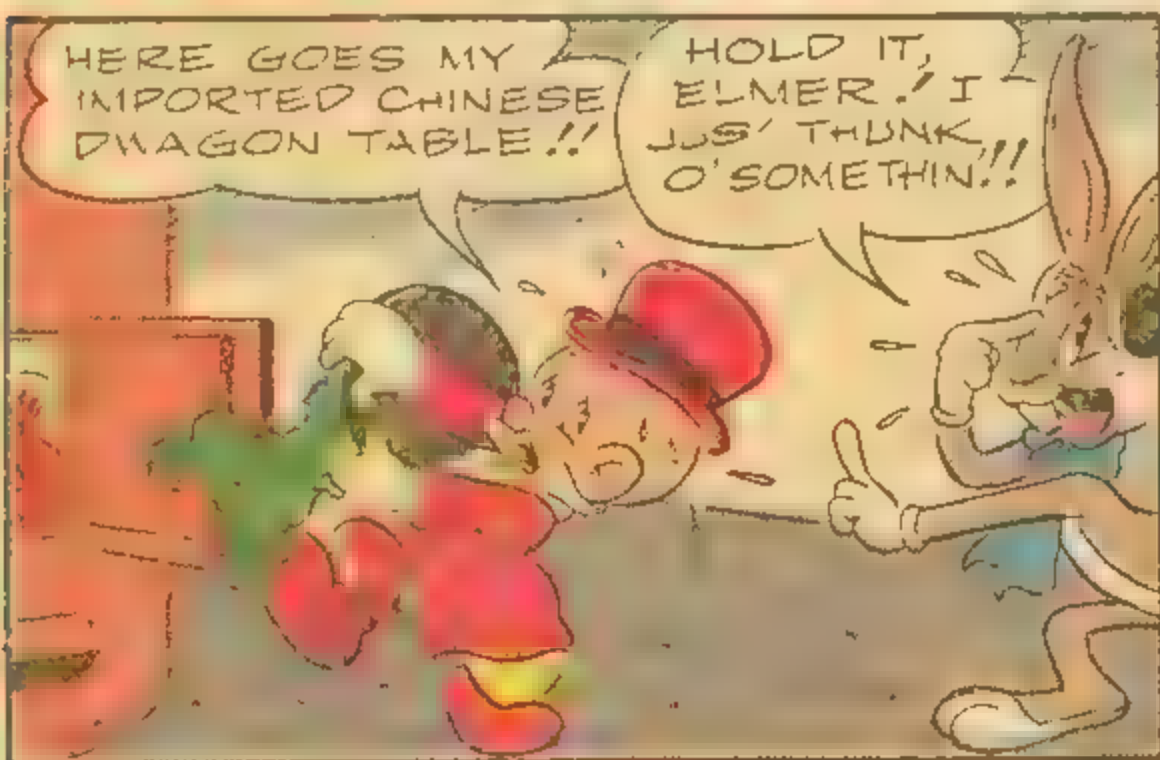
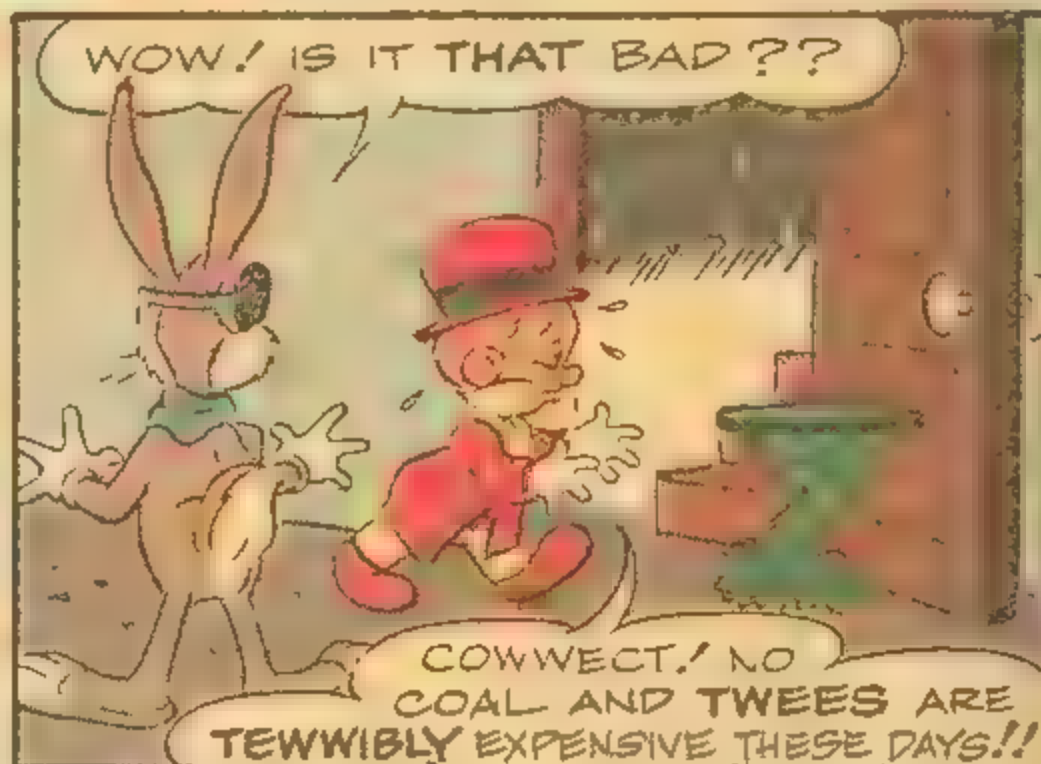
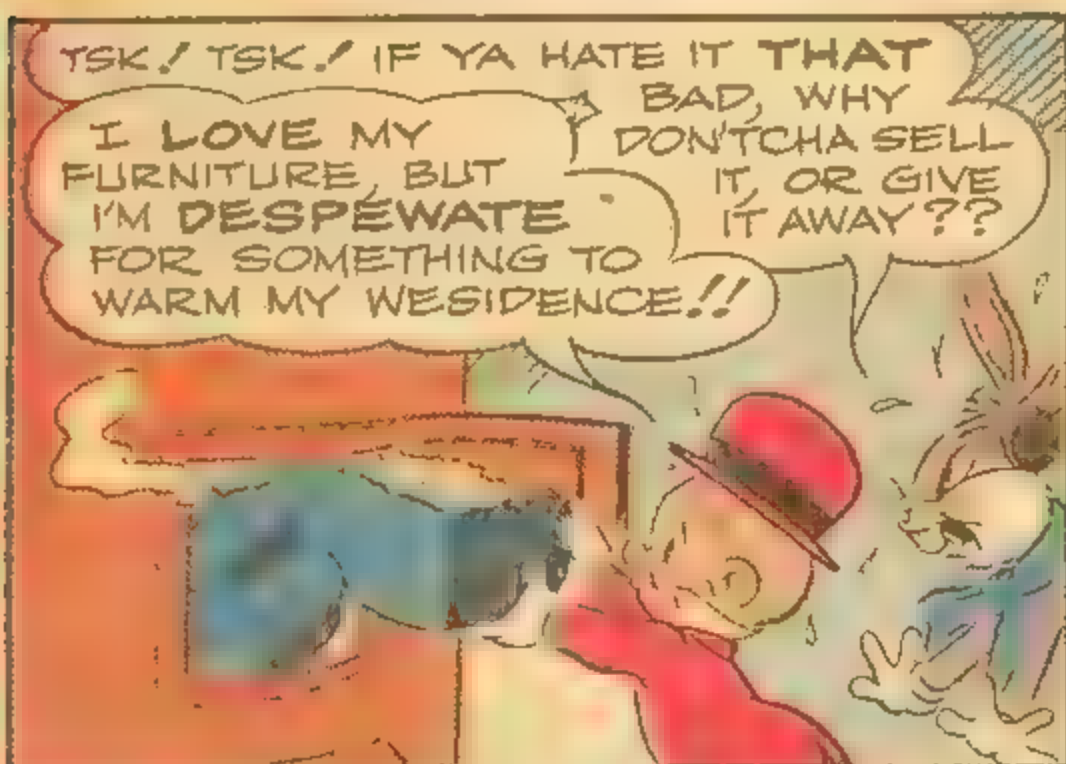
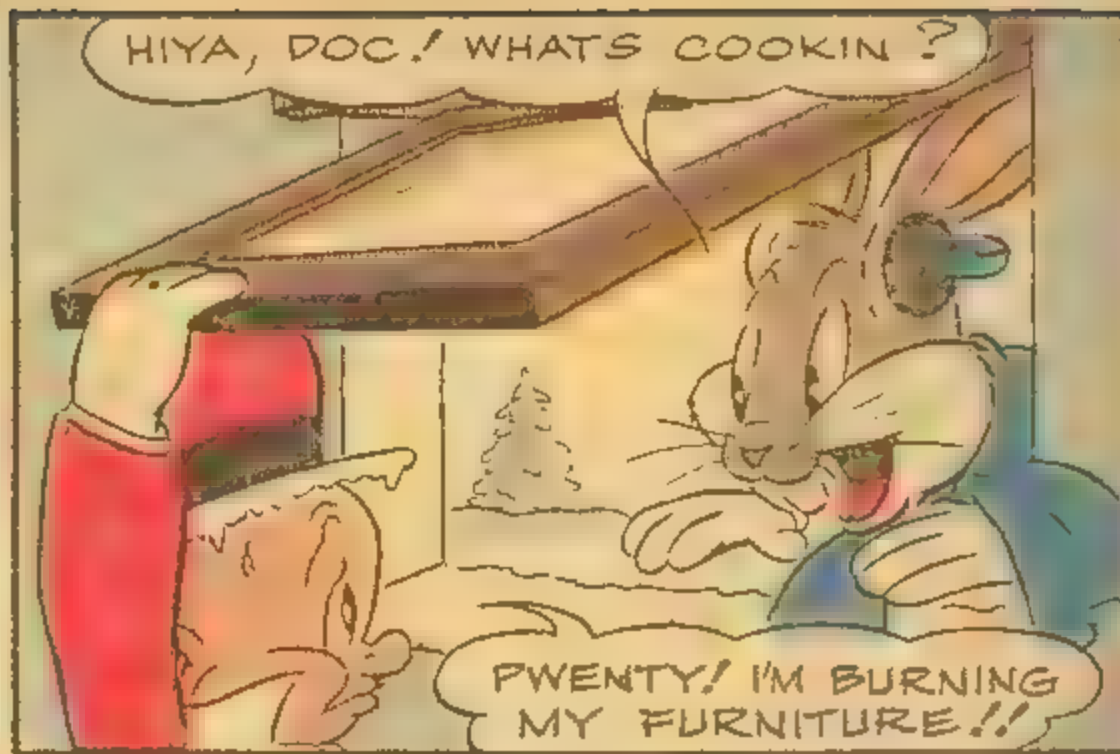


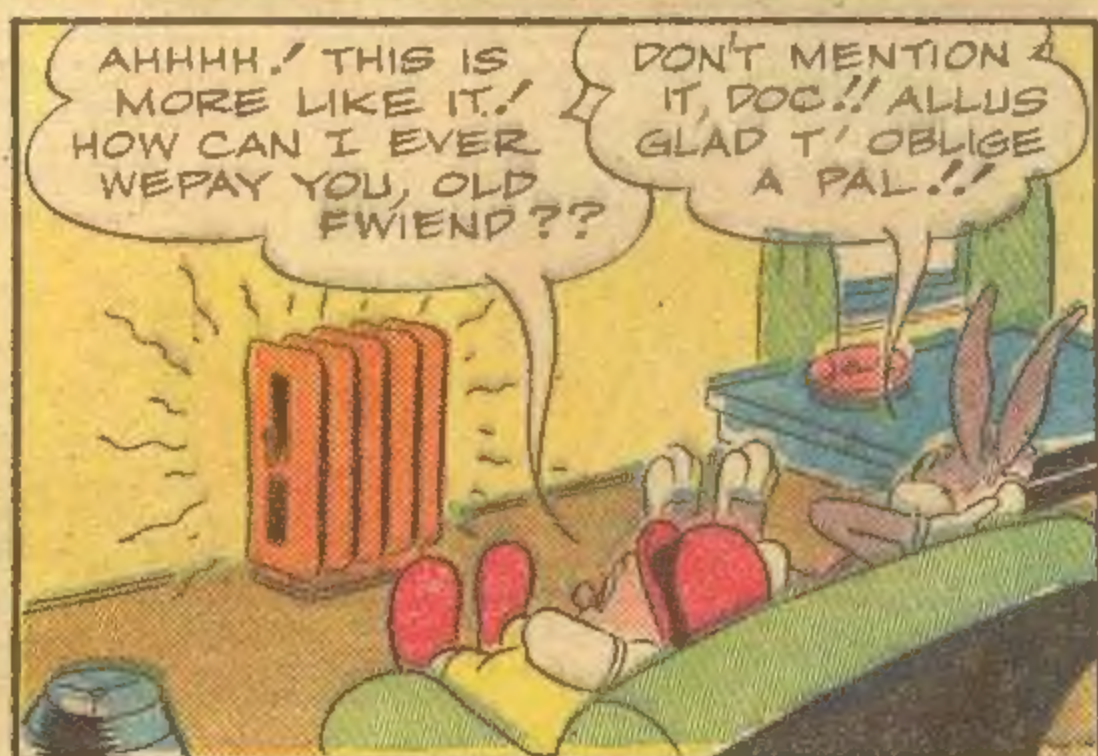
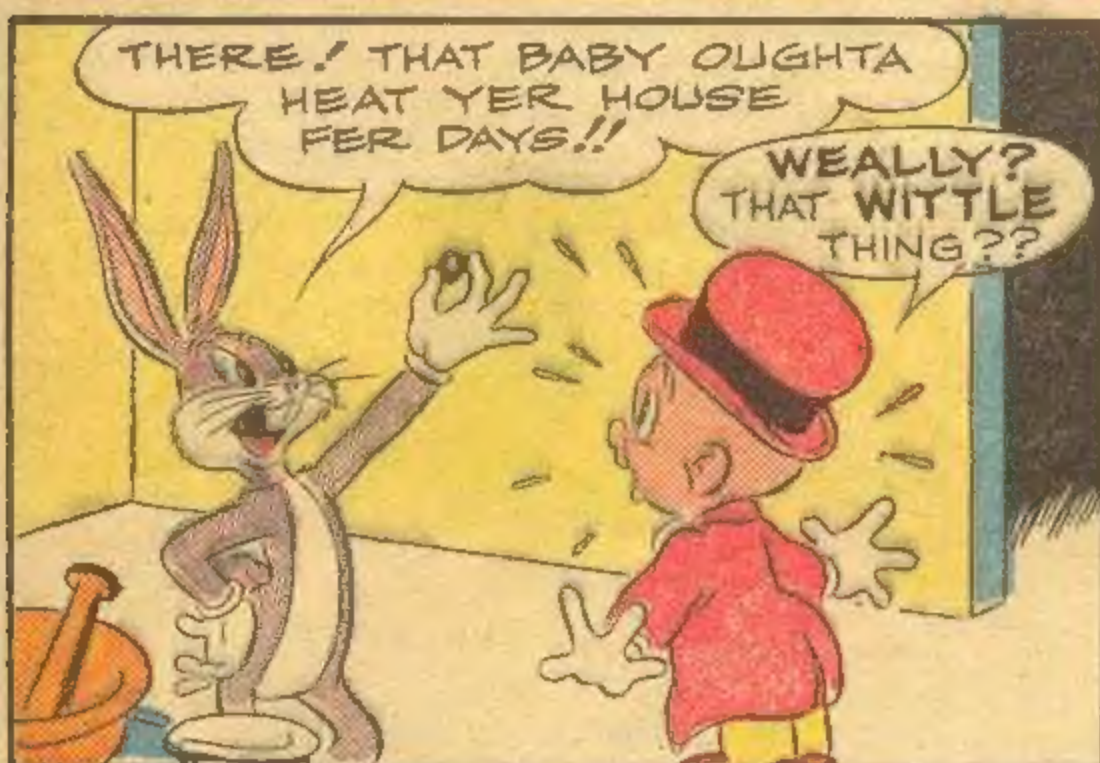
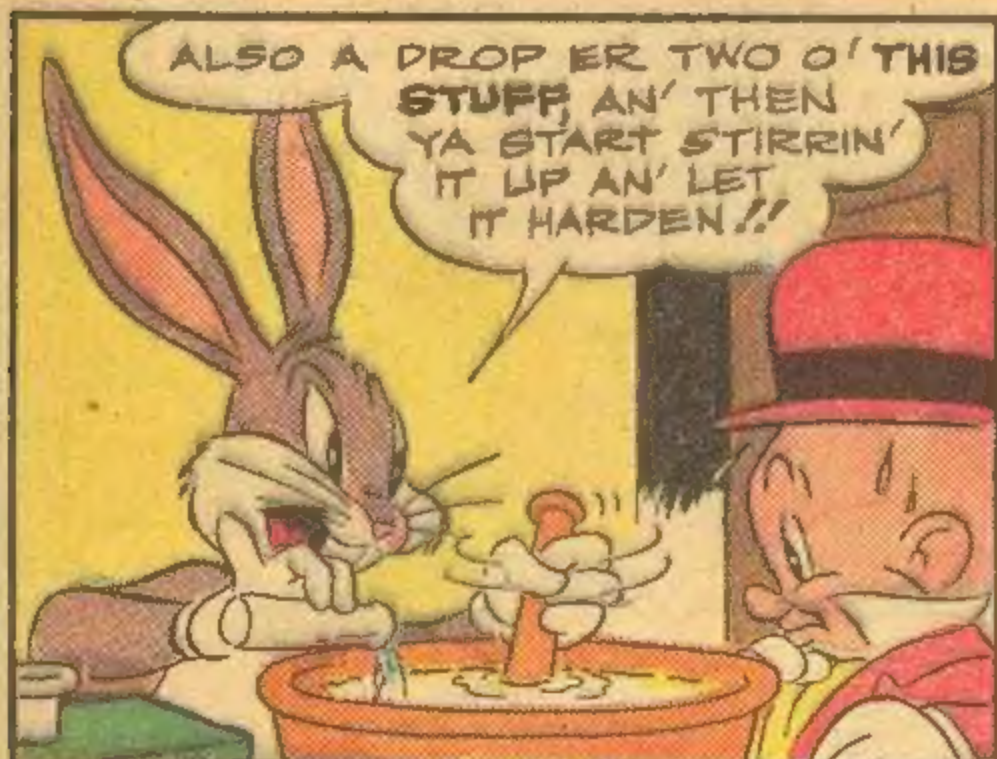
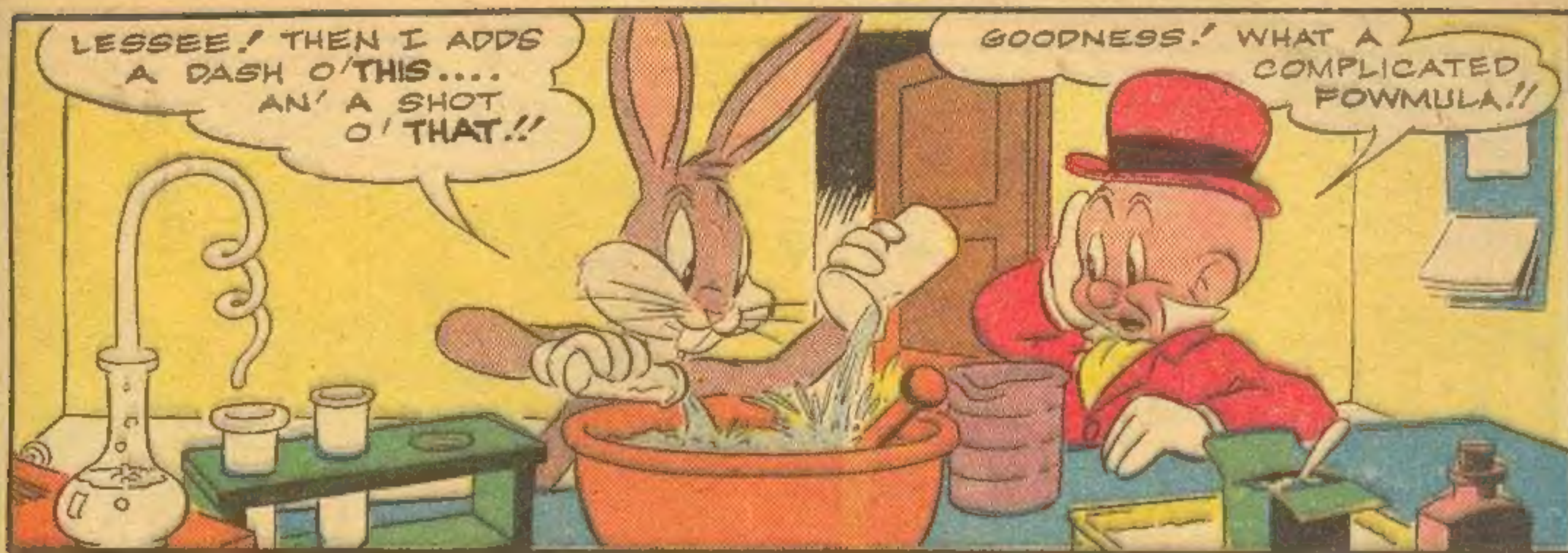


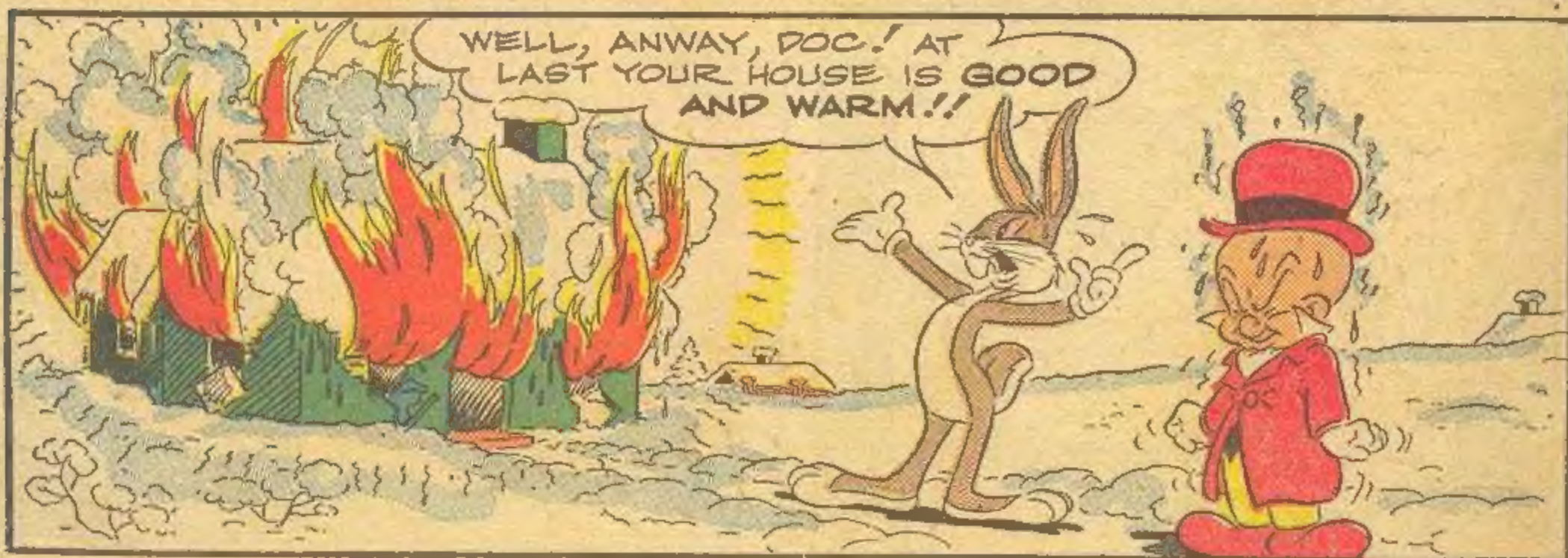














(Continued from inside front cover)

"B-Bugs B-Bunny!" Santa called finally, holding up a large package.

Bugs jumped out of his seat and hurried forward. As he took the gift from Santa's hand, he looked long and hard at the narrow strip of face which could be seen between Santa's fur-trimmed cap and his white beard. Bugs was frowning in perplexity when he walked back to his seat.

"Say!" he muttered to Rodney Rabbit, who sat behind him, "that don't look like Porky Pig."

"You're right, Bugs!" he whispered. "Porky doesn't look like himself!"

"I'm goin' to see what's cookin'!" Bugs said in a low voice.

He sauntered toward the front of the room and stood silently, watching the busy, chubby Santa. The sack was almost empty.

Suddenly, with one quick motion, Bugs leaned forward and grabbed Santa's long beard. There was a loud, surprised gasp in the room, as the beard came away in Bugs's hand and the amazed room saw the flushed

round face of Petunia Pig under Santa Claus's cap.

"Petunia Pig!" everyone shouted.

"I knew there was somethin' queer about this Santy!" Bugs crowed.

"Where's Porky?" the teacher asked, when the noise had subsided.

"Porky's sick," Petunia explained. "He couldn't come today and he was so worried about disappointing everybody. His suit just fit me, so we decided that I was to take his place. I wanted to prove that a girl could be just as good a Santa Claus as a boy!"

"You certainly have proved it, Petunia," the teacher said with a smile. "Now give Santa back her beard, Bugs, and we'll finish the gift-giving."

Later, all the boys, even Bugs, admitted that Petunia had made an excellent Santa.

"Mebbe we'll all vote for you next year," Bugs grinned.

"No," Petunia and Ruthie Rabbit said together. "We've had our turn this year. Next Christmas we'll all vote for Porky!"

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